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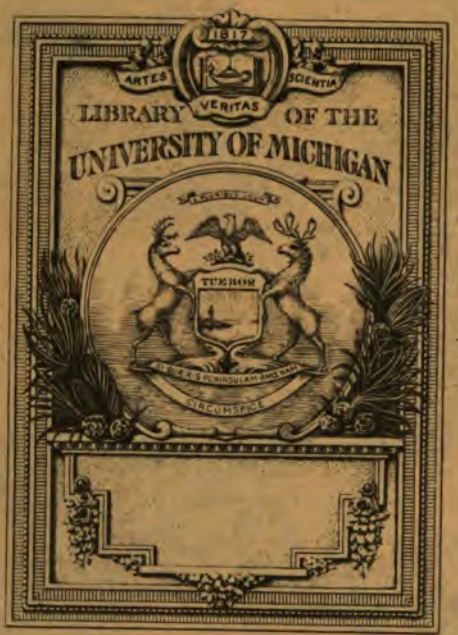

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THE

WORKS

OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER,

Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands.

With a KEY by a Perſon of Honour,

AND ALSO

His LIFE and CHARACTER,

By Monſieur *St.* EVREMONT.

The Fourth Edition.

To which is added,

Some other of the ROMAN POETS, *viz. Catullus, Tibullus* and *Propertius.* And Tranſlations from the GREEK of *Pindar, Anacreon* and *Sappho*

With a Poem on *TELEMACHUS,*

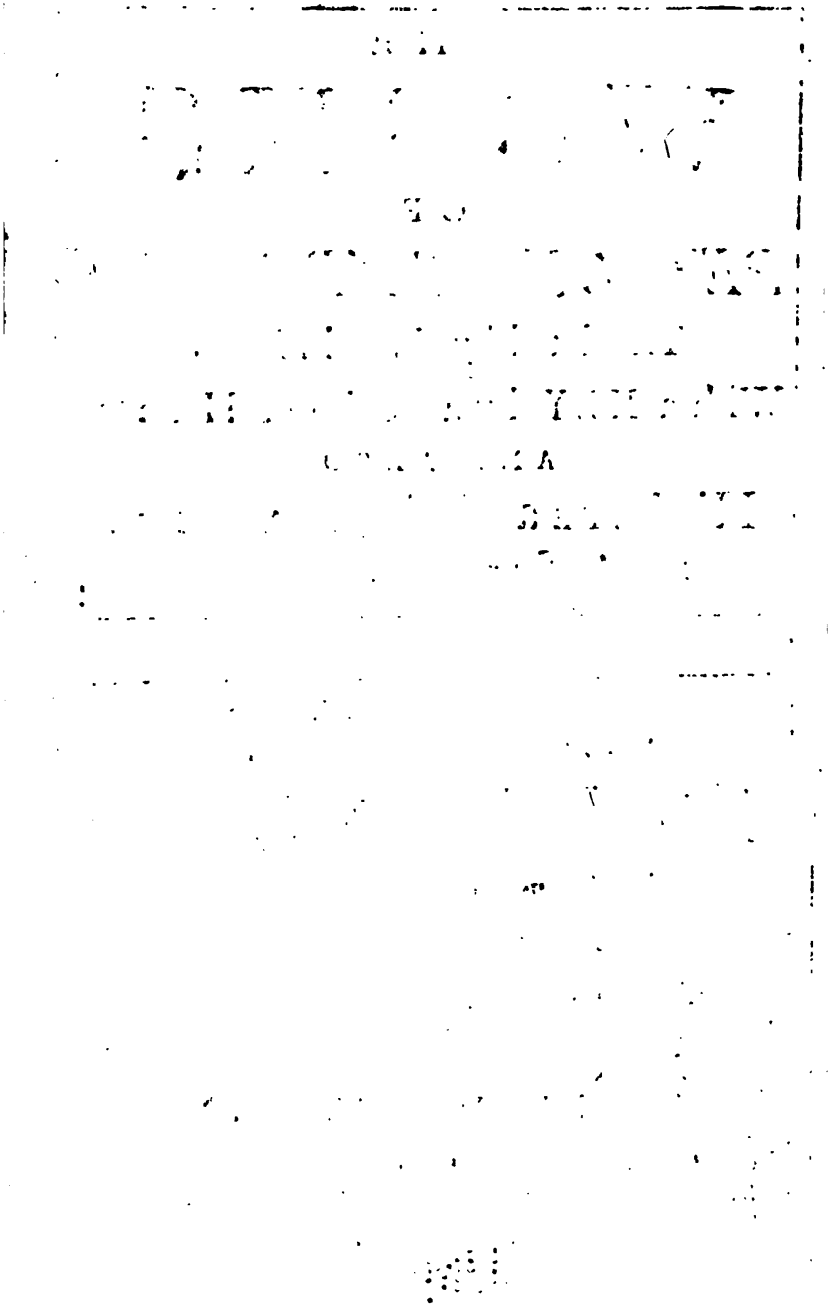
By the Duke of DEVONSHIRE

And an ESSAY on POETRY, by

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

The whole Adorn'd with CUTS.

LONDON, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by *W. Taylor* in *Pater-noſter-Row, W. Brand* and *J. Kent, Temple Gate; J. Graves* in St. *James's*-Street. 1714.



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THE PREFACE.

256-41 J.A.

Concerning the Difficulty of Translating this Author I shall say nothing, tho' the French *Translator has bestow'd half his Preface to enforce it, because if the Difficulty was greater than the* Undertakers *could well go through with, or vanquish with Reputation, the* Infamy *is not lessen'd, but their* Folly *much magnify'd. Besides, this* Version *has already been receiv'd with such success, that the Bookseller has thought it worth his while to venture a new Impression, by several Hands: In short, both the Prose and Verse is so much improv'd, that this may justly be said to be wholly new; besides a Third Part never before made* English.

Having said in few words all that was necessary as to the Translation, I shall come to the main point of this Præludium, *which is, to remove some Reflections on the Original;*

J.A.

and to give ſome few Remarks upon its Author.

There are ſome People that are prepoſſeſs'd with a Prejudice againſt the Works of Petronius Arbiter, *not from their own Reading, or Knowledge of the Matter, but from a ſort of traditional Calumny, that the Devotees have rais'd againſt him. But ſuch I deſire to peruſe the Life of* Petronius *without prejudice, and what I here ſhall offer in his Defence againſt thoſe Cenſures which unfair Criticks or groſs Ignorance have laid upon him.*

We have nothing to fear from any Charge on the Defect of his Wit, and the Purity of his Stile, his Fame for that is but too well eſtabliſh'd all Europe *over, and his Party every where too numerous to apprehend an Attaque from that ſide, for I may venture to aſſert, that* Petronius *is not much leſs admir'd now, than he was in ancient* Rome; *for our Age, by an admirable circulation of Temper, has very much of that of the time in which our Author liv'd, and of which he has left us ſo agreeable a Draught.*

This general Inclination to Petronius *is not confin'd to thoſe learned Men of my Acquaintance, but reaches all ſuch who have ever diſcover'd any juſt claim to Knowledge*

and

and a good Taſte; becauſe there is a ſort of particular Sympathy betwixt thoſe Perſons of Quality who love Petronius, *and the Knowledge of the* Belle Lettres. *For he, of all the Ancients, ſeems only to have known, and to have had a Taſte of that true Gallantry, which at this time finiſhes the Character of Politeneſs. With ſuch Addreſs he attaques the Defects of the Underſtanding and Wit, or the Frailties of the Heart, in that Painting which he has left us of the Manners of his Age, that he every where keeps up his Force and Energy, according to the different Characters of his Perſons introduc'd. Theſe and his other admirable Qualities gave him ſuch a Value with the Prince of* Conde, *a Man of Spirit and Wit, that he maintain'd ſeveral* Learned Gentlemen *to read* Petronius *to him.*

But to omit nothing that is neceſſary to compleat the Defence *of our* Author, *we muſt enquire further than in his* Life, *into the* Spirit *with which he wrote this* Satyr, *what* Deſign *he had, and how he has executed that* Deſign. *The* Men *of* Wit *among the* Greeks *and* Romans *always aſſum'd the Principle of that Sect of* Philoſophy

which was moſt agreeable to his Temper *and* Genius. *All the Authors that have wrote of* Petronius, *aſſure us, that he was of the Sect of* Epicurus, *which* Opinion *they found on ſeveral Paſſages of his* Satyricon, *which ſeem agreeable to the* Doctrine *of that* Philoſopher. *But that is but a* Problematick Opinion, *for from the very ſame Reaſon we may conclude, that he was of all and every one of the Sects; becauſe we find all their different Opinions in his Works: The only Proof this gives us, is, that his* Wit *lov'd to indulge it ſelf with a* Liberty in Writing.

But ſuppoſe that he was an Epicurean, *we ought not to look on him with an Eye of that* Injuſtice, *which the* Vulgar *generally do on* Epicurus *himſelf, whoſe* Sentiments *are much more pure than is commonly imagin'd. The* Morals *of that Philoſopher draw their Principles from* Right Reaſon; *and he was far from the uſual imputed Abſurdities of paſſing his Life in a perpetual* Debauch: *On the contrary, he obſerv'd ſuch a* ſeverity *in his* Pleaſures, *in his* Endeavours *to deliver Mankind from the tyranny of the* Paſſions, *that* Seneca *was oblig'd to*

ſay

ſay much to the advantage of that Philoſopher, That he had given his Followers not one Precept, but what was conformable to Honeſty and Juſtice.

This Teſtimony which Seneca *(who was himſelf a* Stoic *by Profeſſion) gave him, was a* Condemnation *of the Sect oppoſite to* Epicurus, *and ſufficiently diſcover'd their* Vanity. *For the* Principles *of the* Stoics, *which would be admirable in the Mouth of a* Chriſtian, *are entirely* ridiculous *in that of thoſe Philoſophers: Nor can that Moral claim any Advantage, which dethrones, as I may ſay, the* Divinity, *and ſets Man in the Seat of* Jupiter; *thoſe who held, that* Pain *was a* Good, *and* Pleaſure *an* Evil, *and who directed our whole* Lives *through* Pain *and* Auſterity, *had only* exceſſive Pride *for their* Virtue, *and for their* ſupream Good *nothing but a* vain Name, *and* Chimerical Glory: *Inſtead of which, the* Morals *of* Epicurus *were founded on good* Senſe, *which taught the* Pagans, *that the* ſoveraign Good *was to have a* long Life *with* Indolence *and* Pleaſure.

Since it is by no means reaſonable to expect a Chriſtian *in the Perſon of* Petronius, *we*

ought to be ſatisfy'd if we find him an honeſt Pagan; *a Man of* good Senſe, *who reaſon'd and liv'd according to the true* Principles *of* Natural Knowledge, *which leaves neither room for* Hope *or* Tranſgreſſion. *The manner of his* Death *alone may juſtifie this Opinion. His* Death, *indeed, is the moſt noble of any of all thoſe, which* Antiquity *ſo much admires. In it you cannot find either* Fear, *or* Affectation, Deſpair, *or* Pride. Tacitus, *very near his time, deſcribes him to us dying with the ſame Tranquility in which he liv'd. The Deaths of* Socrates, *and that of* Cato *of* Utica, *which are the two moſt celebrated of thoſe Ages, in no meaſure approach that of* Petronius. *The great* Philoſophical Diſcourſes *which the firſt made, and the Treatiſe of the* Immortality of the Soul, *which the other more than once had recourſe to, only ſhew us how they were* oblig'd *to put off that Terror, which their approaching Fates advanc'd.*

It is remarkable, that Tacitus *does not venture to ſay, that* Petronius *was a* Voluptuary; *but only, that he adapted his Conduct to his deſire of pleaſing the* Emperour;

and

and we can much leſs conclude, that his Manners *were corrupt, becauſe he drew the* Debocheries *of* Nero *and his Court. If we give our ſelves leave to reflect, that this manner of Writing was the* Mode *of the* Age *he liv'd in, and that he gave himſelf the* Air *of a* ſevere Philoſopher, *who with Freedom lays open the* Vices *of his* Times, *and explains every thing by its Name; as* Cicero, *in his* familiar Epiſtles, *ſays of the* Stoics, Placet *Stoicis* ſuo quamque rem nomine appellare. *And the ſame* Cuſtom *in the greateſt part of the Authors, who have wrote in his way, ought to convince* Poſterity, *that they ought to entertain no ſuſpicion of his* Libertiniſm. *Thus* Martial *ſays,* Laſciva eſt nobis pagina vita proba, *that* if his Epigrams had the Air of Debochery, yet his Life was regular. *And* Catullus *almoſt to the ſame purpoſe aſſures us.*

Nam caſtum decet eſſe pium Poetam
Ipſum; Verſiculis nihil neceſſe eſt.

That it is of no manner of neceſſity that the Poet's Verſes be chaſte, provided

his

his Life be ſo. *And* Petronius *himſelf, being apprehenſive that his* Writings *might incur ſome ſuch Cenſures in his Time, prevents their Objection in a manner, that ſhou'd inform them, that he Wrote not by a* Spirit *of* Corruption, *but by the* diſguſt *of a* Court Philoſopher; *who had been offended by the* Diſorders *of the* Emperour *and his* Favourites, *whom he expoſes to their own View in a moſt Satyrical manner. And this is ſo plain, that in his moſt lively* Deſcriptions *of their* Debaucheries, *he ſo qualifies and ſweetens the* Images *by the Terms and Expreſſions, that at firſt* Modeſty *cannot be ſhook by it; and he employs none of thoſe* groſs Words *which the Authors we have nam'd are e'ry where full of, and which the* Latin Tongue *allows a certain liberty of uſing, tho' the Modeſty of* our Language *will not permit it.*

Tho' Fulgentius *tells us, that he wrote* ſeveral Books, *particularly one call'd* Euſcius *or* Euſtois, *a Tract againſt a certain Advocate, whom he calls* Cerberus Forenſis; *and a Poem, entituled,* Albucia, *againſt his* Rivals *in a Lady of that Name, with whom he was very much in Love; but this Satyr againſt*

againſt Nero *is all that the* injury of Times *has left us. This way of agreeably mixing* Proſe *and* Verſe *was invented by* Varro, *which, as* Aulus Gellius *informs us, be call'd* Menippean, *from* Menippus *the* Cynic Philoſopher; *becauſe* Menippus, *before him had treated of things ſerious in a burleſque or bantering ſtile or manner. This kind was call'd* mixt Satyr, *to diſtinguiſh it from the* Satyrs *in* equal Verſe. *We have ſeen in the foregoing Age, in* France, *a* Menippean Satyr; *an Author of that time having deſcrib'd the* Corruptions *of the* Court *of* Henry III. *in an Allegoric Hiſtory, call'd,* The Iſles of the Hermaphrodites.

It is therefore plain enough, that this Piece of Petronius *is a Species of* Roman Satyr, *which gives us a Draught of* Rome, *or rather of the Court of* Nero, *of his proper* Perſon, *and looſe and abandon'd* Life. *But* Fortune *permitting not this* admirable Piece *to come down to us entire, we have from time to time made new diſcoveries of parts of it; in ſhort, this* valuable Treatiſe *came to us only by piece-meal; and we have had from pure* Antiquity *handed down to us only ſome particular* Fragments, *which were preſerv'd by*

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the Studious, ſelected out of ſuch places as pleas'd them beſt. In proceſs of time, about Forty or Fifty Years ſince, the Story of Trimalchio's *Feaſt was made perfect by the* Fragments *found in* Dalmatia; *at laſt, at the taking of* Belgrade, *we got the reſt, which made the* whole Work *compleat, as it now appears in the* Engliſh Tongue.

Is there any thing among all the Latin Authors *near ſo fine as the* Hiſtory *of the* Epheſian Matron? *or any thing comparable to the Letters of* Circe *and* Polyenos? *or any thing better turn'd, or more gallant, than the* Converſation *and* Addreſs *of that Lady, both in her* Diſappointment *and* Joy? *And where can we find a* Confidant *more accompliſh'd than* Chriſis? *She may be an* Example *to all her Profeſſion even to* our days. *Her firſt Converſation with* Polyenos *is wonderfully raviſhing, but the* Simplicity *and* Naviety *is not to be imitated.*

All the Learned agree, That this Roman Satyr *is in its kind the moſt* valuable Remains of Antiquity. *It is a ſurprizing thing to find what an extent of* Wit *the* Author *has diſcover'd; and how he has given us ſo many different* Characters. *When he is*

Declaim-

Declaiming, *you ſee all the Air and Stile of a* Declamator; *when he* Philoſophizes, *he is ſententious, and gives us charming* Moral Reflections; *when he plays the* Poet, *we can find no* Verſes *to compare with his. There never was a* Rapſody *ſo pleaſantly put together, as whatever he puts into the* Mouths *of his* Speakers: *The* Debochee *e'ry where maintains his Character, and the* Whores *are always of a Piece: The* Freedmen *always ſpeak like Men without Education; and the* Slaves *ne'r lift their Thoughts or Expreſſions above the humble level of their Condition: The* Lovers *ſpeak with equal* Gallantry *and* Tenderneſs. *In ſhort, he ſuſtains the* Characters of all ſorts of People *with ſo univerſal a Genius, as* Petronius Arbiter; *and fills his* Satyr *with a vaſt variety of* agreeable Images *judiciouſly diſpos'd.*

After what we have ſaid, it is no wonder to find ſo many Authors ſpeaking of him with ſuch Applauſe: We find Tacitus *a true Judge of Merit, giving* Petronius *a great deal.* Pliny, Terentianus Maurus, Plutarch, *St.* Jerome, Macrobius, Sidonius, Apollinaris, Iſidore *of* Seville, Petrus Crinitus, Turne-

Titus, *since it is confirm'd by* Plutarch *and* Pliny.

But Petronius, *and the* Poets *we have nam'd, are not the* only People *who have made use of such a* liberty of Stile; *but we may justifie their Practice by the Example of many* grave Authors, *as the* Mode *of the* Age. *Let us cast an Eye to* Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Lampridius, Orosius, Xiphilin, *who all take a pleasure to paint in lively Colours the* Vices *of* Nero, Domitian, Heliogabalus, *all whose Pictures they have left us.*

If I should push this Defence *farther in this particular, it is no difficult matter to prove, that the very* Fathers *of the* Church *sometimes speak the* same Language, *and imploy such* Figures, Images, *and* Expressions, *as seem most proper to inspire a* Horrour *of* Vice.

E Veneno Salus.

THE LIFE OF PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Written by Monſieur *St. Evremont*; Made English by Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

TItus *Petronius* was a Roman Knight, deſcended from that Branch of the Family of the *Petronius*'s, which deriv'd their Original from the *Sabines*, and who gave ſo many great Men to the Service of the *Roman* Republick. We cannot doubt but he was brought up with the ſame prudent Care that they then employ'd at *Rome*, in the Education of Children of Quality, and that his Genius was continually exercis'd and cultivated in the attainment of polite Learning, even from his very Youth; for in thoſe things the *Romans* were as ſtrict and ſevere as the *Greeks*. *Petronius* himſelf was alſo naturally and more particularly inclin'd to the Study of good Literature; and it's appar-

ent that he excell'd in it, by the Ingenuity and Politeneſs he has diſcover'd in his Writings.

When he had compleated himſelf in the firſt Rudiments in Learning, he made his appearance at the Imperial Court of *Claudius*; but his great Aſſiduity there was no Impediment to the chief deſign of perfecting himſelf in the Liberal Sciences, and therefore employ'd his leiſure Hours in making *Declamations*, which was the cuſtom of thoſe times, in order to exerciſe and enable their young Men of the firſt Quality to ſpeak in Publick, for which purpoſe they had Schools to Declaim in, and by this ſucceſsful method, furniſh'd themſelves with ſo many famous Oratours, both in their *Senate* and *Armies*; to the great advantage of their Republick.

The Court of *Claudius* was then the very Seat or Manſion of Pleaſures; for the Empreſs *Meſſalina* employ'd all her Cares and Thoughts to make it ſo, in accommodating it with all imaginable Delights and Recreations, which ſhe more eaſily accompliſh'd, by having a great Aſcendant over the Perſon and Inclinations of the Emperor; for he being a weak Prince, comply'd with every thing, provided they accommodated him with a plentiful Table, for he was an extreme lover of good Eating, and of drinking Wine even to exceſs; and his Courtiers following the Example of their Prince, Debauchery was no leſs familiar with them.

Petronius becoming a Courtier under a Reign where the manner of living was agreeable to his Temper, he alſo became inſenſibly Voluptuous; tho' at the ſame time it was obſerv'd, that he took no delight in the brutal Pleaſures of Love, like *Meſſalina*, nor in thoſe of the Table and Drunkenneſs with *Claudius*; only in a gallant and delicate manner took a reliſh of both, rather to gratifie his Curioſity than his Senſes. In this

manner

manner he employ'd a part of the Day in Sleeping, and dedicated the whole Night to Pleaſure and Buſineſs. His Houſe was the Rendezvous of the better ſort of the People of *Rome*: He paſs'd away his time agreeably with thoſe that viſited him, and with others was celebrated for *Intrigues*. *Petronius* alſo procur'd himſelf a Reputation by an agreeable Employment, and in a method of acting eaſily, readily and freely, and his natural way of diſcourſing. One might then repreſent him in a continual exerciſe of Wit in Converſation, in the moſt charming Pleaſures of the Table, pubblick Sights, Gaming, and in ſpending his Eſtate, not like a Prodigal and Debaoſhee, but like a nice and learned Artiſt in the Science of Voluptuouſneſs.

When *Petronius* had thus paſs'd away his Youth, in a Life of ſo much Softneſs and Tranquility, he took a Reſolution, to convince thoſe that doubted of the extent of his Mind and Qualifications, that he was capable of the firſt and chiefeſt Employments in the Government; for putting an Interval to his Pleaſures, he accepted the Office of *Pro-Conſul* of *Bithynia*; went into that Province, where he diſcharg'd all the Duties of his Place with great Applauſe; but having put a period to that exerciſe of his Parts, and returning to *Rome*, *Nero*, who ſucceeded *Claudius* in the Empire, in recompence of the Services, made him *Conſul*. This new Dignity gave him a great and ready Acceſs to the Emperor, who at firſt honour'd him with his Eſteem, and afterwards with his Friendſhip, in acknowledgment of the ſumptuous Entertainments he ſometimes gave that Prince, to refreſh him when fatigued with Buſineſs.

The time of *Petronius*'s Conſulate being come to a Concluſion, after having laboured in queſt of Glory, without quitting the Court, he reaſſum'd his firſt manner of living, and whether it proceeded from his own Inclination, or a deſire to pleaſe *Nero*, he ſoon became one of the Emperor's Confidents, who could find nothing agreeable to his Humour, but what was approv'd by *Petronius*; and being thus poſſeſs'd of the Authority of deciding what might be acceptable, gave him the Surname of *Arbiter*, as being Maſter and Controller in thoſe Affairs.

Nero, in the firſt part of his Reign, acted like a very wiſe Prince, and apply'd himſelf with care to the Government of the State: However *Petronius* remembred, that he was naturally inclin'd to Luſt and Senſuality, and therefore like an able Politician, being in poſſeſſion of his Prince's Mind, he ſeaſon'd it with honeſt Delights, and procur'd him all the Charms imaginable, in order to remove the thoughts of ſeeking after others, which peradventure would have been more diſorderly, and to be dreaded by the Republick.

Things continu'd in this poſture while the Emperor kept within the bounds of Moderation, and *Petronius* acted chearfully under him, as *Intendant* of his Pleaſures, ordering him Shows, Games, Comedies, Muſick, Feaſts, pleaſant Seats in the Country, with delicious Gardens, charming Lakes, and all that might contribute towards the making of a Prince's Life happy and delightful.

But the Emperor ſome time after complying with his Nature, chang'd his Conduct, not only in reſpect of Governing the Empire, but alſo in relation to his own Perſon. He gave ear to the Counſels of others, rather than thoſe of *Petronius*, inſenſibly plung'd into Debauchery, abandon'd himſelf

himſelf to his Paſſions, and became as moroſe and wicked a Prince, as before he had been pleaſant and equitable.

Nero was a learned Prince, of which he had given ſufficient Proofs from his Youth; for at Fifteen Years of Age he pleaded in the *Senate*, in his own Tongue, on behalf of the *Boulonnois*, and in Greek for the *Rhodians*; but his Knowledge was confus'd and much embaraſs'd.

He alſo lov'd Men of Wit, and had Courtiers near him, who following the corruption of the Court, treated *Seneca* like a *Pedant*, and could not ſuffer that he ſhould Preach to them the Exerciſe of Vertue and Modeſty, becauſe they had imbib'd an Opinion, that he himſelf did not live like a *Philoſopher* in that particular.

Thus continuing frequently to ridicule him, it at length inſinuated into the Emperor's Mind, and expos'd him to his Contempt, which being joyn'd with his own Knowledge of the unjuſt ways by which he had acquir'd the immenſe Riches he was poſſeſs'd of, his Contempt grew into Hatred, and his Hate at laſt caus'd the Ruin of *Seneca*.

And now indeed *Petronius* ſaw with ſorrow, that the Emperor began to hide himſelf from him, and ſometimes to ſhun him, and that, following his own corrupt Inclinations, he was grown utterly debauch'd, and forgot what he ow'd to his Imperial Dignity, that he would frequently run wild up and down the Streets, and into wicked Places, outraging all he met, and would alſo offer Violencies to *Roman* Ladies of the beſt Quality.

The Favour to which *Petronius* was rais'd had alſo drawn upon him the Jealouſie of thoſe who pretended, as well as he, to the Grace and Favour of the Prince, and, among others, that of *Tigellinus*, Captain of the Guard, who was a dan-

gerous Rival. This Man, of obſcure Birth and corrupt Manners, had in a ſhort time acquir'd a great power over the Emperor's Genius, and as he perfectly knew his blind ſide, began ſeriouſly to contrive the Ruin of his Competitor, and by ſuch means, as 'twas thought would alſo have deſtroy'd the Empire.

The choice and delicious Pleaſures invented by *Petronius* grated the groſs Debauches of *Tigillinus*, and foreſeeing that the Credit *Petronius* had with the Emperor would always be an Obſtacle to his Deſigns, he therefore endeavour'd to poſſeſs himſelf of the Heart of the Prince; and finding himſelf prevail by degrees, he ſoon engag'd him in the fouleſt *Brutalities*.

It's true, 'twas no difficult thing to ſucceed in this attempt, for finding a Nature wholly diſpos'd, he quickly, and with little trouble, ſeduc'd him to embrace ſuch Pleaſures, as were neither approv'd nor advis'd by *Petronius*, which were entirely dropt in order to remove his Rival; for *Nero* had already committed *Parricide*, by murdering his Mother, and no ſooner hearken'd to the Perſuaſions of *Tigellinus*, but he ſignaliz'd his Power, by putting *Sylla* and *Rubellius Plautus* to death, who were both Perſons dreaded by them for their celebrated Vertues, and being highly eſteemed and in favour with the People. Afterwards, Fury and Brutality render'd themſelves Miſtreſſes of his Heart to ſuch an exceſs, that all manner of Crimes were perpetrated by him.

When the Emperor had confirm'd himſelf in theſe Diſorders, our ancient Favourite, by the Artifices of the new one, found himſelf almoſt without Employment near the Prince, and *Nero* himſelf could not endure ſo nice a Witneſs of his *Infamias*, nor give him ſo free an entrance into his Pleaſures as he formerly enjoy'd.

Tigillinus ſerving himſelf of theſe Diſpoſitions, omitted nothing that might ſatisfie the Deſires of his Prince, by the magnificent Feaſts he provided; and as his Rival (according to *Tacitus*) much ſurpaſs'd him in the Science of Pleaſures, one might conclude, without fear of being deceiv'd, that thoſe which *Petronius* order'd were of another nature, and had nothing of thoſe diſorders in them that were ſeen in one of the Feaſts which that Hiſtorian relates as an Example of all the reſt, which he deſcribes in this manner: They provided a ſtately Feaſt on the Lake of *Agrippa*; in a Veſſel cover'd with Plates of Gold and Ivory; the Rowers were plac'd in their Ranks, which they took according to their Age and Experience in Debauchery. They had ſent to the very ends of the Earth for the rareſt Eatables. The Lake was edg'd with Porches, in which were great numbers of Chambers, fill'd on one ſide with Women of Quality, who proſtituted themſelves to the firſt comers, and the other with naked Courtizans in a thouſand laſcivious poſtures; at Night appear'd in all parts ſurprizing Illuminations, the Woods and Palaces round about ecchoed with Conſorts of Muſical Inſtruments and Songs adapted to the Feaſt. To conclude this grand Debauch in a famous Action, *Nero* was married a little after, to one of the moſt corrupted Wretches of this Troop, named *Pythagora*, and that publickly, with all the accuſtom'd Ceremonies. They put upon the Emperor's Head the Eſpouſed's Vail, ſent him two *Auſpices*, aſſign'd him the Marriage-Portion, adorn'd the Nuptial Bed, lighted Flambeaux, and to conclude the Marriage, permitted that to be ſeen to the open view of all the Company, which the Shades of Night hide from the Eyes in the moſt lawful Pleaſures.

Petronius being extremely disgusted at the Horrours he saw, insensibly withdrew himself from Court, and being of a mild and unenterprizing Nature, suffer'd things to run in the train they had form'd, without attempting to re-establish them in the Condition he had left them. I am of Opinion, it was about this time that he took his Pen in Hand to compose this *Satyr*, which so exactly represents the Nature and Character of *Nero*, and under the Names of *Debauchees* and *Lewd Women*, decry'd all the Vices of this Prince and his Courtiers.

While *Petronius* liv'd in a retired Tranquility, *Tigillinus* labour'd with all his power to destroy him, and take away his Rival from all possibility of re-ent'ring into favour; and knowing that the Prince's Nature was inclining to *Cruelty*, he insinuated, that *Petronius* was too familiar with *Scevinus*, not to be dipt in *Piso*'s Conspiracy; and for that end having suborn'd one of *Petronius*'s Slaves to swear against his Master, to deprive him of all means of justifying himself, they put the greatest part of his Domesticks in Prison.

Nero was well enough pleas'd to find an opportunity of losing a Man who was become a dead Weight upon his Affairs; for the Vicious cannot endure the presence of such Persons, whose sight reproaches them with their abominable Practices; therefore favourably receiv'd the Accusation against *Petronius*, and order'd him to be apprehended at *Cumæ*, when the Emperor made a Voyage thither, where he was one of the Company: But as it requir'd some time to deliberate, whether they ought to put a Man of his consideration to Death, without clearer Proofs of his being guilty of the Crimes he stood charg'd with; he was so extreamly disgusted, and also weary of living under the Domination of such a *detestable* Prince, that

that seeing himself so long a time made the Sport of his Caprices, he resolv'd to *dye*. However, that he might not give himself a precipitate Death, he open'd his Veins, and afterwards clos'd them again, that he might have time to enjoy the Conversation of his Friends, who came to see him in his last Moments; whom he requested to entertain him, not with Discourses of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and the celebrated Axioms that the Pride of Philosophers had invented, to acquire Glory and a vain opinion of their Constancy, but with the recital of some curious Pieces of Poetry.

And to convince the Spectators that he did not *Dye*, but only cease to *Live*, he continu'd his ordinary Functions; took a particular account of the Demeanour of Domesticks; recompenc'd some of his Slaves, and chastis'd others; set himself as formerly at his Table, and also slept very quietly, insomuch, that he rather seem'd a Man in perfect Health than one that was dying; so that his Death, tho' *Violent*, appear'd to his Friends as if it had been *Natural*.

Now, as *Petronius* abhorr'd the People of *Nero*'s and *Tigillinus*'s Character, so he would never condescend to the baseness of imitating those Animals, who dying in these wretched Times by the order of this Prince, made him their Heir, and stuff'd their Testaments with *Elogies* on the Tyrant and his Favourite.

But on the contrary, being possess'd of a *Goblet* of precious Stones, which cost him above 2000 Pistoles, and out of which he commonly drank, he broke it to pieces, that *Nero* might not have it after his death; and after this, thought fit to present him this *Satyr*, writ against him, and having seal'd it up, tore off the Seal again, for fear (after his Death) they might employ it as an Instrument to destroy those in whose Hands it might be found.

This

This made *Nero* extremely chagrine, to ſee his infamous Actions made known to *Petronius*; and having levell'd his *Suſpicion* upon all thoſe who he thought might diſcover his Secrets, at laſt fix'd it upon the Wife of a *Senator*, named *Silia*, with whom he had been *too familiar*; but becauſe ſhe was alſo a great Friend of *Petronius*'s, he imagin'd that, by a particular grief, ſhe had hazarded a diſcovery of what had been more her Intereſt to conceal; upon which ſhe was exil'd.

It was in the Year of the Foundation of *Rome* 819, (under the Conſulate of *Caius Suetonius Paulinus*, and of *Lucius Pontius Teleſinus*) that City loſt ſo great a Perſon.

A

KEY,

BY A

Perſon of Honour.

Encolpius, a Word which takes its Original from the *Greek*, and ſignifies *I inſinuate*. So *Petronius* nam'd this Perſon; becauſe he related, from the beginning to the end, all the Adventures of this *Roman*, who frequently in his Morals inſinuated the Horrour of Vice.

Aſcyltos, in *Greek*, ſignifies *Indefatigable*, a Name well adapted to this young Man, who was handſome, vigorous, and endow'd with the choiceſt Talents of Nature.

Gito, in the ſame Language, ſignifies *Neighbour*, a Term of Friendſhip, as if he had ſaid, *my Inſeparable*; for *Gito* did not abandon *Encolpius*, till he was forc'd by *Aſcyltos*.

Theſe three Perſons ſerve only to embelliſh the Hiſtory, their Conduct is the Portraicture of the diſorderly Life of young People. They were Aſſociates in all ſorts of Friponeries and Debaucheries, and wore the Habit of Philoſophers to cover their deſigns.

Agamemnon, a Profeſſor of Eloquence, whoſe Character is that of a true *Pedant*, and under his Name,

Name, *Petronius*, who had in view all the Orators of his time, particularly deſigns *Seneca*, who was *Nero*'s *Præceptor*, and a *Stoic* Philoſopher; the ſame whom this Prince deſcrib'd under the Name of *Trimalchio*, and whom he calls his *Maſter*, in the Feaſt he made for his Friends. The Author gives him the Name of a great King; peradventure in imitation of *Varro*, who has alſo deſcrib'd a *Declamator* under the Name of *Agamemnon*; becauſe *Homer*, the chief of the *Greeks*, harangues like an Orator. We ſee alſo that *Martial* has pointed another under the Name of King *Attalus*, and calls theſe publick *Haranguers*, proud Kings and Triflers; for really, in ancient Times, they often enough gave this Title to *Rhetoricians* by way of deriſion, to mock them out of the vain pomp of their affected Eloquence and ſwelling windy Style. So in ſome places we find *Seneca* preaching *Frugality* and *Poverty* in the midſt of Riches and a plentiful Table, which was nothing leſs than appearing what he was not, as *Suillius* made apparent, when he accus'd him for taking Money to plead the Cauſes of his own Parties, in oppoſition to the *Cincian* Law. *Tacitus* alſo reproach'd him; *That he had always a great Animoſity againſt the Friends of* Claudius. *That his Studies being to promote inſignificant Trifles, and to cajole young Scholars in their Ignorance, he envy'd all thoſe that were endow'd with a Maſculine uncorrupted Eloquence, and employ'd it in defence of their fellow-Citizens. That he was made Treaſurer of* Germanicus, *That he introduc'd Adultery into the Prince's Palace. That it was eaſie to judge which was moſt culpable, he that receiv'd a voluntary Recompence for his honeſt Induſtry; or he that labour'd to ſupport unjuſt Cauſes at the Bar in Courts of Judicature, and corrupt Ladies of the firſt Quality. That it ought to be known, by what kind of Wiſdom or Precepts of Philoſophy, in only four*

Years

Years time, he poſſeſs'd the Favour and Graces of Nero, *and acquir'd three Millions of Riches. That he ſearch'd all* Rome *for ſuch as had no Children, to make them fall into the Snares he had laid, to oblige them to make their* Teſtaments *in his Favour. That by exorbitant* Uſury, *he exhauſted the Wealth of* Italy *and the Provinces*, &c. I have, you ſee, been very particular, and have related theſe Paſſages almoſt entire, becauſe the Author frequently inſiſts upon them in many places of this Satyr, where occaſionally he falls upon *Seneca*; which you will find at large in the Work it ſelf.

Lycurgus a *Roman* Knight, Friend of *Aſcyltos*, whoſe Houſe in the Country was pillag'd in a pleaſant Adventure.

Quartilla, Prieſteſs of *Priapus*.

Pſyche, Waiting-woman to *Quartilla*. This word in *Greek* ſignifies *the Soul*, and was a Name of tenderneſs given to a Courtizan.

Pannychis, a little Girl, very pretty. The Name is *Greek*, and ſignifies *Night*, proper enough for Whores; becauſe anciently the greateſt Debaucheries were practis'd in the Night, and ſo it continues among the niceſt ſort of this Tribe to this day, and particularly at *Rome*.

The Hiſtory of theſe three Adventurers comprehends Truths that are unknown to us. Their buſineſs is to give Diverſion, to ſhew the Addreſs, Effronteries, and Debaucheries of lewd Women.

Trimalchio is compounded of two *Greek* words and ſignifies in Latin, *ter mollis*, to expreſs a Man conſummated in all kinds of Debauchery. 'Tis, the Name of a Rich *Freeman*, who made a ſumptuous Banquet; a vain Perſon, learn'd, but confus'd having his Wit croſs-wiſe, and his Manners entirely corrupted. The Author purpoſely made this *Hero* ridiculous, and extremely loaded his Picture, that he might the more reſemble *Nero*.

Bour-

Bourdelot assures us, that anciently this Emperor was represented on *Medals* in these words, *C. Nero. August. Imp.* and on the reverse, *Trimalchio*, which according to the *Commentator*, shews how much they are deceiv'd, who pretended that *Petronius* describ'd *Seneca* under that Name. *Nero* is also represented under the Person of a *Franchise* or Freed-man, and that for two reasons. 1. Because he had a perfect conformity with the Vices of that sort of People. 2. To reproach him with the too great Familarity he held with them: Which caus'd *Tacitus* to say, That *Franchis'd* Persons were never in so much Credit as under the Reign of *Nero*.

Fortunata Wife to *Trimalchio*. This Woman was of obscure Birth, and also had been a Slave; so that his marrying her was a reproach to himself.

Seleucus, *Phileros*, *Ganymedes*, *Echion*, *Niceros*, *Plocrime*, were a Troop of *Freed-men*, invited to a Feast by *Trimalchio*, which was never known in *Rome* before that time.

Norbanus, under this Name must be understood *Tigillinus*, Captain of *Nero*'s Guards, and his Favourite.

Hermeros, a very impudent Freed-man of *Trimalchio*'s.

Habinnas, an inferiour Magistrate, who, accompanied by his wife, went to *Trimalchio* at the latter end of the Repast, with attendance, and in the Majesty of *Prator*, as one who design'd to build a *Mausoleum*, of which he had laid the Plan according to his Genius: Which is a piquant piece of Raillery, design'd by the Author to scoff at *Nero*'s intentions, to erect an Eternal Monument to his own Memory.

Scintilla, Wife of *Habinnas*, under which appellation you have a Character of those superficial Women, that have no solidity in them.

Eumol-

Eumolpus, beſides his being a Poet, and in a forlorn Equipage, was a great Deboſhee, and had ſuffered many Diſgraces under this Name; the Author repreſents the managemement of *Nero* in making Verſes, in which he was ſo ſtrongly conceited of his own Abilities, that he put to death all that ſucceeded in that Art, better than himſelf. Another End was, to give himſelf the liberty of repreſenting *Nero* under different Characters, all ridiculous, and under different Names, the principal whereof were *Trimalchio*. *Eumolpus*, and *Polyænus*.

Corax, Servant to *Eumolpus*.

Lycas, Captain of the Ship, a very debauch'd Perſon, who provok'd the Anger of the Gods.

Doris, Wife of *Lycas* and Miſtreſs of *Encolpius*.

Tryphæna, a perfectly fine Courtizan, belov'd of *Lycas*, and to whom there happen'd pleaſant Adventures with *Encolpius* and *Gito*.

Eſius, a Paſſenger in the Ship commanded by *Lycas*, who caus'd all the troubles that befel them.

Polyænos, a Name taken by *Encolpius*, diſguiſed like a Slave in *Crotona* under which Name *Petronius* deſcribes an Adventure that happen'd to *Nero* with a *Roman* Lady. The Character of *Polyænos* is extremely fine, and might have done *Nero* honour, if the Author had not firſt repreſented him under the vile Perſon of a Slave, which part this Emperour often acted, in running about the Streets in the Night, and frequenting infamous Places, which ſhew'd his Impuiſſance, and doubtleſs, was a great mortification to him, to find his Weakneſſes in this kind ſo openly diſcovered. Further we have reaſon to believe, that *Petronius* alſo ſhew'd how eaſily he cou'd embelliſh his Work, and do himſelf Honour by his excellent Wit, which ſhines in all theſe incomparable Deſcriptions.

Circe, a Lady of *Crotona*, amorous of *Polyænus*, by

by whom it may be reaſonably conjectur'd, that the Author would be underſtood of *Silia*, a *Roman* Lady, who was married to a *Senator*, and baniſh'd, as you heard already in the Life of *Petronius*, under ſuſpicion of revealing *Nero*'s Secrets, out of grief for what happen'd to the Author: For if this Prince drown'd in Debauchery, and who, without ſhame, made himſelf a Spectacle of contempt in the midſt of *Rome*, could be concern'd to ſee his Pleaſures turn'd to Ridicule in this Satyr; there is great appearance, that the Picture of his Weakneſs in this Inſtance touch'd him moſt ſenſibly; and by conſequence, that the Adventure had rather relation to *Silia*, than any other.

Chryſis, Waiting-woman to *Circe*, and her Confident. This Name is *Greek*, and ſignifies *Dorea*, or *Fine*; an Epithet given to *Venus*, and was voluntarily taken by the ancient Courtizans.

Proſelenos, a Sorcerer, that *Chryſis* led to *Polyænos*.

Enothea, a Prieſteſs of *Priapus*.

Philumena, another Lady of *Crotonia*, who ſometimes ſerv'd her ſelf of her Beauty to get Viſiters, and upon the Reputation of *Eumolpus*'s being rich preſented him with her Son and Daughter, who were both very young and very handſome, that they might profit by his good Inſtructions. Under this Name *Eumolpus*, *Petronius* deſcribes *Nero*'s *Novitates Stupri*, as *Tacitus* ſays, new-invented ways of Whoring and Filthineſs.

The Places where theſe Adventures paſs'd, are *Naples* and *Crotona*, under whoſe Names the Author choſe to draw the natural Portraiture of *Rome*.

THE

THE WORKS OF *Petronius Arbiter*, A ROMAN Knight.

In *PROSE* and *VERSE*: WITH The Fragments recover'd at *Belgrade*, in the Year 1688.

Made English *by Mr.* WILSON *of the* Middle-Temple, *and ſeveral others.*

I Formerly promis'd you an Account of my Adventures, and am now reſolv'd to be as good as my Word, being opportunely met; not only to improve our Learning, but to make merry with pleaſant Tales, and a free Converſation.

Fabricius Vejento has already, with a world of Wit, expos'd the Juggle of Religion, and withal diſcover'd with what Impudence and Ignorance *Prieſts* pretend to be inſpir'd: But are not our wrangling Pleaders poſſeſs'd with the ſame Frenzy, who harangue their Audience? Theſe Wounds I receiv'd in defence of your Liberty; this Eye was loſt in your ſervice; give me a Hand to lead me to my Children, for my wounded Hams are too feeble to ſupport me.

Yet even this might paſs for tolerable, did it put young beginners in the leaſt way to well-ſpeaking: Whereas now, what with the irregular ſwelling of Matter, and the empty rattling of Words, they only gain this, That when they come to appear in publick, they think themſelves in another World. And therefore I look upon the young fry of Collegiates as likely to make the moſt promiſing Blockheads, becauſe they neither hear nor ſee any thing that is in uſe amongſt Men: But a company of Pirates with Chains on the ſhoar; Tyrants iſſuing Proclamations to make Children kill their Fathers; the Anſwers of Oracles in a Plague-time; that three or more Virgins be ſacrific'd to appeaſe the angry Gods; dainty fine Words without any Subſtance, like a Diſh prettily garniſh'd without any Meat in it, and every thing ſo done, as if 'twere all Spice and Garniſh.

Such as are thus bred can no more judge aright, than thoſe that live in a Kitchin not ſtink of the Greaſe: Give me, with your favour,

vour, leave to ſay, 'twas you firſt loſt the good Grace of Speaking; for with light idle gingles of Words, to make ſport, you have brought Oratory to this, That the ſubſtance thereof is become invalid and effeminate.

Our Youth were not confin'd to this way of declaiming when *Sophocles* and *Euripides* influenc'd the Age: Nor yet had any Garret-Profeſſor debauch'd their Studies, when *Pindar* and the nine *Lyrick* Poets durſt not attempt the inimitable Numbers of *Homer*: And that I may not derive my Authority from Poets only, 'tis certain neither *Plato* nor *Demoſthenes* ever put in practice theſe affected Declamations. Their chaſte Orations were neither turgid, painted, or adulterate, but had all the Ornaments and Charms of a Natural Beauty.

This windy and irregular way of babling came lately out of *Aſia* into *Athens*; and having, like ſome ill Planet, blaſted the aſpiring Genius of their Youth, at once corrupted and put a period to all true Eloquence.

After this, Who came up to the height of *Thucydides*? Who reach'd the Fame of *Hyperides*? Nay, there was hardly a clean Verſe, but all were of the ſame ſtrain, and died with their Author. Painting alſo had the ſame fate, after the boldneſs of the *Egyptians* ventur'd to bring ſo great an Art into Miniature.

At this and the like rate I was upon a time declaiming, when one *Agamemnon* made up to us, and looking ſharply on a Perſon,

whom the Mob with ſuch diligence gave attention to, he would not ſuffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had ſweated in the School; "But, young Man, "ſaid he, becauſe your Diſcourſe is beyond "the common apprehenſion, and, which is "not often ſeen, that you are a lover of "Underſtanding, I won't deceive you: The "Maſters of theſe Schools are not to blame, "who think it neceſſary to be mad with "mad Men: For unleſs they teach what "their Scholars approve, they might, as "*Cicero* ſays, keep School to themſelves: "like flattering Paraſites, who when they "come to great Mens Tables, ſtudy no-"thing more than what they think may be "moſt agreeable to the Company, (being "ſenſible they ſhall never effect their De-"ſigns, unleſs they firſt charm the Ear) "ſo a Maſter of Eloquence, Fiſherman-like, "unleſs he firſt baits his Hook with what "he knows the Fiſh will bite at, may wait "long enough on the Rock without hopes "of catching any thing.

"Where lies the Fault then? Parents "ought to be ſharply reprehended, who are "unwilling their Children ſhould obſerve a "ſtrict Method in their Studies; but in this, "as in all things elſe, they are ſo fond of "making a Noiſe in the World, and in ſuch "haſte to arrive at their Wiſhes, that they "hurry Youth into the Publick e're they "have well digeſted what they have read, "and put Children, before they are paſt

"their

" their Sucking-bottle, into the Liſts of Elo-
" quence; than which, by their own Con-
" feſſion, nothing is harder to attain:
" Whereas if they would ſuffer them to
" come up by degrees, that their Studies
" might be temper'd with grave Lectures;
" their Affections faſhion'd by the Dictates
" of Wiſdom; that they might work them-
" ſelves into a Maſtery of Words; and
" for a long time hear, what they're in-
" clin'd to imitate, nothing that pleas'd
" Children wou'd be admir'd by them.
" But now Boys trifle in the Schools, young
" Men are laugh'd at in Publick, and,
" which is worſe than both, what ill Ha-
" bits are fooliſhly aſſum'd in Youth, we
" refuſe to acknowledge in Age.

" And that I may not be thought to
" have condemn'd *Lucilius*'s manner of Wri-
" ting, I will alſo my ſelf give you my
" Thoughts in Verſe.

By Liberal Arts would you acquire Renown,
And riſe to Power by Honours of the Gown?
Strict in your Life, of Converſation chaſte,
Far from the Court with juſt precaution haſte,
The Haughty Great *but very rare attend,*
Nor drink too deeply *to oblige a Friend.*
Let no ſoft Vows your blooming Youth engage,
And flye the luſcious Accents *of the Stage,*
Whether the Bard of fair Briſeis *Sings,*
Of ſtern Pelides *and the Fate of Kings,*

While *Aſcyltos* was telling his Tale, in come the ſame Fellow, with a Woman, none of the leaſt agreeable, and looking upon *Aſcyltos*, entreated him to walk in and fear nothing, for if he would not be Paſſive he might be Active: The Woman on the other hand preſs'd me to go in with her. We follow'd therefore, and being led among thoſe little Apartments, we ſaw many of both Sexes imploy'd in the Boxes, * ſo that we concluded all of them had drank a Love Potion. *

We were no ſooner diſcover'd, but they wou'd have attack'd us with the like Impudence, and in a trice one of their number with his Coat tuck'd under his Girdle, laid hold on *Aſcyltos*, and having thrown him croſs a Couch, would have charg'd him in the rear: I preſently ran to help the undermoſt, * and uniting our forces, we made Nothing of the troubleſome Fool *. *Aſcyltos* went off, and flying, left me expos'd to their Violence; but thanks to my Strength and Courage, I got off without Injury.

I had almoſt traverſt the City round,* when in the dusk of the Evening I ſaw *Gito* at the Bench of our Inn *; I placed my ſelf by him, and enquir'd what *Aſcyltos* had got us for Dinner? the Boy ſitting down, began to wipe away the Tears that ſtood in his Eyes; I was much concern'd at it, and ask'd him the occaſion; he was ſlow in his anſwer, and ſeem'd unwilling to inform me; but mixing Threats with my Entreaties; *'Twas that Brother or Comrogue of yours*, ſaid he, *that coming*

ing ere while into our Lodging, wou'd have violated my Virtue: When I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, and if thou art a Lucreece, *said he, thou haſt met a* Tarquin.

I heard him, and pointing at *Aſcyltos*, what ſay'ſt thou, thou Catamite, whoſe very Breath is infectious?

Aſcyltos at firſt pretended to be mightily ſurpriz'd, but preſently putting my Hand aſide, in a higher Voice, cry'd out, *Muſt you be prating, thou Laſcivious Cut-throat, *, who was condemn'd for murdering thine Hoſt *, and ſav'd only by the breaking of the Rope? You make a noiſe, you Night-Pad, whoſe top Miſtriſs was but a Bawd. On what account did you and I keep Company formerly? Upon the ſame, I ſuppoſe, the Boy is admitted the honour of your Converſation.*

And who but you, *interrupted I*, gave me that ſlip in the Portico? *Why, what a wiſe Man of* Gotham, continu'd he, *muſt I have been, when I was dying for hunger, to hear Sentences, forſooth, as much to the purpoſe as the ratling of broken Glaſſes, or the expounding of Dreams? by* Hercules, *thou wert by much the greater Rogue of the two, who to get a meal's Meat, did not bluſh to commend an inſipid Poet.* When at laſt, turning from Scolding to Laughing, we began to be in a better humour, and to talk of our Affairs with a little more ſedateneſs.

But a ſenſe of the late Injury ſtill ſticking in my Stomach, *Aſcyltos, ſaid I*, I find we ſhall never agree together, therefore let's divide the common Stock, and each of us ſet up for himſelf: You are a piece of a Scholar,

and

and I'll be no hinderance to your Projects, but think of ſome other way; for otherwiſe we ſhall run into a thouſand Miſchiefs, and become ſcandalous all over the Town.

Aſcyltes was not againſt the Project; *And ſince we have promis'd*, ſaid he, *as Scholars, to ſup together, let's husband the Night too; and to morrow I'll get me a new Lodging, and ſome Comrade or other.*

'Tis Nonſenſe, *ſaid I*, to defer what we deſire: I had for a conſiderable time Intentions to part with *Aſcyltes*, looking upon him as a Perſon who too narrowly obſerv'd my Actions; but a ſtronger Motive to it was, that I might renew my old friendſhip with *Gito*.

Aſcyltes taking the Affront, impatiently, without anſwering, flew away in a fury: I was too well acquainted with the weakneſs of his Mind, and the violence of his Love, not to fear the effects of ſo ſudden a breach, and therefore made after him, both to obſerve his Deſigns and to prevent them; but loſing ſight of him, I was a long time in purſuit of him to no purpoſe.

When I had ſearch'd the whole Town, I return'd to my Cellar, where, the Ceremony of Kiſſes being over, I got my Boy to a cloſer Embrace, and enjoying my wiſhes, thought my ſelf happy even to Envy: Nor had I done when *Aſcyltes* ſtole to the Door, and forcing the Bolt, found us diverting our ſelves; upon which, clapping his Hands, he fell a laughing, and turning me about; *What*, ſaid he, *moſt reverend Gentleman, what*

were

were you doing, my brother in Iniquity? Nor was he content with Words only, but untying the Thong that bound his Wallet, he belabour'd me heartily, and mingling Reproaches with his Blows, *As you like this, desire a second parting.*

'Being thus surprized, I took little notice 'of the Injury, but politickly turn'd it off 'with a laugh; for otherwise I must have 'come to an Engagement with my Rival: 'Whereas sweetning him with a counterfeit 'Mirth, I brought him also to laugh for 'company: *And you*, Eucolpius, began he, '*are so wrapt in Pleasures, you little consider 'how short our Money grows, and what we have 'left will turn to no account: There's nothing 'to be got in Town this Summer-time, we shall 'have better luck in the Country; let's visit our 'Friends.*

'Necessity made me approve his Advice, 'as well as conceal the smart of the Lash; 'so loading *Gito* with our Baggage, we left 'the City, and went to the House of one *Lycurgus*, a *Roman* Knight; who, because *Ascyltos* had formerly been his Comrade, entertain'd us handsomely; and the Company we met with in the place, made our Entertainment the more agreeable: For, first there was *Tryphæna*, a very beautiful Woman, who came with one *Lycas*, the owner of a Ship, and Master of a small Seat that lay contiguous to the Sea.

'The Delight we receiv'd in this place was more than could be expreſt, tho' *Ly-*

'*curgus's*

'*curgus*'s Table was thrifty enough, you muſt know we were all promiſcuouſly imploy'd in Affairs of Love: The fair *Tryphæna* pleas'd me, and readily inclin'd to my wiſhes; but I had ſcarce given her the Courteſie of the Houſe when *Lycas* ſtorming to be thus nickt in his Amours, accus'd me at firſt of underhand-dealing; but ſoon from a Rival addreſſing himſelf as a Lover, he pleaſantly told me, I muſt repair his Damages; and ply'd me hotly: But *Tryphæna* having my Heart, I could not lend him an Ear. The refuſal made him the ſharper; he follow'd me wherever I went, and getting into my Chamber at Night, when Entreaty did no good, he fell to downright Violence; but I rais'd ſuch an out-cry, that I wak'd the whole Houſe, and by the help of *Lycurgus*, got rid of him for that time.

'At length perceiving *Lycurgus*'s Houſe was not for his purpoſe, he would have perſuaded me to his own; but I rejecting the proffer, he made uſe of *Tryphæna*'s power over me; and ſhe the rather perſuaded me to yield to him, becauſe ſhe was in hopes of living more at liberty there. I follow'd therefore whither my Love conducted me; but *Lycurgus* having renew'd his old Concern with *Aſcyltos*, would not ſuffer him to abſent himſelf: At laſt we agreed, that he ſhou'd ſtay with *Lycurgus*, and we go with *Lycas*: Moreover it was concluded, that every one of us, as opportunity offer'd, ſhould pilfer what he could for the benefit of the common Stock.

'*Lycas*

'*Lycas* was overjoy'd at my Conſent, and 'ſo haſtned our departure, that, taking leave 'of our Friends, we arriv'd at his Houſe the 'ſame Day.

'But in our Paſſage he ſo order'd the mat-'ter that he ſat next me, and *Tryphæna* next to '*Gito*, which he purpoſely contriv'd, to ſhew 'the notorious Lightneſs of that Woman; 'nor was he miſtaken in her, for ſhe pre-'ſently grew amorous of the Boy: I was 'quickly jealous, and *Lycas* ſo exactly re-'mark'd it to me, that he ſoon confirm'd my 'ſuſpicion of her. On this I began to be 'more condeſcending to him, which made 'him all Joy, as being aſſur'd the Unwor-'thineſs of my new Miſtreſs wou'd beget my 'Contempt of her, and reſenting her ſlight, 'I ſhould be more eaſily induc'd to receive 'him favourably.

'So ſtood Affairs while we were at *Lycas*'s: '*Tryphæna* was deſperately in love with *Gito*; '*Gito* again as wholly devoted to her; I 'car'd little for the ſight of either of them; 'and *Lycas* ſtudying to pleaſe me, found me 'every day ſome new Diverſion: In all 'which alſo his Wife *Doris*, a fine Woman, 'ſtrove to exceed him, and that with ſo 'much gaiety, that ſhe preſently expell'd '*Tryphæna* from my Heart: I gave her the 'Wink, and ſhe return'd her Conſent by as 'wanton a Twincle; ſo that this dumb Rhe-'torick going before the Tongue, ſecretly 'convey'd to each other our mutual Inclina-'tions.

'I

'I knew *Lycas* was jealous, which kept me 'Tongue-ty'd ſo long, and the love he bore 'his Wife made him diſcover to her his in- 'clination to me: But the firſt opportunity 'we had of talking together, ſhe related to 'me what ſhe had learn'd from him; and I 'frankly confeſs'd it, but withal told her how 'abſolutely averſe I had ever been to't: 'Well then, quoth the diſcreet Woman, we 'muſt try our Wits, according to his own 'Opinion, the Permiſſion was one's, and the 'Poſſeſſion another's.

'By this time *Gito* had been worn off his 'Legs, and was gathering new ſtrength, 'when *Tryphæna* return'd to me, but diſap- 'pointed of her expectation, her Love chang'd 'to a downright Fury; and, all on fire with 'following me to no purpoſe, ſhe got into my 'Intrigue both with *Lycas* and his Wife: 'She made little reckoning of his Wantonneſs 'with me, as well knowing it wou'd hinder 'no Griſt from coming to her Mill: But for '*Doris*, ſhe never left till ſhe had found out 'her private Amours with me, and diſco- 'ver'd them to *Lycas*; whoſe Jealouſie being 'ſuperior to his Love, ran all to Revenge; 'but *Doris*, advertis'd by *Tryphæna*'s Woman, 'to divert the Storm, forbore any clande- 'ſtine Meetings.

'As ſoon as I perceiv'd it, having curs'd 'the Treachery of *Tryphæna*, and the Ingra- 'titude of *Lycas*, I began to think of retiring, 'and Fortune favour'd me: For a Ship con- 'ſecrated to the Goddeſs *Iſis*, laden with

'rich

'rich Spoils, had the day before run upon 'the Rocks.

'*Gito* and I laid our Heads together, and 'he was as willing as my ſelf to be gone; 'for *Tryphena* having exhauſted his ſtrength, 'began now not to be ſo fond of him. Early 'the next Morning therefore we march'd to-'wards the Sea, where with the leſs difficulty 'we got on board the Veſſel, becauſe we were 'no ſtrangers to *Lycas*'s Servants, who at 'that time took care of her: They ſtill ho-'nouring us with their Company, it was 'not a time to filch any thing; but leaving '*Gito* with them, I took an opportunity of 'getting into the Stern, where the Image of '*Iſis* ſtood, and ſtrip'd her of a rich Mantle, 'and Silver Trimming; and alſo having 'turn'd other good Booty out of the Maſter's 'Cabin, I ſtole down by a Rope, unſeen of 'any but *Gito*; who alſo gave them the ſlip 'and ſneakt after me.

'As ſoon as I ſaw him I ſhew'd him the 'Purchaſe, and both of us reſolv'd to make 'what haſte we could to *Aſcyltos*, but *Lycur-'gus*'s Houſe was not to be reach'd the ſame 'day: When we came to *Aſcyltos* we ſhew'd 'him the Prize, and told him in ſhort the 'manner of getting it, and how we had been 'the meer make-game of Love: He advis'd 'us to prepoſſeſs *Lycurgus* with our Caſe, and 'make him our Friend ere the others could 'ſee him; and withal boldly to aſſert, That the ill uſage of *Lycas* was the only cauſe why we ſtole away ſo haſtily; which when *Ly-*

curgus

curgus came to underſtand, he would at all times protect us from our Enemies.

Our flight was unknown till *Tryphæna* and *Doris* were got out of Bed; for we daily attended their Levy, and waited on them while they were dreſſing; but, when contray to our uſual cuſtom we were found miſſing, *Lycas* ſent after us, and eſpecially to the Sea-ſide, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the Pillage, for the Ship lay ſomewhat to Sea-ward, and the Maſter had not yet return'd on board.

But at laſt it being poſitively known we were run away, and *Lycas* becoming uneaſie at our abſence, fell in a deſperate paſſion with his Wife, whom he ſuppos'd to be the occaſion of our departure: I paſs over what Words and Blows he gave her, knowing not the particulars: I'll only ſay, *Tryphæna*, the Mother of Miſchief, had put *Lycas* in the head, 'twas probable we had taken Sanctuary at *Lycurgus*'s, where ſhe perſwaded him to go in queſt of the Fugitives, and promis'd to bear him Company, that ſhe might load us with juſt Reproaches.

The next day they accordingly ſet forward, and came to his Houſe; but we were out of the way: For *Lycurgus* was gone to a Feſtival in honour of *Hercules*, held at a neighbouring Village, and had taken us with him, of which when our Adverſaries were inform'd, they made what haſt they could after us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. The ſight of them very much diſordered us:

Lycas

Lycas eagerly complained of our flight to *Lycurgus*, but was received with ſuch a contracted Brow, and ſo haughty an Air, that I took Courage upon't, and opening my Throat charg'd him with his laſcivious Attempts upon me, as well at *Lycurgus*'s as in his own Houſe; and *Tryphæna* endeavouring to ſtop my Mouth, had her ſhare of the Infamy; for I ſet out her Harlotry to the Mob, who gather'd about us to hear the Scolding: And, as a Proof of what I ſaid, I ſhew'd them poor limber-Ham'd *Gito*, and my ſelf alſo, whom vicious Practices had even brought to our Graves.

The Shout of the Mob put our Enemies ſo out of Countenance, that they went off heavily, but contriving a Revenge; and therefore obſerving how we had put upon *Lycurgus*, they went back to expect him at his Houſe, and ſet him right again. The Solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach *Lycurgus*'s that Night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way Houſe, but left us aſleep next Morning, and went home to diſpatch ſome Buſineſs; where he found *Lycas* and *Tryphæna* waiting for him, who ſo order'd the matter with him, that they prevail'd with him to deliver us up. *Lycurgus*, naturally barbarous and faithleſs, began to contrive which way to betray us, and ſent *Lycas* to get ſome Help, whilſt he ſecur'd us in the Village.

Thither he came, and at his first entry treated us in the same manner as *Lycas* had done: After which, wringing his Hands together, he upbraided us with the Lye we had made of *Lycas*, and taking *Ascyltos* from us, lock'd us up in our Chamber, where we lay, without so much as permitting him to speak in our defence; but carrying him to his House, he set a Guard upon us, till he himself should return.

On the Road *Ascyltos* did what he could to mollifie *Lycurgus*; but neither Entreaties mingled with Love, nor Tears, could do any good upon him: It came into our Comrade's Head to set us at Liberty by other Methods; and being all on fire at *Lycurgus*'s Restiness, refus'd to lodge with him that Night, and by that means the more easily put in execution what he had been thinking on.

The Family was in their dead Sleep when *Ascyltos* took our Baggage upon his Shoulders, and getting through a Breach in the Wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the Village by break of Day, and meeting no one to stop him, boldly enter'd it, and came up to our Chamber; which the Guard that was upon us had taken care to make fast; but the Bar being of Wood, he easily wrench'd it with an Iron Crow, and waken'd us; for we soundly snor'd, in spight of all our ill Fortune.

Our

Our Guard had ſo over-watch'd themſelves, that they were fall'n into a dead Sleep, which was the Reaſon we only wak'd at the breaking of the Door. To be ſhort, *Aſcyltos* came in, and briefly told us what he had done for our ſake: On this we got up; and as we were rigging our ſelves, it came into my Head to kill the Guard, and rifle the Village; I told *Aſcyltos* my Mind: He liked the rifling well enough, but diſapprov'd the other Propoſal, and gave us our deſired Liberty without Blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the Houſe, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-room where the Moveables lay, and bringing us into it, we ſtole what was of moſt value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning; avoiding the common Road, and not reſting till we thought our ſelves out of danger.

Then *Aſcyltos* having gotten heart again, began to amplifie the Delight he took in having pillag'd *Lycurgus*; of whoſe miſerableneſs he complain'd with juſt reaſon; for he had neither paid him for his Nights ſervice, nor kept a Table that had either Meat or Drink on't, being ſuch a miſerable Scoundrel, that, notwithſtanding his infinite Wealth, he deny'd himſelf the common Neceſſaries of Life.

Alternate Streams curſt Tantalus *ſurround,*
Whoſe flatt'ring Surge with bluſhing Fruits abound.

The wanton Banquet with malicious haſte,
Flies from the Wretch that periſhes to taſte:
Such is the Miſer's Fate, who 'midſt his Store,
(Fearing to uſe) is miſerably poor.

Aſcyltos deſign'd for *Naples* the ſame day, had I not acquainted him how imprudent it was to take up there, where, according to all probability, we were in likelihood to be ſought after: And therefore, ſaid I, let's keep out of the way for the preſent, and, ſince we have enough to defend us from want, ſtroul it about till the Heat be over. The Advice was approv'd, and we ſet forward for a pleaſant Country Town, where we were ſure to meet ſome of our Acquaintance that were taking the benefit of the Seaſon: But we were ſcarce got half way, when a ſhowre of Rain diſcharging it ſelf upon us like Buckets, forc'd us into the next Village; where entring a Houſe of Entertainment, we ſaw a great many others that had alſo ſtruck in thither to avoid the Storm. The throng kept us from being taken notice of, and gave us the opportunity of prying here and there, what we might filch in a Crowd; when *Aſcyltos*, unheeded of any body, took a Purſe from the Ground, in which he found ſeveral pieces of Gold; we leap'd for Joy at ſo fortunate a beginning; but fearing leſt ſome or other might ſeek after it, we ſlunk out at a Back-door, where we ſaw a Groom ſadling his Horſes; but, as having forgot ſome-

ſomewhat, he ran into the Houſe, leaving behind him an Embroider'd Mantle faſtned to one of the Saddles: In his abſence I cut the Straps, and under the covert of ſome Out-houſes, we made off with it to a neighbouring Foreſt.

Being more out of danger among the Thickets, we were contriving where we ſhould hide the Gold, that we might not be either charg'd with the Felony, or robb'd of it our ſelves: At laſt we concluded to ſew it in the Lining of an old patcht Coat, which I threw over my Shoulders, and entruſted the Care of the Mantle to *Aſcyltos*, with an intent to get to the City by Croſs-ways: But as we were going out, we heard ſome-body on our left hand ſpeak to this purpoſe: They ſhall not eſcape us; they came into the Wood; let's ſeparate our ſelves and beat about, that we may the better diſcover and take them. This put us into ſuch a fright, that *Aſcyltos* and *Gito* fled thro' Briars and Brambles towards the City; but I turn'd back again in ſuch a hurry, that without perceiving it, the precious Coat dropt from my Shoulders; At laſt being quite tir'd, and not able to go any further, I laid me down under the ſhelter of a Tree, where I firſt miſt the Coat: Then Grief reſtor'd my ſtrength, and up I got again, to try if I could recover the Treaſure; I wander'd backwards and forwards to no manner of purpoſe; till ſpent and waſted with toil and ſorrow, I got into a Thicket, where having tarried four Hours, and half

dead with the horrour of the place, I ſought the way out; but going forward, a Country Man came in ſight of me: Then had I occaſion for all my ſtock of Confidence; not did it fail me: I went up roundly to him, and making my moan how I had loſt my ſelf in the Wood, deſir'd him to tell me the way to the City: He pitying my Figure (for I was as pale as Death, and all bemir'd) ask'd me, if I had ſeen any one in the Wood? I anſwer'd, not a Soul—on which he courteouſly brought me into the High-way, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had travers'd the Wood thro' and thro', but had lit upon nothing but a Coat, which they ſhew'd him.

It may eaſily be believed I had not the Courage to challenge it, tho' I knew well enough what the value of it was: This afflicted me more than all the reſt; however, bewailing my Treaſure, the Country-man not heeding me, and Feebleneſs growing upon me, I ſlacken'd my pace, and jogg'd on ſlower than ordinary.

It was longer e're I reach'd the City than I thought of; but coming to the Inn, I found *Aſcyltos* half dead, ſtretcht upon a Straw Pallat, and fell on another my ſelf, not able to utter a word: He miſſing the Coat, was in a great diſorder, and haſtily demanded of me, what was become of it: I, on the other hand, ſcarce able to draw my Breath, reſolv'd him by languiſhing Eyes, what my Tongue would not give me leave to ſpeak: At length recovering by little and little, I plainly told him

him the ill Fortune I had met with: But he thought I jeſted, and tho' the Tears in my Eyes might have been as full Evidence to him as an Oath, he yet queſtioned the truth of what I ſaid, and would not believe but I had a mind to cheat him. During this, *Gito* ſtood as troubled as my ſelf, and the Boys ſadneſs increas'd mine: But the freſh purſuit that was made after us, diſtracted me moſt. I opened the whole matter to *Aſcyltos*, who ſeem'd little concern'd at it, as having luckily got off for the preſent, and withal aſſur'd himſelf, that we were paſt danger, in that we were neither known, nor ſeen by any: However, it was thought fit to pretend a Sickneſs, that we might have the better Pretence to keep where we were: But our Monies falling ſhorter than we thought of, and Neceſſity enforcing us, we found it high time to ſell ſome of our Pillage.

It was almoſt dark, when going into the Brokers Market, we ſaw abundance of things to be bought and ſold; of no extraordinary Value, 'tis true, yet ſuch as might be ſafely diſpoſed of at that time by the Perſons who ſtole them. We alſo had the Mantle with us, and taking the opportunity of a blind Corner, fell a ſhaking the Skirt of it, to ſee if ſo glittering a Shew would bring us a Purchaſer: Nor had we been long there, e're a certain Country-man, whom I thought I had ſeen before, came up to us, with a Woman after him, who beginning to inſpect the Mantle more narrowly, as on the o-

ther ſide did *Aſcyltos* our Country Chapman's Shoulders, they preſently ſtartled him, and ſtruck him dumb: Nor could I my ſelf behold 'em without being concern'd at it, for he ſeem'd to me to be the ſame Fellow that had found the Coat in the Wood, as in truth he was: But *Aſcyltos* doubting whether he might truſt his Eyes or not, and that he might not do any thing raſhly, firſt came nearer to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to cheapen, and turn it more carefully. O the wonderful vagaries of Fortune! for the Country-man had not examined a Seam of it, but careleſly look'd on it as a Purchaſe for a Beggar.

Aſcyltos ſeeing the Coat unript, and the Perſon of the Seller contemptible, took me aſide from the Crowd: And don't you ſee Brother, ſaid he, the Treaſure I made ſuch moan about is return'd? That's the Coat with the Gold in't, all ſafe and untouch't: What therefore ſhall we do, or what courſe ſhall we take to get our own again?

I was now comforted, not ſo much that I had ſeen the Booty, but had clear'd my ſelf of the Suſpicion that lay upon me, and was by no means for going about the Buſh, but downright bringing an Action againſt him, That if the Fellow would not give up the Coat to the right Owner, we might recover it by Law.

Law bears the Name, but Money has the Power;
The Cauſe is bad whene'er the Client's Poor:

Thoſe

The Feast of Trimalchio

Thoſe ſtrict-life'd Men that ſeem above our World
Are oft too modeſt to reſiſt our Gold.
So Juſtice, like other Wares, are ſold;
And the grave Judge that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Bribe, ſmiles, and approves the Cauſe.

Aſcyltos on the other ſide afraid of the Law, Who, ſaid he, knows us in this place, or will give any Credit to what we ſay? I am clear for buying it, tho' we know it to be our own, and rather recover the Treaſure with a little Money, than embroil our ſelves in an uncertain Suit; but we had not above a couple of Groats ready Money, and that we deſign'd ſhould buy us ſomewhat to eat. Leſt therefore the Coat ſhould be gone in the mean time, we agreed, rather than fail, to ſell the Mantle at a lower price, that the Advantage we got by the one, might make amends for what we loſt by the other.

As ſoon therefore as we had ſpread open the Mantle, the Woman that ſtood muffled by the Country-man, having pryingly taken notice of ſome tokens about it, forcibly laid both Hands on't, and ſetting up her Throat, cry'd out, Thieves, Thieves!

We on the other part were very much ſurpriz'd at the Accident, yet leſt we ſhould be wanting to our ſelves in this Extremity, we got hold of the tatter'd Coat, and as ſpitefully roar'd out, *They have robb'd us of it.* But our Caſe was in no wiſe like theirs, and the Rabble that came in upon the Out-cry, ridicul'd,

ridicul'd, according to their manner, the weaker ſide, in that the others made claim to a rich Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat, ſcarce worth a good Patch. At this *Aſcyltos* could hardly keep his Countenance; but the noiſe being over, We ſee, ſaid he, how every one likes his own beſt, Give us our Coat, and let them take the Mantle.

The Country-man and the Woman lik'd the exchange well enough, but a ſort of Pettifoggers, moſt of whoſe buſineſs was ſuch Night Practice, having a mind to get the Mantle in their own Cuſtody, as importunely required, that both Mantle and Coat ſhould be left in their Hands, and the Caufe ſhould be determin'd on the Morrow: For it was not the things alone that ſeem'd to be in diſpute, but quite another matter to be enquir'd into, *to wit*, a ſtrong ſuſpicion of Robbery on both ſides.

At laſt it was agreed to put both into ſome indifferent hand, till the Right was determin'd; when preſently one, I know not who, with a bald Pate, and a fiery Face full of Pimples, a pettifogging kind of a Solicitor, ſteps from among the Rabble, and laying hold on the Mantle, ſaid, He'd be Security it ſhould be forth-coming the next day: when in truth his Intention was, that having gotten it into Huckſters hands, it might be ſmuggled amongſt him and his Companions, as believing we would never come to own it, for fear of being apprehended for ſtealing it. For our part we were as willing as he; and

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an Accident befriended both of us: For the Country-man thinking ſcorn of it, that we demanded to have the patcht Coat given us, threw it at *Aſcyltos*'s Head, diſcharging us of every thing but the Mantle, requiring that to be ſecur'd as the only Cauſe of the Diſpute. Having therefore recover'd, as we thought, our Treaſure, we made all the haſte we could to the Inn, and having ſhut the Door upon us, made our ſelves Merry, as well with the judgment of the Rabble as of our Detractors, who with ſo much circumſpection had reſtor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat and taking out the Gold, we overheard ſomebody asking mine Hoſt, what kind of People thoſe were that juſt now came in: And being ſtartled at the queſtion, I went down to ſee what was the matter, and underſtood that a City Serjeant, who, according to the Duty of his Office, took an account of all Strangers, had ſeen a couple come into the Inn, whoſe Names he had not yet Regiſter'd, and therefore enquired of what Country they were, and what was their way of living.

But mine Hoſt gave me ſuch a blind Account of it, that I began to ſuſpect we were not ſafe there; whereupon, for fear of being taken up, we thought fit to make off for the preſent, and not to return back again till it was late in the Night, but leave the care of our Supper to the management of *Giton*.

We

We had resolv'd to keep out of the broad Streets, and accordingly took our Walk thro' that quarter of the City, where we were likely to meet least Company; when in a narrow winding Lane, which had no Passage thro', we saw, a little distance before us, two handsome well-dress't Ladies, and followed them at a distance to a Chappel, which they entred, and from whence we heard an odd humming kind of a Noise, as it came from the hollow of a Cave: Curiosity also made us go in after them, where we saw a number of Women, as mad as if they had been Sacrificing to *Bacchus*, and each of them an Amulet (the Ensign of *Priapus*) in her Hand. More than that, we could not get to see; for they was no sooner sensible of our being amongst them, but they set up such a Shout, that the Roof of the Temple shook again, and withal endeavoured to lay Hands on us; but we scamper'd away, and made all the haste we could to our Inn.

We had scarce eaten the Supper which *Gito* had got ready for us, when a more than ordinary knocking at the Door put us into another Fright; we look'd as pale as Death, and in fear demanded who was there? Answer was made, Open the Door and you'll see: While we were talking, the Bolt dropt off and fell down of its own accord, and the Door miraculously flew open, on which, a Woman with her Head veil'd came in upon us, the very same who a little before was with the Country-man in the Market: And what,

:V E N V S:

what, ſaid ſhe, do you think to put a Trick upon me? I am *Quartilla*'s Maid, whoſe Sacred Receſs you ſo lately diſturb'd: She is at the Inn-gate, and deſires to ſpeak with you: You need not be uneaſie, ſhe neither blames your Inadvertency, or has a mind to reſent it, but rather wonders what God brought ſuch civil Gentlemen into her Quarters.

We were ſilent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but not the leaſt inclin'd to grant any part of her Requeſts, when in came *Quartilla* her ſelf, attended with a young Girl; and ſitting down by me, fell a weeping: Nor here did we put in a word, but ſtood expecting what would be the event of theſe Tears which ſhe commanded at her diſcretion. At laſt, when the Showre was over, ſhe diſdainfully turn'd up her Hood, and wringing her Hands together, What Impudence, ſaid ſhe, is this? or where learnt you theſe Shams, and that Slight of Hand you have ſo lately been beholden to? By my Faith, I am ſorry for ye; for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to look upon, but went off ſeverely puniſht: and ſincerely our part of the Town hath ſo many Deities in it, you'll ſooner meet with a God than a Man: Don't believe I come here with any Sentiments of Revenge, I am rather affected with Compaſſion for your Youth than angry at the Injuries you have done me, which, I believe, were not done with a Deſign, but unawares you had the Misfortune to perpetrate them, and an inexpiable abomination.

For

For my part, it troubled me all Night, and threw me into such a shaking, that I was afraid I had gotten a *Tertian* Ague, on which I took a Remedy to have made me Sleep; but the God appeared to me, and commanded me to rise and find you out, as the likeliest way to take off the violence of the Fit. Yet I am not so much in pain for a Cure, but that a greater Anguish strikes me to the Heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear, in one of your youthful Frolicks, you should declare what you saw in *Priapus*'s Chappel, and disclose the Mysteries of the Gods amongst the Vulgar. Low as your Knees, I therefore lift my Hands t'ye, that you neither make a Jest of our Night-worship, nor dishonour the Rites of so many Years, which not every one, even among our selves, is throughly acquainted with.

After this she fell a crying again, and with many a pitiful Lamentation, fell flat on my Bed; when I, at the same time, between Pity and Fear, bid her take Courage and assure her self, that we would neither divulge those Holy Mysteries, nor, if the God had prescrib'd her any other Remedy for her Ague, be wanting freely to assist in the Cure, even with the hazard of what was dearest to us.

At this Promise of mine, becoming more chearful, she fell a kissing me thick and threefold, and changing her Tears into Laughing, she comb'd up some Hair that hung over my Eyes with her Fingers: And I, said she, am Friends

Friends with you, and remit the Injury I intended against you; but if you shou'd refuse me the Medicine I entreat of you for the Ague, I have those that will be ready by to Morrow, who shall both vindicate my Reputation, and revenge the Affront you have put upon me.

Contempt's uncivil, to Command is rude;
Love does no Force upon the Fair intrude.
The best Revenge is, to neglect an Ill,
The Wise forgive, or Kissing kindly Kill.

Then clapping her Hands together, fell into so violent a fit of Laughter, that she gave us reason to apprehend she had some designs against us; the Woman which came in first, and the Girl that accompanied *Quartilla* were in the same humour. Their Mirth seemed so odd and unnatural, that we who saw no reason for so sudden a change, stood amaz'd, and sometimes lookt upon the Women, and sometimes upon one another.

During these Transactions, saith *Quartilla*, I have commanded, That no Flesh alive be permitted to come into this Inn to day, that I may be at liberty to receive the Medicine for my Ague without interruption.

Ascyltos was in a little confusion, but I was so surpriz'd, that I had not power to utter a word: But the Company put me in heart again, for they were but three Women, and if they had any design, must yet be too weak

to

to effect it againſt us, who if we had nothing more of Man about us, had yet that Figure to befriend us: We were all ready for the Engagement, and I had ſo contriv'd the Order of Battle, that if it muſt come to a Rencounter I was to make my part good with *Quartilla*, *Aſcyltos* with her Woman, and *Giton* with the Girl.

While I was thus contriving the matter, *Quartilla* addreſs'd her ſelf to me to cure her of her Ague, but finding her ſelf diſappointed, ſhe flew away in a Paſſion, and returning in a little while, commanded ſome Perſons in diſguiſe forcibly to convey us into a more magnificent Palace.

Here all our Courage fail'd us, and nothing but certain Death ſeem'd to appear before our Eyes.

When I began, If, Madam, you deſign to be more ſevere with us, be yet ſo kind as to diſpatch us quickly, for the nature of our Offence is not ſo heinous, that we ought to be rack'd to death for it: Upon which her Woman, whoſe Name was *Pſyche*, ſpread a Carpet on the Floor, and fell examining the inſide of my Breeches, but her Labour was loſt, all was quite gone. *Aſcyltos* muffled his Head in his Coat, as having had a hint given him how dangerous it was to take notice of what did not concern him: In the mean time *Pſyche* took off her Garters, and with the one of them bound my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

As I lay thus fetter'd, Madam, said I, this is not the way to make me capable of curing your Ladies Ague: I grant it, answer'd *Psyche*, but I have a Dose at hand will infallibly do it: and thereupon she brought me a lusty Bowl of *Satyrion*, (a Love Potion) and so merrily ran over the wonderful Effects of it, that she induc'd me to drink the greatest part of it off: But because *Ascyltos* had slighted her Addresses, she finding his Face turn'd from her, threw what was left upon his Back.

Ascyltos perceiving the Affair was over, Am not I worthy, said he, to get a Sup? And *Psyche* fearing my Laughter might discover her, clapped her Hands, and told him, Young-man, I made you an offer of it, but your Friend here has just now drank it all up.

Is it so, says *Quartilla*, smiling very agreeably, and has *Encolpius* gulp'd it all down? At last also even *Gito* laugh'd for Company; at what time the young Wench flung her Arms about his Neck, and meeting no resistance, half smother'd him with Kisses.

We would have cry'd out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid 'em keep the Peace, *Psyche* fell a pricking me with her Bodkin: On the other side also, the young Wench half stifled *Ascyltos* with a Dish-clout she had rubb'd in the Bowl.

Laſtly, came leaping upon us an unruly Fellow, in a rough Mantle ſtuck with Myrtle, girt about him; and one while almoſt ground us to Powder, and otherwhile diſoblig'd us with his Kiſſes, till *Quartilla*, holding her Staff of Office in her Hand, diſcharg'd us of the Service; but not without having firſt oblig'd us to Swear, that ſo dreadful a Secret ſhould go no further than our ſelves. Then came in a Company of Wreſtlers, and rub'd us over with the Yolk of an Egg beaten to Oil: When being ſomewhat refreſh'd, we put on our Night-gowns, and were led into the next Room which had three rich Beds in it, and the reſt of the Entertainment as ſplendidly ſet out. The word was given, and we ſate down; when having whet our Appetites with an excellent Antipaſt, we treated our ſelves with the choiceſt Wine; nor was it long e'er we fell a nodding. Is it ſo, quoth *Quartilla*, can ye ſleep when ye know it is the Vigil to *Priapus*? At what time *Aſcyltos* ſnoaring ſoundly, and *Pſyche* not forgetting the diſappointment ſhe had met with, black'd his Face, and ſcor'd his Shoulders with a burnt-Stick's end.

For my own part, being over-harraſs'd with the Miſchiefs I had ſuffer'd, I could not get a wink of Sleep, nor was the reſt of the Family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; ſome lay up and down at our Feet, others had run their Heads againſt a Wall, and others lay dead aſleep acroſs the Threſhold: The Lamps alſo having

ving drank up all their Oyl, gave a weak and glimmering Light. At this inſtant got in a couple of pilfering Rogues to have ſtolen our Wine; but while they fell a ſcuffling among ſome Silver Veſſels that ſtood upon the Table, they broke the Earthen Jarr that held the Wine, and overthrew a Table with ſome Plate upon it, and at the ſame time alſo a Cup falling off the Shelf on *Pſyche*'s Bed, broke her Head as ſhe lay faſt aſleep; upon which ſhe cry'd out, and therewith diſcover'd the Thieves, and wak'd ſome of the Drunkards: The Thieves on the other hand finding themſelves in danger of diſcovery, threw themſelves on one of the Beds, and fell a ſnoring as ſoundly as the reſt. The Uſher of the Hall being by this time got awake, put more Oyl into the dying Lamps; and the Boys having rub'd their Eyes, return'd to their charge, when in came a Woman that play'd on the Harp, and ratling its Strings rouz'd all the reſt: On which the Banquet was renew'd, and *Quartilla* gave the Word to go on where we left off (Drinking): The She-Harper alſo added not a little to our Midnight Diverſion.

At laſt bolted in a moſt ſhameleſs Raſcal, void of Grace both in Words and Action, and truly worthy of the Houſe wherein he was; who having compos'd himſelf in an affected manner, utter'd theſe Verſes.

O Yet! to Love's myſterious Feaſt repair,
The Old, the Young, the Ugly, and the Fair,
T' invade each other with ſoft melting Lips,
With kind Embraces, and with active Hips.

Having done with his Poetry, he ſmear'd our Lips with loathſome Kiſſes; then getting on our Bed, he tugg'd ſtoutly to have turn'd us out of it, but our Reſiſtance render'd his Endeavours altogether fruitleſs. Great drops of Paint hung like Gum on his Forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his Cheeks like Rain on a naked Wall. Nor could I forbear Tears any longer, but being brought to the laſt Extremity, I beſeech you, Madam, (ſays I) have you commanded us to be ſmother'd?

When gently clapping her Hands together, A very witty Gentleman, ſaid ſhe, a Man of excellent Parts! what, don't you know theſe ſort of People are always toying? Upon this, that my Companion might not 'ſcape better than my ſelf, By your Integrity, Madam, ſaid I, does *Aſcyltos* alone keep Holyday among us?

Is it ſo, ſaid ſhe, even let him have his ſhare too: And therewith the Raſcal chang'd his courſe, and turning to *Aſcyltos*, with Tricks and Humours almoſt beat him to Powder. *Gito* ſtood laughing all the while, till he had well-nigh ſplit himſelf; which *Quartilla*

tilla perceiving, with much Curioſity enquired whoſe Boy he was, and I telling her he was my Comrade, Why then, ſaid ſhe, has he not kiſt me? And ſo calling him to her, ſhe fell to kiſſing him ſmartly; this young Gentleman, ſays the Old Lady, may do well enough for a Whet, and get me an Appetite to Morrow; but having made ſo full a Meal already, it is not my way to put a Churl upon a Gentleman. With that *Pſyche* came tittering to her, and having whiſper'd ſomething in her Ear, You are in the right on't, quoth *Quartilla*, 'twas well thought on; and ſince we have ſo fine an opportunity, why ſhould not our *Pannychis* partake with us? And forthwith was brought in a pretty young Girl, that ſeem'd not to be above Seven Years of Age, and was the ſame that came into our Inn with *Quartilla:* All approving the Deſign, and deſiring the Conſummation, a Match was ſtruck up between the Boy and her. For my part I ſtood amaz'd, and aſſur'd them, That neither *Gito*, a modeſt Lad, was able to undergoe ſuch a Drudgery, or the Girl of years to receive it. Is that all, quoth *Quartilla?* Is ſhe leſs than I was when I firſt enter'd on't? I vow, by all that's good, I can't remember that I ever was a Maid; for when I was in Hanging-ſleeves, I went to Creep-mouſe with little Boys; and as I grew in Years, I entertain'd my ſelf with bigger, till I came to the Age you ſee; and truly I think hence came the Proverb:

She'll bear him a Bull that bore him a Calf.

Fearing therefore my Comrade might ſuſtain a greater Injury by my delay, I got up to celebrate the Wedding.

And now *Pſyche* put a Flame-colour'd Veil upon the Girl's Head; a Satyr led before with a Flamboe, and a long Train of drunken Women fell a ſhouting, and dreſt up the Bride-chamber; *Quartilla* all a-gog as the reſt, took hold of *Gito*, and dragg'd him in with her: But truly the Boy made no reſiſtance; nor ſeem'd the Girl frighted at the Name of Matrimony. When therefore they were lockt up, we ſtood at the Chamber-Door; and *Quartilla* having waggiſhly ſlit a Chink in the Door, as wantonly lookt thro' it; nor content with that, pluckt me to be a Witneſs of their Diverſion, and when we were not peeping, ſhe turn'd her Face to me, and would ſteal a Kiſs.

The Jade's fulſomneſs had ſo tir'd me, that I began to deviſe which way to get off. I told *Aſcyltos* my Mind, and he was well pleaſed with it, for he was as willing to get rid of his Torment, *Pſyche*: This might eaſily have been done, if *Gito* had not been lockt up in the Chamber; for we were reſolv'd to take him with us, and not leave him expos'd unto the mercy of an Ill-houſe. While we were contriving how to bring about our Deſign, it ſo happened that *Pannychis* fell out of Bed, and drew *Gito* after her, with-

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out being hurt, but the Girl got a ſmall Knock as ſhe fell, and therewith made ſuch a Cry, that *Quartilla*, all in a Fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the Boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our Inn, and getting to Bed, paſt the reſt of the Night without Fear.

But going out the next Day, whom ſhould we meet with, but two of thoſe Fellows that robb'd us of the Mantle, which *Aſcyltos* perceiving, he briskly attack'd one of them, and having diſarm'd and deſperately wounded him, came in to my Aſſiſtance, who was preſſing hard upon the other; but he behav'd himſelf ſo well, that he wounded us both, altho' but ſlightly, and got off himſelf without ſo much as a Scratch.

And now came the third Day, on which we were invited to an Entertainment at *Trimalchio*'s, where every one might ſpeak his Mind: But having received ſome Wounds, we thought it convenient to withdraw to our Inn as faſt as we could, and our Wounds not being great, we cured them as we lay in our Bed with Wine and Oyl.

But the Rogue whom *Aſcyltos* had hewn down, lay in the Street, and we were in fear of being diſcovered: while therefore we were penſively conſidering which way to avoid the impending Storm, a Servant of *Agamemnon*'s interrupted our Fears: And don't you know, ſaid he, with whom you are to Eat to Day? *Trimalchio*, a trim finical Humouriſt has a

Clock in his Dining-room, contriv'd on purpoſe to let him know how many Minutes of his Life he has loſt. We therefore dreſt our ſelves carefully, and *Gito* willingly taking upon him the part of a Servant, as he had hitherto done, we bad him put our things together, and follow us to the Bath.

Having in the mean time dreſt our ſelves, we rambled up and down we knew not where, and being reſolv'd to give our ſelves all the Diverſion we could, ſtruck into a Tennis-Court, where we ſaw an old Bald-pated Fellow in a Carnation-colour'd Coat, playing at Ball with a company of Boys; nor was it ſo much the Boys, tho' it was worth our while to obſerve them, that engaged our Attention, as the Maſter of the Houſe himſelf in Pumps, who altogether toſſed the Ball, and never ſtruck it after it once came to the Ground, but had a Servant by him with a Bag full of them, and enough for all that play'd.

We obſerv'd alſo other new things; for in the Gallery ſtood two Eunuchs, one of whom held a Silver Baſon, the other counted the Balls; not thoſe they kept toſſing, but ſuch as fell to the Ground. While we admir'd the Humour, one *Menelaus* came up to us, and told us, This is the Gentleman you muſt ſup withal to Night, and that we had ſeen the beginning of our Entertainment. As he was yet talking, *Trimalchio*, the vaineſt Man alive, ſnapp'd his Fingers, at which ſign the Eunuch held the Baſon to him as he was playing; then calling for Water, he dip-

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ped the tips of his Fingers in it, and dry'd them on the Boys head. 'Twould be too long to lay open the whole Scene: We went into the Hummums, and being presently in a Sweat, we descended into a Cold Bath; and while *Trimalchio* was anointed from Head to Foot with a liquid Perfume, and rubb'd clean again, not with Linnen, but the finest Flannel, his three Surgeons ply'd stoutly some Bottles of rich Muscadine; but brawling over their Cups, *Trimalchio* said it was his turn to drink; then wrapt up in a Scarlet Mantle, he was laid on a Chair, supported by six Servants, with four Lacqueys dress in rich Liveries running before him, and by his side a Sedan, in which was carried his Darling, a Squinting and Blear-ey'd over-grown Boy, more ill-favour'd and ugly than his Master *Trimalchio*; who, as they went on, kept close to his Ear with a Flagellet, as if he had whisper'd him, and made him Musick all the way. Wondering, we follow'd, and, with *Agamemnon*, arriv'd at the Gate, on which hung a Tablet with this Inscription:

WHATEVER SERVANT GOES OUT WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S LEAVE, SHALL RECEIVE A HUNDRED STRIPES.

In the Porch stood the Porter in a Green Livery, girt about with a Cherry-colour'd Girdle, cleansing of Pease in a Silver Charger; and over-head hung a Golden Cage with

with a Magpye in it, which saluted us as we entred: But while I was staring at these Novelties, I had like to have broke my Neck backwards; for on the Left Hand, not far from the Porter's Lodge, there was a great Dog in a Chain painted on the Wall, and over him written in Capital Letters, TAKE CARE OF THE DOG. My Companions could not forbear laughing; but I recollecting my Spirits, pursued my design of going to the end of the Wall; it contain'd the draught of a Market-place where Slaves were bought and sold, with Bills tackt upon them shewing their Price: There was also *Trimalchio* with a white Staff in his Hand, and *Minerva* with a Train after her entring *Rome*: A little farther was represented after what manner he had learnt to cast Account, and how he was made Auditor; all exquisitely painted, with their proper Explanations; and at the end of the Gallery *Mercury* was discovered lifting him by the Chin, and placing him on a Judgment-seat, *Fortune* stood by him with a *Cornucopiæ*, and the three fatal Sisters weaving a Golden Thread.

I observed also towards the lower-end of the same place a Troop of Light-horsemen, with their Commander exercising them; as also a large Armoury, in one of the Angles of which stood a Shrine with Houshold Gods in Silver, a Marble Statue of *Venus*, and a large Golden Box, in which it was said he kept the first Shavings of his Beard. We enquired of the Servant that had the charge of these things,

The
Marriage
of Giton
&
Panichis

things, What Pictures thoſe were in the middle? *The* Iliads *and the* Odyſſes, ſaid he, *and on the left hand are two Pieces of Sword-playing.* We could not beſtow much time to conſider them, for by this time we were come to the Dining-room, in the entry of which ſate the Steward inſpecting Accounts: But what I moſt admir'd, were thoſe bundles of Rods, with their Axes, that were faſtned to the ſides of the Door, and ſtood, as it were on the Brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was written,

CINNAMUS, STEWARD OF CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, A MAN OF QUALITY.

Under the ſame Title alſo hung a Lamp with two Branches, from the Roof of the Room, and two Tablets on either ſide of the Door; of which one, according to the beſt of my remembrance, had this Inſcription,

THE THIRD AND SECOND OF THE KALENDS OF JANUARY, OUR PATRON CAIUS EATS ABROAD.

On the other was repreſented the Courſe of the Moon, and the Seven Stars; and what Days were Lucky or Unlucky, each diſtinguiſh'd by an Imboſs'd Studd from one another.

Full

Full of this Luxury we were now entring the Room, where one of his Boys, ſet there for that purpoſe, call'd aloud to us, ADVANCE ORDERLY. Nor is it to be doubted, but we were ſomewhat concern'd for fear of breaking the Orders of the place. But while we were proceeding accordingly, a Servant ſtript of his Livery fell at our Feet, and beſought us to ſave him from a Whipping, alledging his Fault was no great matter, and that he had only loſt ſome Cloaths of the Steward's in the Bath, which were hardly worth Eighteen-pence.

We returned therefore in good Decorum, and finding the Steward in the Compting-Houſe telling ſome Gold, beſought him to remit the Servant's Puniſhment: When putting on a haughty Face, *It is not*, ſaid he, *the loſs of the thing which troubles me, but the Negligence of a careleſs Raſcal. He has loſt me the Garments I us'd to Feaſt in, and which a Client of mine preſented me with on my Birth-day; no Man can deny them to be right Purple, tho' not the double Dye; but let them be worth what they will, I grant your Requeſt.*

Having receiv'd ſo great Favour, as we were entring the Dining room, the Servant for whom we had been Interceſſors, met us, and kiſſing us, with many Thanks for the Kindneſs we had done, *By and by*, ſays he, *you ſhall know, that the Wine which my Lord drinks of himſelf, is oftentimes in the diſpoſition of his Servants.*

At length we ſate down, when ſome Gypſie-Boys coming about us, poured Snow-water on our Heads, and others par'd the Nails of our Feet, with a mighty dexterity, and that not ſilently, but humming as it were to themſelves. I reſolv'd to try if the whole Family was good at Singing; and therefore called for Drink, which one of the Youngſters as readily brought me, with an odd kind of Tune; and in the ſame humour was every one you asked for any thing.

Then came in a ſumptuous Breakfaſt, for we were all ſeated but only *Trimalchio*, for whom, after a new Faſhion, the chief Place was reſerv'd. Beſides that, as a part of the Entertainment, there was ſet by us a large Veſſel of Metheglin, with a Pannier, in the one part of which were white Olives, in the other black; two broad pieces of Plate covered the Veſſel, on the brims of which were engraven *Trimalchio*'s Name, and how many Ounces of Silver they weigh'd, with little Bridges ſolder'd together, and on them Dormice, ſtrew'd over with Honey and Pepper: There were alſo piping-hot Sauſages on a Silver Grid-iron, and under that large Damſons, with the Kernels of Pomegranates.

In this Condition we were when *Trimalchio* himſelf was waddled into the Chorus; and being cloſe bolſter'd with Neckcloths and Pillows to keep off the Air, we could not forbear laughing in ſpight of our Teeth: For his bald Pate peep'd out of a Scarlet Mantle, and over the load of Cloths he lay under,

under, there hung an Embroider'd Towel, with Purple Taſſels and Fringes dingle dangle about it: He had alſo, on the little Finger of his left Hand, a large Ring of Gold, and on the extream Joint of the Finger next it, one leſſer, which I took for all Gold; but at laſt it appeared to be jointed together, with a kind of Stars of Steel: And that we might ſee theſe were not all his Gallantry, he ſtripp'd his right Arm, on which he wore a Golden Bracelet, and an Ivory Circle, bound together with a glittering Locket, and a Medal at the end of it: Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, *I had not, my Friends*, ſaid he, *my Inclination to have come among you ſo ſoon, but fearing my abſence might make you wait too long, I deny'd my ſelf my own ſatisfaction; however, ſuffer me to make an end of my Game.* There followed him a Boy with an Inlaid Table and Chryſtal Dice; and I took notice of one thing more pleaſant than the reſt; for inſtead of black and white Counters, his were all of Silver and Gold.

In the mean while he was ſquandring his Heap at Play, and we were yet picking a bit here and there, a Cupboard was brought in with a Basket, in which was a Hen Carved in Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow, as ſitting on Brood; when preſently the Conſort ſtrook up, and two Servants fell a ſearching the Straw under her, and taking out ſome Pea-hens Eggs, diſtributed them round the Company: At this *Trimalchio* changing Countenance, *I commanded my Friends*, ſaid

ſaid he, *the Hen to be ſet with Peahens Eggs, and by* Hercules, *I'm afraid they are half Hatcht; however we'll try if they are yet fit to be Eaten.*

The thing we receiv'd was a kind of Shell, of at leaſt ſix Pound weight, made of Paſte, and moulded into the Figure of an Egg, which we eaſily broke; and, for my own part, I was like to have thrown away my ſhare; for it ſeemed to me to have a Chick in it; till hearing a Gueſt who us'd to Eat at that Table ſay, *There was ſome good Bit or other in the Egg-ſhell*; I ſearch'd further into it, and found a delicate fat Wheat-ear in the middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk: On this *Trimalchio* ſtopped his Play for a while, and asking the like for himſelf, declar'd, *If any of us would have more Metheglin, it was at our Service*; when of a ſudden the Muſick gave the Sign, and the firſt Courſe was ſcrambled away by a Company of Singers and Dancers; but in the Buſtle, it happening that a Diſh fell on the Floor, a Boy took it up, and *Trimalchio* obſerving the Action, gave him a Box on the Ear, and commanded him to throw it down again; and preſently the Groom of the Chamber came with a Broom and ſwept away the Silver Diſh, with whatever elſe had fallen from the Table.

When preſently came in two long-hair'd *Æthiopians*, with ſmall Leather Bottles, ſuch as they carry Sand in to ſtrew on the Stage, and gave us Wine to waſh our Hands, but no one offer'd us Water. We all admiring the Finicalneſs of the Entertainment, *Mars*, ſaid

ſaid he, *is a lover of Juſtice, and therefore let every one have a Table to himſelf; for having more Elbow-room, theſe naſty ſtinking Boys will be leſs troubleſome to us:* And thereupon large double-ear'd Veſſels of Glaſs cloſe plaiſter'd over, were brought up, with Labels about their Necks, upon which was this Inſcription.

OPIMIAN MUSCADINE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were reading the Titles, *Trimalchio* clapped his Hands, and *Alas, alas,* ſaid he, *that Wine ſhould live longer than Man! Wine is Life, and we'll try if this has liv'd ever ſince the Conſulſhip of* Lucius Opimius, *'Tis right* Opimian, *and therefore make ready; that which I gave my Gueſts yeſterday was not ſo generous as this, tho' they were Perſons of better Quality that ſupp'd with me.*

We drank, and admir'd every thing; when in came a Servant with a Silver Puppet, ſo jointed and put together, that it turned every way; and being more than once thrown upon the Table, caſt it ſelf into ſeveral Figures; on which *Trimalchio* came out with his Poetry:

Let's do what we can,
This Life's but a Span,
Expoſed to Trouble and Sorrow;

Then

Then drink my good Friends,
E're our Merriment ends,
For we may be dead by to Morrow.

The Applauſe we gave him was follow'd with a Service, but reſpecting the place not ſo conſiderable as might have been expected: However, the Novelty of the thing drew every Man's Eye upon it; it was a large Charger with the twelve Signs of the Zodiak round it; upon every one of which the Maſter-Cook had laid ſomewhat or other ſuitable to the Sign: Upon *Aries*, a ſort of Peaſe which reſembled a Rams-head; upon *Taurus* a piece of Beef; upon *Gemini* Rumps and Kidneys; upon *Cancer* a Coronet; upon *Leo* an African Egg; upon the *Virgin* a luſty Boy; upon *Libra* a pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Cuſtard; upon *Scorpio* a Pilchard; upon *Sagittary* a Grey-hound; upon *Capricorn* a Lobſter; upon *Aquarius* a Gooſe; upon *Piſces* two Mullets; and in the middle a Plat of Herbs, cut like a green Turf, and over them an Honey-comb. During this, a black Boy carry'd about Bread in a Silver Oven, and with a hideous Voice, forced a Bawdy Song from a Buffoon that ſtunk like *Aſſa Fœtida.*

When *Trimalchio* perceived we lookt awry on ſuch courſe Fare, *Come, come*, ſaid he, *fall to, this is our manner of Eating.*

Nor had he ſooner uttered theſe Words, than the fourth Conſort ſtruck up; at which the Waiters fell a dancing; and took off the

upper part of the Charger, under which was a Diſh of cramm'd Fowl, and the hinder Paps of a Sow that had Farrowed but a Day before, well powder'd, and in the middle a Hare, larded with Finns of Fiſh on both ſides, that it look'd like a Flying-Horſe; and on the ſides of the Fiſh four little Images, that ſpouted a Reliſhing Sauce on ſome Fiſh that lay near them, brought from the River *Euripus*.

We alſo ſeconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily aboard this; and *Trimalchio* no leſs pleas'd than our ſelves, cryed *Cut*; at which the Muſick ſounding again, the Carver humour'd it, and cut up the Meat with ſuch Antick Poſtures, you'd have thought him a Car-man fighting to the Muſick of a Bagpipe.

Nevertheleſs *Trimalchio* in a lower Note cryed out again *Cut*: I hearing the word ſo often repeated, ſuſpecting there might be ſome Joke in it, was not aſhamed to ask him that ſate next above me, what it meant? And he that had been often preſent at the like Expreſſions, *You ſee*, ſaid he, *him that Carves about, his Name is* Cutter; *and as often as he ſays* Cut; *he both Calls and Commands.*

The Humour ſpoiled my Stomach for Eating; but turning to him that I might learn more, I talkt pleaſantly to him at a diſtance, and at laſt asked him who that Woman was that ſo often ſcutled up and down the Room?

It is, said he, *Trimalchio*'s Wife, her Name is *Fortunata*, she counts her Money by the Bushel; but what sort of a Person think you she was a little while since? Pardon me, Sir, you would not have touch'd her with a pair of Tongs, but now, no one knows why or wherefore, she's as 'twere got into Heaven; and is *Trimalchio's all in all:* In short, if she says it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He's so very Wealthy, he can't tell his Riches, but she has an Eye every where; and when you least think to meet her, she's at your Elbow: She is a very Scold, and indiscreet, a meer Magpye in Bed; whom she loves she likes, and whom she does not love she dislikes.

Then for *Trimalchio*, he has more Lands than a Crow can fly over; Bags upon Bags: There lies more Silver in his Porter's Lodge, than any one Man's Estate is worth. And for his Family, Hey-day, hey-day, there is not (by *Hercules*) one tenth of them that know their Master. In brief, there is not one of those Fools about him, but he can change him into a Cabbage stalk. Nor has he occasion to buy any thing, he finds all things at his own Door; Wooll, Fish, Pepper, nay, Hens-Milk; look about you and you'll find it. In a word, time was, his Wool was none of the best, and therefore he bought Rams at *Tarentum* to mend his Breed; as in like manner he did by his Honey, by bringing his Bees from *Athens*. It is not long since but he sent to the *Indies* for Mushroom-

Seed: Nor has he ſo much as a Mule that did not come of a wild Aſs. Do you ſee all theſe Quilts? there is not one of them whoſe Wadding is not the fineſt Comb'd Wooll, of Violet or Scarlet Colour, dy'd in Grain. O happy Man! but have a care how you deſpiſe thoſe Freed Men, they are rich Rogues: Look on him that ſits at the lower end of the Table, he has now the Lord knows what; and 'tis not long ſince he was not worth a Groat, and carried Billets and Faggots upon his Back: So it is ſaid, but I know nothing of it my ſelf, but by hear-ſay, either he got in with an old Hog-grubber, or had to do with an *Incubus*, and found a Treaſure: For my part, I envy no Man, if I get any thing, it is a Bit and a Knock. He lately ſet up this Proclamation.

C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES HAS SOME LODGINGS TO LET, FOR HE HATH BOUGHT A HOUSE.

But what think you of Him who ſits in the place of a Slave? how well was he once? I do not upbraid him: He was worth a Hundred Thouſand Pounds, but has not now a Hair of his Head which is not Mortgaged; nor, by *Hercules*, is it his own Fault: There is not a better humour'd Man than himſelf; but thoſe Raſcally Freed Men have cheated him of all: For know, *when the Pot no longer Boyls, and a Man's Eſtate declines, farewel Friends.* And what Trade do you think

think he drove? He was an Undertaker, and by the Gains of that Employment eat like a Prince: He had his Wild Boars ſerved up covered: All ſorts of Paſtry, Fiſh and Wild Fowl, and Cooks for each ſort of Proviſion: More Wine was ſpilt under his Table, than moſt Men have in their Cellars; a meer Phantaſm: And when his Eſtate was going, and he fear'd his Creditors might fall upon him, he made an Auction under this Title:

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL MAKE AN AUCTION, AND SELL SEVERAL GOODS HE MAKES NO USE OF.

The Diſh was by this time taken away, and the Gueſts, grown mellow, began to talk of what was done abroad, when *Trimalchio* broke in upon us, and interrupted the Diſcourſe; leaning on his Elbow, This Wine, ſaid he, is worth drinking, and Fiſh muſt ſwim; but do you think I am ſatisfied with that part of your Supper you ſaw in the Charger? *Is* Ulyſſes *no better known?* what then; *we ought to exerciſe our Brains as well as our Teeth*; and ſhew, that we are not only lovers of Learning, but underſtand it: Peace be with my old Tutor's Bones, who made me a Man amongſt Men: No body can tell me any thing that is New to me; for, like him, I am Maſter of the Practicks.

This Heaven that's inhabited by twelve Gods, turns it ſelf into as many Figures; and now 'tis *Aries*: He that is born under that Sign has much Cattel, a great deal of Wooll, is a Blockhead, a Brazen-face, and will be certainly a Cuckold: There are many Scholars, Advocates, and Horned Beaſts, come into the World under this Sign. We applauded our Nativity-caſter's pleaſantneſs, and he went on again: The whole Heaven is under *Taurus*, and no wonder it bore Football-players, Herdſmen, and ſuch as can ſhift for themſelves. Under *Gemini* are often foaled Coach-horſes, Oxen calv'd, and ſuch are born as can claw both ſides. I was born my ſelf under *Cancer*, and therefore ſtand on many Feet, as having large Poſſeſſions both by Sea and Land. For *Cancer* ſuits one as well as the other, and therefore I put nothing upon him, that I might not preſs my own Geniture. Under *Leo*, Spendthrifts and Bullies: Under *Virgo* Women, Runagates, and ſuch as wear *Iron Garters*: Under *Libra* Butchers, Apothecaries, and Men of Buſineſs: Under *Scorpio*, Poiſoners and Cut-throats: Under *Sagittary*, ſuch as are Goggle-ey'd, Herb-women, and Beggars of Bacon: Under *Capricorn*, poor helpleſs Raſcals, to whom Nature bequeath'd Horns to defend themſelves: Under *Aquarius*, Cooks and Paunch-bellies: Under *Piſces*, Caterers and Orators: *And ſo the World goes round like a Mill, and is never without its Miſchief*; Men continually born periſh.

perish. But for that Tuft of Herbs in the middle, and the Honey-comb upon it, I do nothing without just reason for it: Our Mother the Earth is in the middle, made round like an Egg, and has all good things in her self, like a Honey-comb.

Most Learnedly, we all cry'd; and lifting our Hands, swore, neither *Ptolemy* nor *Copernicus* were to be compared with him; till at last other Servants came in and spread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were Painted Nets, Men in Ambush with Hunting-poles, and whatever appertain'd to Hunting: Nor could we yet tell what to make of it; when we heard a great Cry without, and a pack of Beagles came and ran round the Table; after this Frolick was over, a large Dish was set before us, and in it a mighty Boar, with a Cap on his Head, (such as Slaves, at their making Free, do usually wear as tokens of Liberty) on his Tusks hung two Wicker Baskets, the one full of Dates, the other of Almonds; and about him lay little Pigs made of Sweet-meats, as if they were at Suck: They signified a Sow had Farrowed, and hung there as Presents for the Guests to carry home with them.

To the cutting up this Boar, there came (not he that had served up the Fowl as before, but) a two-handed Fellow with a swinging long Beard, Buskins on his Legs, and a short Embroidered Coat; who drawing his Wood-Knife, made a large Hole in the Boar's Side, out of which flew a number of Black-birds,

which were caught in a trice as they flutter'd about the Room, by ſome Fowlers, who ſtood in readineſs for that purpoſe. On which, *Trimalchio* order'd to every Man his Bird; and, *See*, ſaid he, *What kind of Acrons this Wild Boar fed on:* When preſently the Boys took off the Baskets, and diſtributed the Dates and Almonds among the Gueſts.

In the mean time, I, who had private Thoughts of my own, was much concerned, to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap upon his Head; and therefore having ſpun out the Thread of my Diſcourſe, I told my Interpreter what troubled me: To which he anſwer'd, a very Novice can explain to you what it means, for there's no Riddle in it, but 'tis as clear as the Sun. This Boar ſtood the laſt of Yeſter-night's Supper, and diſmiſs'd by the Gueſts, returns now as a Free-man among us. I curſt my ſelf for a Blockhead, and asked him no more Queſtions, that he might not think I had never before eaten with Men of Faſhion.

Before we had made an end of our Diſcourſe, in came a handſome Boy with a Wreath of Vine-Leaves and Ivy about his Head, calling himſelf now and then *Bromius*, another time *Lycæus*, and preſently he ſaid his Name was *Eubyus*, (ſeveral denominations of *Bacchus*) he carried about with him a Salver of Grapes, and with a clear Voice, repeated ſome of his Maſter's Poetry, at which *Trimalchio* turning to him, *Dionyſius*, ſaid he, *be thou Liber*, (i. e.) *Free*, (another Name of *Bacchus*)

Bacchus) whereupon the Boy took the Cap from off the Boar's Head, and putting it on his own, *Trimalchio* added, *You will not deny me, but I have a Father*, Liber. We all praiſed the Conceit, and ſoundly kiſſed the Boy as he went round us.

This Scene being over, *Trimalchio* roſe up and went to the Cloſe-ſtool: we alſo being left at liberty without a Tyrant, fell to ſome Table-talk.

When preſently one calling for a Bumper, The Day, ſaid he, is nothing, 'tis Night before a Cat can lick her Ear, and concluded it beſt to go ſtreight from Bed to Board. We have had a great deal of Froſt, the *Bagnio* has ſcarce heated me; but a merry Bottle is Meat, Drink and Cloaths: For my part, I have wound up my Bottom, the Wine is got into my Pericranium; I am down-right *Dunſtable*——

Then *Seleucus* took up the Cudgels, And I, ſaid he, do not bath every Day, for he where I uſe to bathe is a Fuller: Cold Water has Teeth in it, and my Head grows every Day more waſhy than other; but when I have got my Doſe in my Guts, I bid defiance to the Weather; But, faith, I was at a Funeral, *Cryſanthus* has breathed his laſt: Well, reſt his Soul, he was an honeſt Fellow, 'tis not long ſince we were drinking together, and methinks I talk with him now. Alas, alas! we are but Bubbles, meer Mites, yet they have ſomewhat in them; but we are meer emptineſs. You'll

ſay

ſay he would not be rul'd; yet not a drop of Water or crumb of Bread went down his Throat for five Days: Well, but he is departed, ſome ſay he dyed of the Doctor, but I am of opinion his time was come; for an honeſt Phyſician is a great Comfort. However he was decently carried out of his Houſe with a rich Pall over the Coffin, and mightily lamented: He made ſome of his Servants free; but his Wife ſeem'd little troubled. You'll ſay again, he was not kind to her; but Women are a ſort of Kites that will eat more than a Man can give them, and old Love is ſoon cold.

At this *Phileros* grew troubleſome, and cry'd out, Let us remember the Living: He enjoy'd himſelf whilſt he liv'd, and as he liv'd well ſo he dy'd well; and what has he now that any Man moans the want of? He came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dunghil with his Teeth; therefore, as he grew up, he grew like a Honey comb. He dy'd worth the Lord knows what, all ready Money. But to the matter; I have eaten a Dog's Tongue, and dare ſpeak truth: He had a foul Mouth, was all Babble, a very Make-bate, not a Man: His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friends, of an open Hand, and kept a full Table: He did not order his Affairs ſo well at firſt as he might have done, but the firſt Vintage made him up again, for he ſold what Wine he would; and what kept up his Chin was the expectation of a Re-

Reverſion; the Credit of which brought him more than was left him, but his Brother taking a Pett at him, deviſed the Eſtate to I know not what Baſtard: He flies far that flies his Relations. Beſides, this Brother of his had Whiſperers about him, that were back friends to the other: *But he ſhall never do right that is quick of belief, eſpecially in matters of Buſineſs*; and yet, 'tis true, he'll be counted wiſe while he lives, to whom the thing, whatever it be, is given; not that he ought to have had it. He was, without doubt, one of *Fortune*'s Sons; Lead in his Hand would turn to Gold, and without trouble too, where there are not Rubbs in the way. And how many Years think you he liv'd? Seventy-odd; but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and as black as a Crow.

I knew him ſome Years ago an Oil-man, and to his laſt a good Womans Man; but withal ſuch a Miſer, that, by *Hercules*, I think he left not a Dog in his Houſe. He was alſo a great Whore-maſter, and a *Jack* of all Trades; nor do I condemn him for't, for this was the only Secret he kept to himſelf and carry'd with him.

Thus *Phileros*, and *Ganmiedes* as followeth: Ye talk of what concerns neither Heaven nor Earth, when in the mean time no Man regards the ſcarcity of Proviſions: I could not, by *Hercules*, get a piece of Bread to Day; and how do you think this came to paſs? Why the drought continues: For my part, I have not fill'd my Belly this

Twelve-

Twelvemonth: A plague on these Clerks of the Market, the Baker and they juggle together, Claw me and I'll claw thee, which makes the poorer sort starve, whilst Rich Persons make Holiday all the Year. Oh that we had those Lyons I now find here, when I came first out of *Asia*, that had been to live: The inner part of *Sicily* had the like of them, but they so handled the Goblins, even *Jupiter* bore them no Good-will. I remember *Sastnius*, when he was a Boy, he liv'd by the Old Exchange; you'd have taken him for a Pepper-corn rather than a Man; where-ever he went the Earth parch'd under him; yet he was a sincere honest Fellow at bottom; one might depend on him; a Friend to his Friend, and one you might boldly trust in the Dark. But how behav'd he himself on the Bench? He carry'd all things before him? made no starch'd Speeches, but was downright, and acted himself what he persuaded others to: But at the Barr he sounded like a Kettle-drum, and never feign'd himself Sick for the matter. I fancy he was like a Frenchman in his Temper; for he was so wonderful civil, so ready to salute us by our Names, we imagin'd him one of us. In his time Bread was as cheap as Water, a Half-peny Loaf would have given a Man a Breakfast; but now a Sheeps-head will fetch a Shilling: Alas, alas! the times are every Day worse and worse, like a Cows Tail, we grow downward: And why all this? We have a Clerk of the Market not worth a Rush, and values more

more the getting of a Penny than the Lives of all Mankind: 'Tis this makes him laugh in his Sleeve; for he gets as much Money in a Day as would purchase an Estate: I know very well how he got the Fortune he is Master of; but if we were Men, he would not enjoy himself as he does; but now the People are grown to this pass, that they are Lyons at home, and Foxes abroad: For my part, I have eaten up my Cloaths already, and if Corn holds at the rate it does, I shall be forc'd to sell my House and all: For what will become of us, if neither Gods nor Men have Mercy on us? Let me never be happy I don't believe all this proceeds from Heaven; for no body believes there is a God; no one keeps a Fast, or values *Jupiter* of a Hair, but all stop their Ears to good Advice, and only trouble their Heads about what they are worth. Time was when our Matrons went in Procession with bare Feet, and their Hair dishevel'd, then with sincere Minds they pray'd to Heaven for Rain, and forthwith it rained by Pitchers-full; then, or never, were good times, every body was in a good Humour: Now we have no more Reverence for the Gods, than for so many Mice; they are bound Hand and Foot, and by reason of our Irreligion and Prophaneness, our Fields and Meadows languish and are barren.

More civilly, I beseech you, said *Echion*, the Constable of the Hundred, the worse Luck now, the better another time, said the

Clown

Clown when he loſt his brindled Hog? What falls not out to Day may happen to Morrow; and ſo Life paſſes away. By *Hercules*, a Country is ſaid not to be the better for having many People in it, tho' ours at preſent labours under that difficulty, but it is no fault of hers: We muſt not be nice; Heaven is equally diſtant every where; were you in another place, you'd ſay Hogs walked here ready dreſs'd: And now I think on't, we ſhall have an excellent Show theſe Holy-days, a Fencing-prize exhibited to the People; not of Slaves bought for that purpoſe, but it will conſiſt of Freemen. Our Patron *Titus* has a large Soul, but is a very Devil in his Drink, and cares not a Straw which ſide gets the better: I think I ſhould know him, for I belong to him; he's of a right Breed both by Father and Mother, no Mungril. They are well provided with Weapons, and will fight it out to the laſt: The Stage will look like a Butcher's Shambles, and he has wherewithal to do it; his Father left him a vaſt Sum, what tho' he make Ducks and Drakes of a thouſand Pound, his Eſtate will never feel it, and he always carries the Reputation of it. He has his Waggon Horſes, a Woman-Carter, and *Glyco*'s Steward, who was caught kiſſing his Miſtreſs; what a buſtle's here between Cuckolds and Cuckold-makers! But this *Glyco* a damnable Rich Huncks, condemn'd his Steward to fight with Beaſts; and what was that but to expoſe and make a Beaſt of himſelf? Where

lay

lay the Servant's Crime, who perhaps was oblig'd to do what he did? She rather deserv'd to be brain'd, than the Bull that tossed her; but he that cannot come at the Breech, thrashes at the Pack-saddle: yet how could *Glyco* expect *Hermogine*'s Daughter should make a good End? she'd have skin'd a Flint; *like begets its like*: *Glyco* might do what he would with his own; but it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives; nor can any thing but Hell blot it out; however every Man's Faults are to himself. I perceive now what Entertainment *Mammea* is like to give us; he'll be at Two-pence Charges for me and my Company; which if he does he will put *Narbanus* clean out of Favour; for you must know, he'll live at the full height; yet, in truth, what good has he done us? He gave us a Company of pitiful Sword-players, but so old and decrepit, that had you breath'd on them, they'd have fallen flat on their Faces: I have seen many better at a Funeral Pile; he would not be at the charge of Lamps for them; you'd have taken 'em for a parcel of Dunghil Cocks fighting in the Dark: one was a downright Fool, and gouty into the bargain; another Crump-footed, and a third half dead, and Ham-strung: There was one of them a *Thracian*, that made a Figure, and kept up to the Rule of Fighting; but, upon the whole mattter, all of them were parted, and nothing came of this great block-headed Rabble, but a down-right running away: And yet, said he, I made you a Show, and I clap amongst

amongſt the reſt for Company; but caſt up the Account, I gave more than I receiv'd; one good turn requires another. You *Agamemnon* ſeem to tell me, what would that troubleſome Fellow be at; becauſe you can ſpeak and not do, you are not of our Form, and therefore ridicule what poor Men ſay; tho', ſet aſide your Book-learning, we know you are a meer Blockhead. Where lies the matter then? let me perſwade you to take a Walk into the Country, and ſee our Cottage, you'll find there ſomewhat to eat; a Chicken, a few Eggs, or the like: The bad Weather had like to have broke us all; yet we'll find enough to fill our Bellies. Your Scholar, my Boy *Cicero*, is mightily improved, and if he lives, you'll have a Pupil after your own Heart; he is pretty forward already, and whatever ſpare-time he has, he ſpends it at his Book: He's a witty Lad, well-featur'd, takes a thing without much Study, tho' yet he is but ſickly: I kill'd three of his Linnets the other day, and told him the Weaſels had eaten them; yet he found other things to play with, and has a pretty knack at Painting: He has a perfect Averſion to *Greek* but ſeems better inclin'd to *Latin*; tho' the Maſter he now has humours him in the other; nor can he be kept to one thing; but is ſtill craving more, and will not take pains with any. There is alſo another of this ſort, not much troubled with Learning, but very diligent, and teaches more than he knows himſelf: He comes to our Houſe on Holi-

Holidays, and whatever you give him he's contented; I therefore bought the Boy some Ruled Books, because I would have him get a smattering in Accounts and the Law; it will be his own another day; He has Learning enough already, but if he loses what he has got — I design him for a Trade, a *Barber*, a *Parson*, or a *Lawyer*, which nothing but the Devil can take from him: How oft have I told him, Thou art, Sirrah, my first begotten, and believe thy Father, whatever thou learnest is all thy own: See, there's Sir *Clodpate* the Lawyer, if he had not been a Scholar he might have starved, or have hang'd himself, but now do but look upon his Purple Robes, I'll warrant he thinks himself as good as my Lord Chief-Justice. Letters are a Treasure, and a Trade never dies.

To this, or the like purpose, we were bandying it about, when *Trimalchio* return'd, and having wip'd the Ointment from his Face, and wash'd his Hands, Pardon me, my Friends, said he, I have been Costive for several Days, and my Physicians were to seek about the matter, when a Suppository of Pomegranate Wine, with Turpentine and Vinegar reliev'd me; and now I hope my Belly may be asham'd if it keep no better Order; for sometimes I have such a rumbling in my Guts, you'd think an Ox bellow'd, and therefore if any of you has a mind to ease himself, he need not blush for the matter; there's not one of us born without some defect or other, and I think no Torment

greater than wanting the benefit of going to Stool, which is the only thing even *Jupiter* himself can't prevent: What do you grin, *Fortunata*, you that break me ſo often of my Sleep by Night? I never deny'd any Man to do that in my Room might pleaſure himſelf; and Phyſicians will not allow us to keep any thing in our Bodies longer than needs muſt; therefore if you have any further occaſion, every thing is ready in the next Room: Water, Chamber-pots, Cloſe-ſtools, or whatever elſe may be needful; believe me, being hard bound, affects the Head, and diſturbs the whole Body; I have known many a Man loſt by it, when they have been ſo modeſt to themſelves as not to tell what they ailed.

We thank'd him for his Frankneſs, and the Liberty he gave us, and to ſuppreſs our Laughter, ſet the Glaſs about again; nor did we yet know that in the midſt of ſuch Dainties we were, as they ſay, to clamber another Hill; for upon the flouriſh of Muſick the Cloth being taken away, there were brought in three fat Hogs with Collars and Bells about their Necks; and he that had the charge of them told us, the one was two Years old, the other three, and the third full grown. I took it at firſt to be a Company of Tumblers, and that the Hogs, as the manner is, were to have ſhewn us ſome Tricks, till *Trimalchio* breaking in upon my Expectation, Which of them, ſaid he, will you have for Supper? for Cocks, Pheaſants, and the like, are

but

but Country Fare, but my Cooks have Coppers will boil a Calf whole. And therewith commanding a Cook to be call'd for, he prevented our Choice by ordering him to kill the largeſt, and with a loud Voice ask'd him, Of what Rank of Servants in that Houſe he was? to which he anſwering, Of the fortieth: Were you bought, ſaid the other, or born in my Houſe? Neither, ſaid the Cook, but left you by *Panſa*'s Teſtament. See then, ſaid *Trimalchio*, that you dreſs it as it ſhould be, or I'll ſend you to the Galleys. On which the Cook being ſenſible of his Power, went into the Kitchin to mind his Buſineſs.

But *Trimalchio* turning to us with a pleaſanter look, ask'd us if the Wine pleaſed us; if not, ſaid he, I'll have it chang'd; and if it does, let me ſee it by your drinking: I thank the Gods I do not buy it, but have every thing that may get an Appetite growing on my own Grounds hard by the City, which no Man that I know of has but my ſelf; and yet it has been taken for *Burgundy* and *Champaigne*. I have a Project to joyn *Sicily* to my Lands on the Continent, that when I have a mind to go into *Africk*, I may ſail by my own Coaſts. But prithee, *Agamemnon*, tell me what *moot-point* was it you argued to day; for tho' I plead no Cauſes my ſelf, yet I have had a ſhare of Letters in my time; and that you may not think me out of Love with them now, I have three Libraries, the one *Greek*, the other two *Latin*; therefore, as you love me, tell me, what was the ſtate of the Que-

ſtion: The Poor and the Rich are Enemies, ſaid *Agamemnon*: And what is Poor, anſwer'd *Trimalchio*? Spoke like a Gentleman, reply'd *Agamemnon*. But making nothing of the matter, If it be ſo, ſaid *Trimalchio*, where lies the Diſpute? and if it be not ſo, 'tis nothing.

While we all hummd this and the like ſtuff, I beſeech you, ſaid he, my dear *Agamemnon*, do you remember the Twelve Labours of *Hercules*, or the Story of *Ulyſſes*, how a *Cyclops* put his Thumb out of Joint with a Mawkin? I've read ſuch things in *Homer* when I was a Boy; nay, ſaw my ſelf the *Sybil* of *Cuma* hanging in a Glaſs Bottle: And when the Boy ask'd her, *Sybil, what would you have?* She anſwer'd, *I would die.*

He had not yet run to the end of the Rope, when an overgrown Hog was brought to the Table. We all wonder'd at the Expedition which had been us'd, thinking a Capon could not have been dreſs'd in that time: and what increas'd our Surprize was, this Hog ſeem'd larger than the Boar which was juſt now brought before us: When *Trimalchio* looking more intent upon him, What, what, ſaid he, are not his Guts taken out? No, by *Hercules*, they are not: Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook. And when the Fellow ſtood hanging his Head before us, excuſing himſelf, that he was ſo much in haſte he forgot it. How, forgot it, cry'd out *Trimalchio*! Do you think he has given it no

Sea-

Seasoning, is it neither pepper'd or salted? Strip him: Wherein a trice it was done, and the Cook was plac'd betwixt two Executioners. We all of us began to intercede for him, as a Fault which might now and then happen, and therefore begged his pardon; but if ever he did the like again, there was no body would speak for him; tho', for my part, I think he deserv'd what he got. And so turning to *Agamemnon*'s Ear, This Fellow, said I, must be reckon'd a careless Rascal; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? I would not, by *Hercules*, have forgiven him, if he had serv'd me so in the dressing of a Mackerel. But *Trimalchio*, it seems, had somewhat else in his Head; for bursting into a Laughter, You, said he, that have so short a Memory, let's see if you can do your Office. On which the Cook, having put on his Coat again, took up a Knife, and pretending to tremble, tipp'd up the Hog's Belly; from whence immediately tumbled out a heap of Hogs-puddings and Sausages.

After this, as it had been done of it self, the Family gave a Shout, and cry'd out, *Health and Prosperity to Caius*. The Cook also was presented with Wine, a Silver Coronet, and a Drinking-bowl, on a broad *Corinthian* Plate: which *Agamemnon* more narrowly viewing; I am, said *Trimalchio*, the only Person that has the true *Corinthian* Vessels.

I expected that according to his usual Insolence, he would have told us they had been brought from *Corinth*; but he pursued his Discourse with more Discretion: And perhaps, said he, you'll ask me why I am the only Person that have them. And why the Copper-smith from whom I buy them, is called *Corinthus*? and what is *Corinthian* but what is made by *Corinthus*? And to shew you I am a Man of Letters, I'll tell you from whence the Word *Corinthian* takes it Original. When *Troy* was taken by *Hannibal* a cunning mischievous sort of a Fellow, he gathered all the Gold, Silver and Brazen Statues together he could find, and caused Fire to be set to the Pile. The Statues melting, intermixt their different Metals together, of which the Goldsmiths made Candlesticks, Sconces and Salvers; so that *Corinthian* Vessels are a Miscellany of Gold, Silver and Brass; but neither this or that Metal in particular, pardon me what I say; I like Glass Cups better, others are not of my Opinion: If Glass was not so brittle, I would rather have it than Gold; but now 'tis of a very inconsiderable value.

There was an Artist who made Glass Vessels so tough and hard, that they were no more to be broken than Gold and Silver ones: It so happen'd, that the same Person having made a very fine Glass Mug, fit for no Man, as he thought, less than *Cæsar* himself, he went with his Present to the Emperour, and had admittance; both the Gift

and

and the Hand of the Workman was commended, and the design of the Giver accepted. This Artist, that he might turn the admiration of the Beholders into astonishment, and work himself the more into the Emperor's favour, beg'd the Glass out of *Cæsar's* Hand; and having received it, threw it with such a force against a paved Floor, that the most solid and firmest Metal could not but have received some hurt thereby. *Cæsar* also was equally amaz'd and troubled at the Action; but the other took up the Mug from the Ground, not broken but only a little bulg'd, as if the Substance of Metal had put on the likeness of Glass; and therewith taking a Hammer out of his Pocket, he hammer'd it as if it had been a Brass Kettle, and beat out the Bruise: and now the Fellow thought himself in Heaven, in having, as he fancied, gotten the Acquaintance of *Cæsar*, and the Admiration of all Mankind; But it fell out quite contrary to his expectation: *Cæsar* asking him if any one knew how to make this malleable Glass but himself, and he answering in the Negative, the Emperor commanded his Head to be struck off; For, said he, if this Art were once known, Gold and Silver will be of no more esteem than Dirt.

As for Silver, I affect it; I have several Water-pots more or less, whereon is the Story how *Cassandra* kill'd her Sons, and the dead Boys are so well Emboss'd, you'd think them real. I have also a drinking Cup left me by

an Advocate of mine, where *Dædalus* puts *Niobe* into the *Trojan Horſe*, as alſo that other of *Hermerotes*, that they may ſtand as an Evidence there is truth in Cups, and all this Plate is Maſſy; nor will I part with what I underſtand of them at any rate.

While he was thus talking, a Boy let fall a Cup out of his Hand; on which, *Trimalchio* looking over his Shoulder at him, bad him be gone, and kill himſelf immediately; for, ſaid he, thou art careleſs and mindſt not what thou art about. The Boy hung his Lip, and beſought him; but he ſaid, To what end doſt thou intreat me, as if I requir'd ſome difficult matter? I only bid thee obtain this of thy ſelf, that thou be not careleſs again: But at laſt he forgave him upon our Entreaty. Hereupon the Boy run round the Table and cry'd, *Water without doors, and Wine within*. We all took the Jeſt, but more eſpecially *Agamemnon*, who knew on what account he had been invited thither.

Trimalchio in the mean time hearing himſelf commended, drank more heartily and was merrier than before; and being within an Ace of quite out, Will none of you, ſaid he, deſire my *Fortunata* to Dance? Believe me, there's no one leads up a Country Dance with a better Grace? And with that flouriſhing with his Hand, he began to act the part of a Scaramouch, the Family all the while ſinging, *Youth it ſelf, moſt exactly Youth it ſelf*; and he had gotten into the middle of the Room, but that *Fortunata* whiſper'd

him,

him, and I believe told him, such Whimsies did not become his Gravity: Nor was there any thing more unsteady than his Humour; for one while he inclin'd to the Advice of *Fortunata*, and another while to his natural Inclination: But what disturb'd the Pleasure we took to see her Dance, was his Notary's coming in; who, as they had been the Acts of a *Common-Council*, read aloud.

The Seventh of the Kalends of *August*, born in *Trimalchio's* Mannour near *Cumanum*, thirty Boys and forty Girls; There were also brought from the Threshing-floor into the Granary, Five hundred thousand Bushels of Wheat. The same day broke out a Fire in a Pleasure-Garden that was *Pompey's*, which first began in one of the Bayliff's Houses.

How's this, said *Trimalchio*! when were those Gardens bought for me? The Year before, answered his Notary; and therefore not yet brought to Account.

At this *Trimalchio* fell into a Passion; And whatever Lands, said he, shall be purchased for me hereafter, if I hear nothing of it in six Months, let them never, I order you, be charg'd or brought to any Account of mine. Then also were read the Orders of the Clerks of the Market, and the Wills of his Foresters, Rangers, and Park-keepers, by which they disinherited their Relations, and with ample praise of him, declared *Trimalchio* their Heir. Next that, were recited the Names of his Bayliffs; and how one of them that made his Circuits in the Country, turn'd off his Wife

for

for having taking her in Bed with a Barber. We were inform'd alſo, that the Door-keeper of his Baths was turn'd out of Office; that one of his Auditors was found defective in his Accounts, and that the Diſpute between the Grooms of his Chamber was ended.

At laſt came in the Dancers on the Rope; and a Punch-belly'd Blockhead holding out a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hop upon every Round of it ſinging, and to dance a Jigg on the top, and then to tumble through burning Hoops of Iron with a Glaſs in his Mouth. *Trimalchio* was the only perſon that lik'd this Diverſion, but withal, he ſaid, he did not admire it; for there were only two Sights he was deſirous to ſee, and thoſe were Flyers on the High-rope, and Cock-fighting; and that all other Creatures and Shows were Trifles: For, ſaid he, I bought once a Sett of *Strolers*, and choſe rather to make them *Merry-Andrews* than *Comedians*; and commanded my Bag-piper to ſing in Latin to them.

While he was chattering at this rate, a Boy chanc'd to ſtumble upon him, on which the Family gave a Shriek; the ſame alſo did the Gueſts; not for ſuch a Beaſt, whoſe Neck they could willingly have ſeen broken, but for fear the Supper ſhould have an unlucky end, and they be forc'd to lament the death of the Boy.

Whatever it were, *Trimalchio* gave a deep Groan, and leaning upon his Arm as if it had been hurt, the Phyſicians ran thick about him,

him, and *Fortunata* amongſt the foremoſt with her Hair about her Ears, and a Bottle of Wine in her Hand, ſtill howling, miſerable unfortunate Woman ſhe was! Undone, ſhe was undone.

The Boy on the other hand, ran under our Feet, and beſeech'd us to procure him his Pardon: But I was much concern'd, leſt our Interpoſition might make but a ſcurvey end of the matter; for the Cook that had forgotten to diſbowel the Hog was ſtill in my Thoughts. I began therefore to look about the Room, for fear ſomewhat or other might drop through the Ceiling; while the Servant that had bound up his Arm in white inſtead of ſcarlet colour'd Flannel, was ſoundly beaten: Nor was I wrong in my Conjecture, for in lieu of another Courſe, came in an Order of *Trimalchio*'s, by which he gave the Boy his Freedom, that it might not be ſaid, ſo Honourable a Perſon had been hurt by his Slave. We all commended the Action, and from thence fell into a Chat of the inſtability of all Humane Affairs. You're in the right, ſaid *Trimalchio*; nor ought this Accident to paſs without Recording; and ſo calling for the Journal, he commanded it to be Enter'd; and preſently, without much thinking, tumbled out theſe Verſes.

What's least expected falls into our Dish,
And Fortune's more indulgent than our Wish;
Therefore, Boy, fill the generous Wine about.

This Epigram gave us an occasion to talk of the Poets, and *Marsus* the *Thracian* was thought most deserving the Bays, till *Trimalchio* (turning to one in the Company) I beseech you, said he, tell me the difference between *Cicero* the Orator, and *Publius* the Poet? for my part, I think one was the more Eloquent, the other the honester Man; for what could be said better than this?

Now sinking Rome *grows weak with Luxury,*
To please her Appetite cram'd Peacocks die,
Whose gaudy Plumes a modish Dish supply.
For her the Guinnea *Hen and Capon's dress't:*
The Stork it self for Rome's *luxurious Taste*
Must in a Cauldron build its humble Nest.
To please each Sense to foreign Worlds we haste,
Perfume our Wines, and by our Smell we Taste.
Now Ceylon *Spice*, *Anchovies* Spain *bestows:*
For us the Orange and the Lemon grows.
To fetch Caviare we sound Genova's *Lake,*
And our own Shoars luxuriously forsake.
The Grecians *Oyl, the* Germans *Hams afford;*
Calabria *Wine, to cheer the wanton Lord.*
High-reliſh'd Sauce, unknown in happier times,
We fetch from Spain *and Sunburnt* Indian *Climes.*

Bam-

Bamboos and Mangoes loaded Nature waste,
Decay our Strength, yet urge the wearied Taste.

But now we are talking, which, in the Opinion of the Learned, are the most difficult Professions to understand? I think a Physician and a Banker: A Physician, because he knows a Man's very Heart, and when the Fits of an Ague will return; tho' by the way, I hate them mortally; for by their good will I should be always taking one Slip-sop or other: And a Banker, because he'll find out a piece of Brass, tho' 'tis plated with Silver.

There are also brute Beasts which are laborious; to Oxen we are beholden for the Bread we eat; and to Sheep, for the Wooll that makes us so fine. But, O horrid! we both eat the Mutton, and make us warm with the Fleece. I take the Bees for Divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' 'tis said they stole it from *Jupiter*, and that's the reason why they Sting: For where-ever you meet any thing that's sweet, you'll ever find a Sting at the end of it.

He went so far as to exclude *Philosophers* from Business, while the Memoirs of the Family were carrying round the Table, and a Boy, set for that purpose, read aloud the Names of the Presents appointed for the Guests to carry home with them. *Wicked Silver, what can it not do!* Then a Gammon of Bacon was set on the Table, and above that several sharp

ſharp Sauces, a Night-cap for himſelf, Pudding-pies, and I know not what kind of Birds: There was alſo brought in a Rundlet of Wine, boiled off to a third part, and kept under Ground to preſerve its ſtrength: There were alſo ſeveral other things I can give no account of; beſides Apples, Scallions, Peaches, a Whip, a Knife, and ſome Preſents had been ſent him; as Sparrows, a Flye-flap, Raiſons, *Arbenian* Honey, Night-gowns, Judges Robes, dry'd Paſte, Table-books, with a Pipe and a Foot-ſtool: After which came in a Hare and a Sole-Fiſh: And there was alſo a Lamprey, a Water-rat with a Frog at his Tail, and a bundle of Beets.

We laugh'd at theſe Whims; there were five hundred more of them which I have now forgot: But when *Aſcyltos*, who could not keep his Temper, ſhak'd his ſides and laughe at every thing ſo heartily, that he was ready to cry, a Free-man of *Trimalchio*'s that ſate next above me, grew hot upon't: And what, ſaid he, thou Sheep, what do you laugh at? does not this Magnificence of my Maſter pleaſe you? you're richer than he, forſooth, and eat better every Day; by the God of this place, had I ſate near enough you, I would have hit you a Box on the Ear before now: A hopeful Scoundrel, that mocks others, ſome raſcally Night-walker, *not worth the very Urine he makes*; and ſhould I throw a Chamber-pot on his Head, he knows not where to dry himſelf. I am not, by *Hercules*, quickly angry, *yet Worms are bred even in tender Fleſh.*

He

He laughs, and what Jeſt does he laugh at? what Wooll did his Father give for the Bantling? Is he a *Roman* Knight? I am the Son of a King. How came I then, ſay you, to ſerve another? In this I humour'd my own Fancy, and had rather be a Citizen of *Rome*, than a tributary King, and now hope to behave my ſelf ſo, as to be no Man's Jeſt. I walk like other Men, undiſguiz'd, and can ſhow my Head among the beſt, for I owe no Man a Groat: I never had an Action brought againſt me in my life, nor can any Man, abroad or at home, ſay to me, Pay me what thou oweſt. I have purchaſed a pretty Farm in the Country, and have every thing ſuitable to it: I have twenty Perſons in Family, beſides Dogs: I ranſom'd my Bond-Woman, leſt another ſhould wipe his Hands on her Smock; and between our ſelves, ſhe coſt me more than I'll tell you at preſent. I was made a Captain of Horſe without buying my Commiſſion, and hope to die in ſuch a manner, that I ſhall have no occaſion to bluſh in my Grave: But you that are ſo inquiſitive concerning others, never conſider your ſelf: Can you ſee a Mote in another Man's Eye, and not perceive a Beam in your own? Your Maſter then is ancienter than your ſelf, an't pleaſe him; but yet thou, whoſe Milk is not yet out of thy Noſe, that canſt not ſay Boh to a Gooſe, muſt you be making Obſervations? Are you the wealthier Man? If you are ſo, Dine twice, and Sup twice in a Day; for my part, I value my

Credit

Credit more than Treasures: Upon the whole matter, where's the Man that ever dunn'd me twice? Thou Pipkin of a Man, more limber, but nothing better than a Strop of wet Leather, I have serv'd forty Years in this House, and came into it at Man's Estate; this Palace was not then built, yet I made it my business to please my Master, a Person of Honour, the parings of whose Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I met several Rubs in my way, but, by the help of my good Angel, I broke through them all: This is truth; it is as easie to make a Hunting-horn of a Sows Tail, as to get into this Family. What makes you in the Dumps now, like a Goat at a heap of Stones?

On this *Gito*, who stood behind him, burst out a laughing, which the other taking notice of, fell upon the Boy; and, Do you, said he, laugh too, you curl-pated chattering Magpye? Are these Holy-days? why how now, Sirrah, is it the Month of *December*? Are you come to Age yet, I pray? What would this Skeleton dropt from a Gibbit, this Crows-meat, be at? I'll find some way for *Jupiter* to plague thee, and him that taught thee no better manners, or never let me eat a good Meal's meat again: I could—— Sirrah, but for the Companies sake I spare thee, tho' either we are mightily in the wrong of it, or they are Sots themselves that carry no better a Hand over thee; for without doubt the Proverb is true, *Like Master like Man.* I am hot by Nature, and can scarce contain my self;

give

give me but a Meſs of Peaſe Pottage, and I care not Two-pence for my Mother. Very well, I ſhall meet thee abroad, thou Mouſe, thou very Muſhroom: May I never thrive more, but I'll drive that Maſter of thine into a branch of Rue; nor ſhalt thou, by *Hercules*, get out of my Clutches, tho' thou couldſt call *Jupiter* to thy aſſiſtance: I ſhall off with thoſe Locks, and catch thee when that ſorry Maſter of thine ſhall be out of the way; thou wilt certainly fall into my Hands, and either I know not my ſelf, or I'll make thee leave this Buffoonry: Tho' thy Beard were of Gold, I'll have thee bruiſed in a Mortar, and him that firſt taught thee: I never ſtudied *Geometry, Criticiſm, and meer Words without Senſe*, but I underſtand the fitting of Stones for Buildings, can run you over a hundred things, as to Metal, Weight, Coin, and that to a tittle; if you have a mind, you and I will try it: I'll lay thee a Wager, thou Wizard, and tho' I know not a word of *Rhetorick*, thou'lt preſently find thou haſt loſt: If you beat the Buſh, I'll catch the Hare: Reſolve me, I ſay, which of us runs, yet never ſtirs out of his place? Which of us grows bigger, and yet is leſs? Do you ſcamper? can't you tell what to make of it, that you look ſo like a Mouſe in a Trap? Therefore hold thy Tongue, or don't provoke a better Man than thy ſelf, who thinks thee but a Scoundril of Nature, perchance thou fancieſt me taken with thoſe yellow Locks, which thou haſt already vowed to ſome Whore or other. O lucky Op-

portunity! come, let's walk to the *Exchange*, and ſee which of us can borrow Money: You'll be ſatisfied then, I am a Man of Reputation; a pretty thing, is it not to be drunk? So may I grow Rich whilſt I live, and die well; but the People will brain me if I ſit not on your Skirts as cloſe as the Coat to your Back: He's a precious Tool too, whoever he were, that taught thee; a piece of green Cheeſe, no Maſter I am ſure. I have learn'd as well as another Man, and my Maſter ſaid it would be my own another Day. Save your Worſhip! get home as faſt as you can, but look well about you, and have a care how you ſpeak irreverently of your Betters, or vie Eſtates with them; he that does it, his Purſe ſhall pay for it: For my ſelf, I thank God, you ſee me in the Condition and Circumſtances I am.

Aſcyltos was making anſwer to his Railing, when *Trimalchio*, pleas'd with the good Grace with which his Freed-man deliver'd himſelf, Go to, ſaid he, no more of this wild Talk, let us rather be Merry; and you *Hermeros*, bear with the Young-man, his Blood is all in a Ferment; be thou the ſober Man; he that is overcome in this Quarrel, gains the Victory: Even you your ſelf, when you were ſuch another Capon, could cry nothing but *Coco*, *Coco*, and had no Heart at all. Let us therefore, which is the better of the two, be heartily Merry, and expect ſome Admirers of *Homer*, that will be here preſently.

Nor

Nor were the words ſcarce out of his Mouth, when in came a Company of Players, and made a ruſtling with their Spears and Targets. *Trimalchio* lean'd on his Pillow, the *Homeriſts* ratled out Greek Verſes as arrogantly as they were us'd to do, and he read a Latin Book with a loud Voice; whereupon Silence being made, Know ye, ſaid he, what Fable they are upon?

Diomedes and *Ganymede* were two Brothers, and *Helen* was their Siſter; *Agamemnon* ſtole her away, and ſhamm'd *Diana* with a Hind in her ſtead, as *Homer* Sings in this place; and alſo how the *Trojans* and the *Tarentines* fell into Civil Wars; but at laſt he got the better of it, and Married his Daughter *Iphigenia* to *Achilles*; on which *Ajax* run Mad. And there's an end of the Tale.

On this the *Homeriſts* ſet up a Shout, and a young boiled Heifer with an Helmet on her Head, was brought to the Table; *Ajax* followed, and with a drawn Sword, as if he were diſtracted, fell upon the Beef, cutting it now in one place, then in another, ſtill acting as if he was Lunatick; till having cut the Heifer into Joints, he took them upon the point of his Sword, and diſtributed them to the Company. Nor had we much time to admire the Conceit; for of a ſudden the Roof gave a crack, and the whole Room ſhook: For my part, I got on my Feet, but all in a confuſion, for fear ſome Tumbler might drop on my Head; the ſame Fear alſo poſſeſt the reſt of the Gueſts, who ſtood ſta-

ring and expecting what new thing would come from the Clouds: when ſtraight the main Beams of the Ceiling open'd, and a vaſt Circle was let down, all round which hung Golden Garlands and Alabaſter Pots of ſweet Ointments.

While we were required to take up theſe Preſents, I chanced to caſt an Eye upon the Table, where lay a freſh Service of Cheeſe-cakes and Tarts, and in the midſt of them a bak'd Image of the God which preſides over Orchards, ſtuck round with all ſorts of Apples and Grapes, as they commonly draw that Figure.

We greedily reached our Hands towards it, when of a ſudden, a new Diverſion gave us freſh Mirth; for all the Cheeſe-cakes, Apples and Tarts, upon the leaſt touch, threw out a delicious liquid Perfume, which fell upon us.

We judging the Meſs to be Sacred, that was ſo religiouſly and magnificently garniſh'd, ſtood up and began a Health to the *Auguſt Founder*, the *Father of his Country*: After which Reverence, falling to catch that catch could, we filled our Napkins; and I plundered more furiouſly than the reſt, who thought nothing too good to beſtow upon *Gito*.

As theſe things were doing, in came three Boys in white, their Coats tuck'd about them, two of whom ſet on the Table three Houſhold Gods, with Broaches about their Necks, and the other bearing round a Goblet of Wine,

Wine, cry'd aloud, be the Gods Favourable! The Name of this, ſaid he, is *Cobler*, that other's *Good-luck*, and the third's *Spend-all*; The Image of *Trimalchio* was alſo carry'd round the Hall, and every one having kiſs'd it, we thought it ſhame not to follow the Example of the reſt of the Company.

After this, when all of us had wiſh'd him Health and Happineſs, *Trimalchio* turning to *Niceros*, You were wont, ſaid he, to be a good Companion, but what's the matter we get not a word from you now? Let me entreat you, if you wiſh me well, do not break an old Cuſtom.

Niceros pleaſed with the frankneſs of his Friend: Let me never thrive, ſaid he, if I am not ready to caper out of my Skin to ſee you in ſo good a Humour, therefore whatever Stories I tell ſhall be pleaſant, tho' I am afraid thoſe grave Fops may laugh; but let them look to't, I'll proceed nevertheleſs; for what am I the worſe for any one's laughing? I had rather they ſhould laugh at my Jeſt, than at my Perſon.

When he had thus ſpoke—— he began this Tale——

I was once upon a time a Servant, and I dwelt in a narrow Lane, in the ſame Houſe where *Gavilla* now lives; there, by the good pleaſure of the Gods I fell in Love with the Wife of *Tarentius*; he kept an Eating-Houſe. Ye all knew *Meliſſa Tarentina*, a pretty little ſmart Laſs, and very Beautiful; but, by *Hercules*, I fell in Love with her more

for her good Humour than any other Reaſon. If I ask'd her a Favour, ſhe never deny'd me; and for what Money I got, I made her my Caſh-keeper; nor did ſhe ever fail me when I had occaſion for it. It ſo happen'd, that a She-companion of hers had dy'd in the Country, and ſhe was gone thither; how to ſee her I could not tell; *but a Friend is ſeen at a dead lift*; it alſo fell out that my Maſter was gone to *Capua* to diſpatch ſome Buſineſs: I laid hold of the opportunity, and perſwaded mine Hoſt to take a Walk in the Evening four or five Miles out of Town, you muſt know he was a bold Fellow, and durſt have fac'd the Devil: The Moon ſhone as bright as Day, and about Cock-crowing we fell in with a Burying-place, and certain Monuments of the Dead: my Man loiter'd behind me a Star-gazing, and I ſat down expecting him, and fell to Singing, and numbring them; when looking round me, what ſhould I ſee but mine Hoſt ſtrip'd ſtark naked, and his Cloaths lying by the High-way-ſide. The Sight ſurpriz'd me very much, and I ſtood ſtock ſtill as if I had been dead; but he piſs'd round his Cloaths, and of a ſudden was turn'd to a Wolf: Don't think I Jeſt; I would not tell a Lye for Ten thouſand Pounds. But as I was ſaying, after he was turn'd to a Wolf, he ſet up a howl, and fled to the Woods. At firſt I knew not where I was, till going to take up his Cloaths, I found them alſo turn'd to Stone. Some Men would have dy'd for fear, but I drew my Sword, and killing

killing all the Ghosts that came in my way, lighted at last on the place where my Mistriss was: I enter'd the outward Door; my Eyes were sunk in my Head, the Sweat ran off me by more streams than one, and I was just breathing my last, without thought of recovery, when my *Melissa* coming to me, began to wonder why I walk'd so late; and if, said she, you had been here a little sooner, you might have done us a kindness; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has made a dreadful havock of the Cattle; but tho' he got off, he has no reason to laugh, for a Servant of ours ran him through the Neck with a Pitch-fork. As soon as I heard her, I could not hold open my Eyes any longer, and ran home by Day-light, like a Vintner whose House had been robb'd: but coming by the place where the Cloaths were turn'd to Stone, I saw nothing but a puddle of Blood; and when I got home, found mine Host lying in Bed like an Ox in a Stall, and a Chirurgeon dressing his Neck. I understood afterwards he was a Fellow that could change his Skin; but from that Day forward could never Eat a bit of Bread with him, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let them that don't believe me, examine the truth of it; and if I tell you a Lye, may my good Angels forsake me.

The Company were all in a maze, when, Saving what you have said, quoth *Trimalchio*, if there be Faith in Man, my Hair stands on end, because I know *Niceros* is no Trifler; he has good grounds for what he says, and

is not given to idle talking: Nay, I'll tell ye as horrible a thing my ſelf; but ſee there, what's that behind the Hangings?

When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy, for even then I liv'd a pleaſant Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd: He was, by *Hercules*, a Pearl, a Paragon, nay, Perfection it ſelf: But when his poor Mother lamented him, and we alſo were doing the ſame, ſome *Witches* got round the Houſe on a ſudden, you'd have taken them for a Pack of Hounds hunting a Hare. We had then in the Houſe a *Cappadocian*, a tall Fellow, ſtout and hardy, that would not have ſtept an Inch out of his way for *Jupiter* himſelf. He boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leap'd out of the Houſe, and, as it might be here, (no harm to the thing I touch) ran a Woman clean through. We heard a pittiful Groan, but, not to lye, ſaw no body at all. Our Champion came in and threw himſelf on a Bed, but all black and blue, as if he had been thraſh'd with a Flail; for it ſeems ſome ill hand had touch'd him. We ſhut the Door, and went on with our Mourning; but the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and ſtroaking him, found nothing but a Bolſter of Straw; it had neither Heart, Entrails, nor any thing, for *the Faries*, belike, *had ſtollen him out of his Cradle, and left a Wad of Straw inſtead of him.* Give me Credit, I beſeech ye, *Women are craftier than we are, play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing Topſy-turvy.* After this, that tall ſwinging

Fellow

Fellow of ours never came to himſelf again, but in a few Days Died raving mad.

We all wonder'd, as not doubting what he ſaid, and kiſſing the Table in reverence to him, deſir'd the Privilege of the Night, and that our Places might be kept till we return'd.

And now we thought the Lamps look'd double, and the whole Room ſeem'd quite another thing; when *Trimalchio* again, I ſpeak to you *Plorimus*, won't you come in for a ſhare? Will he entertain us with nothing? you us'd to be a pleaſant Companion, could ſing a Song and tell a Tale with the beſt; but alas! alas! the times are chang'd. My Horſes, ſaid the other, ran away with my Coach, I have been troubled with the Gout ever ſince. When I was a young Fellow, I ſung ſo long, I had well nigh brought my ſelf into a Conſumption. What do you tell me of Songs, Tales, or Barber's Shops? Who ever came near me but one, only *Apelles*; and thereupon ſetting his Hand to his Mouth, whiſtled out ſomewhat, I know not what, which afterwards he ſwore was *Greek*. As he was mimicking the Trumpets, *Trimalchio* looking on his Minion, called him *Cræſus*: Yet the Boy was blear-ey'd, and employ'd himſelf in ſwathing a little black Bitch with naſty Teeth, and overgrown with Fat, in green Swaddling-clouts, the Boy ſet her half a Loaf upon the Table, which ſhe refuſing to eat, he cram'd her with it: On which *Trimalchio* commanded the Guardian

of

of his Houſe and Family, *Scylax*, to be brought; when preſently was brought in a beautiful Maſtiff in a Chain, who having a Hint given him by a ſcrape of the Porter's Foot, lay down before the Table; whereupon throwing him a Manchet, There's no one, ſaid he, in this Houſe of mine, loves me better than this Dog. The Boy highly reſenting it, that *Scylax* ſhould be ſo commended, threw the Bitch on the Floor, and challeng'd the Dog to have a Rubbers with him. On this *Scylax* after the manner of Dogs, ſet up ſuch a hideous Barking, that it fill'd the Room; and ſnapping at him, almoſt tore off a Locket of Jewels which *Cræſus* wore on his Breaſt; nor did the Scuffle end here, for a great Candleſtick being thrown down upon the Table, broke ſeveral Cryſtal Glaſſes, and threw the ſcalding Oyl upon the Gueſts.

Trimalchio, not to ſeem concern'd at the loſs, kiſſed the Boy and commanded him to get on his Back; nor was it long e're he was a Cock-horſe, and ſlapping his Maſter's Shoulders, and laughing cry'd out, *Fool, fool, and how many of them have we here?*

Trimalchio thus kept under for a while, commanded a Bumper to be fill'd and given round to the Waiters, with this further Order, That whoever refuſed it ſhould have it poured down his Collar. Thus one while we were grave, and another while merry.

After

After this came Junkets and Forc't-meats upon the Table, the very remembrance of which, if I may be believ'd, will not yet down with me; for there were ſeveral cram'd Hens given about under the notion of Thruſhes, and Gooſe Eggs with Caps upon them; which *Trimalchio*, not without Oſtenſtation, preſs'd us to Eat; adding withal, that their Bones were taken out.

Nor were the words ſcarce out of his Mouth, when a Beadle rapp'd at the Door, and one in white, with a company of Roiſters following him, came in upon us: For my part I was not a little ſurpriz'd; and, by his Lordlineſs, taking him for the Mayor of a Town, and our ſelves within his Liberties, was getting upon my Feet. *Agamemnon* laught to ſee me ſo concern'd, and bade me ſit ſtill; for, ſaid he, this *Habinias* is a Captain of Horſe, a good Maſon, and has a ſpecial way with him in making Monuments.

Recover'd again with his Words, I kept my Seat, and wholly fix'd my Eye on *Habinias*: He came in Drunk, lolling on his Wife's Shoulders, with ſome Garlands round about him, his Face all trickling down with Ointment, he ſeated himſelf at the head of the Table, and incontinently call'd for Wine and hot Water.

Trimalchio was pleaſed with the Humour, and calling for a bigger Glaſs, asked him what Entertainment he had from whence he came?

Every

Every thing, ſaid the other, but your Company, for my Inclination was here; tho', by *Hercules*, all was very well. *Sciſſa* kept a Nine-days Feaſt for his Servant *Miſcellus*, whom he enfranchiz'd after he was dead: It is ſaid he had a round Sum in the Chequer, for they reckon he died worth 50000 Crowns; yet this was all done in good order, tho' every one of us was oblig'd to pour half his Wine on the Grave.

But, ſaid *Trimalchio*, what had ye to Eat? I'll tell ye, quoth *Habinas*, as near as I can, but ſometimes I forget my own Name: However, for the firſt Diſh we had a goodly Porker, with a Garland about him, and Puddings, Gooſe-gibblets, Lamb-ſtones, Sweetbreads, and Gizzards; then there were alſo Beets, and Houſhold-bread of his own baking, for himſelf, which I had rather have than White; it makes a Man ſtrong, and I never complain of what I like. The next was a cold Tart, with excellent warm Honey, right *Spaniſh*, running upon it. I eat little of the Tart, but more of the Honey; I taſted alſo the red Pulſe, and Lupines, by the advice of *Calvus*, and ſeveral Apples, of which I carry'd away two in my Handkerchief; for if I bring home nothing to my little ſhe-Slave, I ſhall have Snubs enough; this Dame of mine puts me often in mind of her. We had alſo on a Side-table the Haunch of a Bear, which *Scintilla* taſting e're ſhe was aware, had like to have vomited her Heart up: I on the other hand,

hand, eat a pound of it or better, for methought it tasted like Boars-flesh; and, said I, if a Bear eats a Man, why may not a Man much more eat a Bear? To be short, we had Cream-Cheese, Wine boil'd off to a third part, fry'd Snails and Chitterlings, Livers, Eggs, Turneps, Mustard, and a Bowl that held a Gallon. Don't disturb me *Palamedes*; there were also handed about a Basket of Sugar-cakes, of which we wantonly took some, and sent away the Gammon of Bacon. But tell me, *Caius*, I beseech you, what's the matter that *Fortunata* sits not among us? How came you to know her, quoth *Trimalchio?* till she has gotten her Plate together, and distributed what we leave among the Servants, not a Sup of any thing goes down her Throat.

But unless she sits down, replied *Habinas*, I'll be gone; and was getting up, but that the word being four times given about for her, she came at last in a greenish Gown, and a Cherry colour'd pair of Bodice, beneath which might be seen her Petticoat and Embroider'd Garters; then wiping her Hands on her Neckcloth, she plac'd her self on the Bed whereon *Scintilla*, the Wife of *Habinas*, was seated; and having given her a Kiss, told her, it was in Compliment to her that she was there. At length it came to this, that she took off her weighty Bracelets, and shewed them to *Scintilla*; which she admiring, she also unbuckled her Garters and a Net-work Purse, which she said was of the finest Gold.

Tri-

Trimalchio obſerv'd it, and commanding all to be laid before him, See, ſaid he, this Woman's Finery, and what Fools our Wives make us; they ſhould weigh ſix Pound and a half; yet I've another made by the famous Jew which weighs ten: And that he might not be thought to be a Lyar, he call'd for his Gold Scales, and commanded them to be weigh'd: Nor had *Scintilla* more wit than t'other, for pulling a Golden Box out of her Boſom, which ſhe called *Good-luck*, ſhe took out of it two large Pearl Pendants, giving them in like manner to *Fortunata* to view: See, quoth ſhe, what 'tis to have a kind Husband, I am ſure no Woman has a better. What, ſaid *Habinas*, haſt thou put the Sham on me? thou toldſt me thou couldſt be contented with Glaſs Beads; and for this trick, if I had a Daughter, I'd cut her Ears off, tho' there were no more Women in the World. This it is to Piſs warm and drink cold.

Mean time the Women being toucht with the Expreſſion, fell a twittering, and being got mellow, fell to Kiſſing one another, one commended the Miſtriſs of the Houſe, t'other the Maſter: when during this chit chat, *Habinas* ſtealing behind *Fortunata*, gave her ſuch a toſs on the Bed, that her Heels flew as high as her Head, on which ſhe gave a ſqueak or two, and finding her Thighs bare, bluſhing, hid her Head in *Scintilla*'s Boſom.

This

This Entertainment held a while, till *Trimalchio* calling for another Course to entertain his new Guests, the Servants took away the Tables that were before us, and having brought others, strew'd the Room with Pinduſt, mixt with Vermillion and Saffron; and what I never saw before, the Duſt of a Looking-glaſs ground to Powder.

When immediately, says *Trimalchio*, I could have been contented with the Dishes we have had already; but since we have got other Tables, we must also have another Service; and if there be any thing worth our having, bring it.

On which a spruce Boy that served us with warm Water, began to imitate a Nightingale; till *Trimalchio* giving the word, a Servant which waited on *Habinas*, set up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Master, bellow'd out;

Mean time Æneas had forsook the Shore.

Nor was I ever acquainted with a harsher sound; for besides his mean, barbarous, and Peasant-like way of expressing himself, he so stuft it with scraps of Verses, that even *Virgil* then first disreliſh'd me; till at last he was so tir'd, that he could hold no longer: D'ye think, said *Habinas*, this Boy has learn'd nothing? I bred him with Stroalers that follow the Fairs: Not has he his Fellow, whether he mimicks a Muliteer or a Buffoon. This Never-be-good has abundance of Wit; he's

he's a Taylor, a Cook, a Baker, a Jack of all Trades, and but for two Faults, were exact to a Hair: He's crack-brain'd, and snores in his Sleep: For that Cast of his Eye I value it not, he looks like *Venus*, and therefore his Tongue is ever running; and were that Eye out, he were worth the Money I gave for him.

On which *Scintilla* interrupting him, told him he was a naughty Man, for not telling all his good qualities: He's a Pimp too, said she, if not worse, but I'll take care he receive his Reward for that.

Trimalchio laugh'd, and said, He knew he was a *Cappadocian*, that made as much of himself as he could, and, by *Hercules*, I commend him for't; when will you find such another? but, *Scintilla*, you must not be Jealous: Believe me, and I know you too; may I enjoy the Health you wish me, I play'd at Leap-frog so long with our Boy, that my Master grew jealous, and sent me to dig in the Country; but little said is soon amended.

Hereupon this Rascally Servant, as if he had been praised all this while, produc'd an earthen Candlestick, and for half an hour, or better, imitated the Hautboys, *Habinas* singing the Base to him, and blabbering his under Lip with his Finger; that done, he went into the middle of the Room, and clattering some Canes together, one while he imitated the Bagpipes, and danced a Jigg to his own Musick; and another while with

a

a ragged Frock and a Whip, Aped the Humours of a Carrier, till *Habinas* calling him, firſt kiſs'd him, and then drank to him, which the other pledg'd; and wiſhing him better and better, I give you, ſaid he, a pair of Buſkins.

Nor had there ever been an end of this Trumpery, had not the laſt Service of Blackbirds, baked in good Pye-cruſt, with Raiſins and Cheſnuts, been brought up, and after them Peaches, ſo ſtuck with Prickles, that they look'd like Hedge-hogs: Yet this might have been born with, if the next Diſh had not been ſuch, that we ſhould have rather choſe to have ſtarv'd than to have touch'd it: For when it was ſet upon the Table, and, as we thought, look'd like a good fat Gooſe, with Fiſh and all kind of Fowl round it, Whatever you ſee here, ſaid *Trimalchio*, is all made of the ſame ſubſtance.

Like a cunning Loon, I ſtrait apprehended what it might be; and turning to *Agamemnon*, I marvel, ſaid I, whether they be all maſh'd together, or made of Loam; for, in a Saturnal at *Rome*, myſelf ſaw the like imaginary Supper.

Nor had I ſcarce ſaid it, when —— quoth *Trimalchio*, So may I grow in Eſtate, not in Bigneſs, as my Cook made all this you ſee out of a ſingle Hog; there is not an excellenter Fellow in the World than himſelf; he ſhall, if you pleaſe, make you a Poll of Ling of a double Tripe; a Plover of fat Bacon; a Turtle of a Spring of Pork; and

a Hen of a Collar of Brawn; and therefore a Fancy took me to give him a Name suitable to his Parts; you must know I call him *Dædalus:* And because he understands his Business, I had Chopping-Knives of the best Steel brought him from *Rome*; and with that, calling for them, he turn'd them over, and admiring them, offer'd us the liberty of trying their Edge on his Cheek.

Immediately on this came in two Servants quarrelling about their Collars, at which each of them had a large Earthen Pot hanging; and when *Trimalchio* determined the matter between them, neither of them stood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-law, and broke each others Pots.

This drunken Presumption put us out of order; yet casting an Eye on the Combatants, we saw Oysters and Scollaps falling from the broken Pots, and another Boy receiv'd them in a Charger, which he carried round to the Guests.

Nor was the Cook's Ingenuity short of the rest, for he brought us a Dish of broil'd Snails, on a Silver Gridiron, and with a shrill unpleasant Voice, sang as he went. I am asham'd to relate what followed, which was never heard of till then: Some Boys came in with a Bason of liquid Perfumes, and first binding our Legs, Ancles, and Feet with Garlands, anointed them with it, and put what remained amongst the Wine Vessels and the Lamps.

And

And now *Fortunata* began to Dance, and *Scintilla's* Hands went faſter than her Tongue; when, ſays *Trimalchio*, Sit down *Philargyrus*, I give you leave, and you, *Carrio*, becauſe you're an honeſt Fellow; and you *Mizaphilus*, bid your Comrade do the like; what ſhall I ſay more? The Family ſo crowded upon us, that we were almoſt thruſt off our Seats; and who ſhould be ſeated above me, but the Cook who had made a Gooſe of a Hog, all ſtinking of Pickle and Kitchen-ſtuff; not yet content that he ſate amongſt us, he fell immediately to perſonate *Theſpis* the Tragedian, and dare his Maſter to a Wager, which of them two ſhould win the Prize next Wreſtling.

Trimalchio abaſh'd at the Challenge; My Friends, ſaid he, even Servants are Men; and however oppreſs'd by Ill Luck, ſucked the ſame Milk our ſelves did; and for mine, it ſhall not be long e're I make them Free without prejudice to my ſelf: To be ſhort, I enfranchiſe all of them by my laſt Will and Teſtament.

I give *Philargyrus* a Country-Farm, and his She-Comrade; to *Curio*, an Iſland, with a twentieth part of my Moveables, a Bed and its Furniture; for I make *Fortunata* my Heireſs, whom I recommend to all my Friends, and publiſh what I deſign to have done, to the end my Family may love me as much now as they will when I am dead.

All thanked their Maſter for his kindneſs; and he, as having forgotten Trifles, called for a Copy of his Will, which he read from one end to the other, the Family all the while ſighing and ſobbing; afterwards turning to *Habinas*, Tell me, my beſt of Friends, ſaid he, do you go on with my Monument as I directed you? I earneſtly entreat you, that at the Feet of my Statue you carve me my little Bitch, as alſo Garlands and Ointments, and all the Battles I have been in, that by your Kindneſs I may live when I am dead: Be ſure too that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts to the High-way, and as it looks towards the Fields, two hundred: I will alſo, that there be all ſorts of Fruit and Vines round my Aſhes, and that in great abundance: For it is a groſs miſtake to furniſh Houſes for the Living, and take no care of thoſe we are to abide in for ever: And therefore, in the firſt place, I will have it Engraven,

LET NO HEIR OF MINE PRETEND TO THIS MONUMENT.

And that I may receive no Injury after I am dead, I'll have a Codicil annext to my Will, whereby I'll appoint one of my Freed-Men the Keeper of this Monument, that the People make not an Houſe-of-Office of it. Make me alſo, I beſeech you, on this my Monument, Ships under full Sail, and my ſelf in my Robes ſitting on the Bench, with

five

five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and ſcattering Moneys among the common People; for you know I have ordered you a Funeral-Feaſt, and Two-pence a piece in Money. You ſhall alſo, if you think fit, carve me ſome of theſe Beds we now ſit on, and all the People making their Court to me. On my right Hand place my *Fortunata's* Statue, with a Dove in one Hand, and with the other leading a little Dog in her Hand: As alſo my *Cicero*, and ſome large Wine Veſſels cloſe Cork'd, that the Wine don't run out; and yet carve one of them as broken, and a Boy weeping over it; as alſo a Sun-dial in the middle, that whoever comes to ſee what's a Clock may read my Name whether he will or no. And laſtly, have a ſpecial conſideration whether you think this Epitaph ſufficient enough.

HERE RESTS CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PATRON OF THE LEARNED. A TROOP OF HORSE WAS DECREED HIM, WITHOUT SUING FOR, AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SENATOR, WOULD HE HAVE ACCEPTED IT. A PIOUS MAN, HONEST, VALIANT, AND TRUE TO HIS FRIEND. HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE OR NOTHING, BUT LEFT BEHIND HIM A PRODIGIOUS ESTATE, YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER. FAREWEL TO YOU ALSO.

This ſaid, *Trimalchio* wept plentifully, *Fortunata* wept, *Habinas* wept, and the whole Family ſet up a Cry, as if it had been his very Funeral, nay, I alſo whin'd for Company: When, ſays *Trimalchio*, Since you know we muſt die, why don't we live while we may? ſo may I live my ſelf to ſee you happy; as, if we plunge ourſelves in the Bath we ſhall not repent it: At my Peril be it, I'll lead the way, for this Room is grown as hot as an Oven. Say you ſo, quoth *Habinas*, nor am I afraid to make two days of one; and therewith got up barefoot and follow'd *Trimalchio*.

I on the other hand turning to *Aſcyltos*, aſked him what he thought of it, for if I but ſee the Bath, I ſhall ſwoon away.

Let's drop behind then, ſaid he, and whilſt they are getting in, we'll ſlip off in the Croud.

The Contrivance pleas'd us; and ſo *Gitto* leading the way through the *Portico*, we came to the outermoſt Gate, where a chained Dog bolted upon us ſo furiouſly, that *Aſcyltos* fell into the Fiſh-pond. I who had been frighted at the painted Dog, and now gotten as drunk as *Aſcyltos*, while I endeavour'd to get hold of him, fell in my ſelf; at laſt the Porter's coming in ſaved us, for he quieted the Dog, and drew us out; but *Gitto*, like a ſharp Raſcal, ſecured himſelf, for whatever had been given him at Supper to carry home with him, he threw it the Dog, and that mollified him.

But

But when ſhivering with Cold, we deſir'd the Porter to let us out: You're miſtaken, ſaid he, if you think to go out the ſame way you came in, for no Gueſt ever did that yet; They come in at one Gate and go out at another.

In this ſad pickle, what ſhould we do? we found ourſelves in a new kind of Labyrinth, and for Bathing, we'd enough of it already: However, Neceſſity enforcing us, we prayed him to ſhew us the way to the Bath; and *Gitto* having hung out our Cloaths a-drying in the Porch, we entered the Bath, which was ſomewhat narrow, and ſunk into the Earth, not unlike a Rain-water Ciſtern; in this ſtood *Trimalchio* ſtark naked: Nor could we avoid his humours; for nothing, he ſaid, pleaſed him better than to Bathe in a Crowd; and that very place had, in times paſt, been a Grinding-Houſe. Being weary at length, he ſate down, and provok'd by the noiſineſs of the Bath, ſet up his drunken Throat, and fell a murdering ſome Songs of *Menecrates*, as they that underſtood him told us.

Other Gueſts ran round the Ciſtern with their Arms acroſs, and made a clamarous noiſe with their Mouths; others either try'd to take up a Ring from the Pavement with their Hands bound behind them, or put one Knee to the Ground, to kiſs their great Toes backward.

While they thus entertain'd one another, we went into the Hot-house that had been heated for *Trimalchio*, and being now recover'd of our Drunkenness, were brought into another Room, where *Fortunata* had set out a fresh Entertainment. Above the Lamps I observed some Womens Gewgaws. The Tables were massy Silver, the Earthen Ware double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine; when, said *Trimalchio*, This day, my Friends, a Servant of mine open'd a Barber's Shop; he's well to pass, a thrifty Fellow, and a Favourite of mine: Come, let the Floor have Drink as well as ourselves; and for our part, we'll sit to it till Day-light.

While he was yet speaking, a Cock crow'd, at which *Trimalchio* grew disorder'd, and commanded the Wine to be thrown under the Table, and the Lamps to be sprinkled with it; then changing a Ring to his Right Hand, It is not for nothing, said he, this Trumpeter has given us notice; for either the House should be on fire, or one of the Neighbourhood will kill himself: Far from us be it, and therefore whoever brings me this ill Prophet, I'll give him a Reward.

When immediately a Cock was brought in, and *Trimalchio* commanding to have him dresst, he was torn in pieces by that exquisite Cook, who a little before had made us Fish and Fowl of a Hog, and put in a Stew-pan, and while *Dædalus* was taking a lusty draught, *Fortunata* ground Pepper.

After

After which *Trimalchio* taking some of the Banquet, bid the Waiters go to Supper, and let others supply their Places.

Whereupon came in another Rank of Servants, and as the former going cry'd out, Farewel, *Caius*, those coming in, said, Sit thou merry, *Caius*!

And here our Mirth first began to be disturb'd, for a Beautiful Boy coming in among those new Servants, *Trimalchio* pluck'd the Boy to him, and welcomed him over and over: Whereupon *Fortunata*, to maintain her Right, began to rail at *Trimalchio*, calling him pitiful Fellow, one that could not manage himself, a shame and scandal to all honest Women, and a very Dog. *Trimalchio*, on the other hand, all confounded and vex'd at her Taunts, threw a Goblet at her Head: She fell a roaring as if she had her Eyes beat out, and clapt both her Hands before her Face.

Scintilla also stood amaz'd, and covered *Fortunata*, all trembling as she was, in her Bosom; the Boy also put a cold Pitcher to her Cheek, on which she lean'd and made a lamentable wailing and blubbering.

But *Trimalchio* did quite contrary; for, said he, what am I the better for this Graceless Woman? 'Tis well known I took her out of a Bawdy-House and made her an honest Woman, but now, blown up like a Frog, she bespatters her self; a very Block, no Woman: But this poor Boy, born in a Cottage, never dreams of Palaces. May my good Genius

nius ſo befriend me, as I'll bring down the Stomach of this ſeeming Saint, but in her Actions a Whore rampant: As inconſiderable as ſhe makes me, I might have had a Wife with Two hundred and fifty thouſand Piſtoles, you know I don't Lye; but ſhe was ſomewhat in Years, and thereupon my Friend *Jeſſamin* the Perfumer took me aſide, and perſwaded me not to let my Family and Name be extinguiſh'd; but whilſt I am making her Fortune, I have put a Thorn into my own Foot; but I'll have a care that ſhe dig me not out of my Grave with her Nails: And that you may immediately be ſenſible, Miſtreſs *Minx*, of what I deſign to do, I enjoin you, *Habinas*, that you place not her Statue on my Monument, for fear we ſhould fall together by the Ears when I am dead: Nay, that ſhe may know I am able to plague her, ſhe ſhall not ſo much as Kiſs me when I die. After this, as he perſiſted to rattle and make a noiſe, *Habinas* entreated him to give over his Anger; There's not one of us all, ſaid he, but one time or other does amiſs; we are but Men, not Gods. *Scintilla* weeping, ſaid the ſame, called him *Caius*, and by his own good Nature, begg'd of him to be pacified.

Trimalchio not able to refrain his Tears any longer, I beg of you, *Habinas*, ſaid he, as you wiſh to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done any thing without cauſe, ſpit in my Face: I lov'd the Boy, 'tis true, not for his Beauty, but that he's a hopeful thrifty Lad:

Lad: He has got several Sentences by heart, can read his Book at first sight, saves Money out of his Days Provision, has a little Box of his own to keep it, and two drinking Cups; and does he not deserve to be in my Favour? but *Fortunata*, forsooth, will not have it so; your bandy Legs won't away with it. Be content with your own, thou She-kite, and don't plague me so, thou Harlotry, or otherwise thou'lt find what I am; thou know'st well enough, if I once set on't, I am immoveable. But we'll remember the Living.

Come, my Friends, let's see how Merry you can be, for in my time I have been no better than your selves, but by my own Industry I am what I am: 'Tis the Heart makes a Man, all the rest is but stuff. I buy cheap and sell dear; another Man may sell ye other things, but I enjoy my self: And thou Dunghil-raker, art thou yet gruntling, I'll take care hereafter you whimper for something.

But, as I was saying, my Frugality made me the Man I am; I came out of *Asia* no Taller than this Candlestick, and daily measured my self by it: and that I might get a Beard the sooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-grease; yet I kept favourite to my Master fourteen Years (nor is it a dishonourable thing to do as one's bid) and the same time satisfy'd my Mistress: You understand me, Gentlemen, I'll say no more, for I hate boasting. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the Government of the House was committed

mitted to me, and nothing was done but by my Guidance: What need many words? My Maſter made me Joint-heir with *Cæſar*, and I got, by his Will, a Senator's Eſtate; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty deſire to turn Merchant. Not to detain you longer, I built five Ships, Freighted them with Wines, which at that time were as precious as Diamonds, and ſent them to *Rome*; you'll think I deſired to have it ſo: All my Ships founder'd at Sea, 'tis a true Story I tell you; *Neptune* ſwallow'd me in one Day Three hundred thouſand Crowns. Do you think I broke upon't? by *Hercules*, no; the Loſs was but a Flea-bite: For, as if there had been no ſuch thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; ſo that every one eſteem'd me a Man of Courage. As you know a great Ship carries a great deal of Force, I loaded them again with Wine, Beans and Bacon, Unguents, Planes and other Merchandize: And here *Fortunata* ſhew'd her Affection; for ſhe ſold all that ſhe had; nay, ſtrip'd her ſelf to her very Smock, and put a round Sum of Money in my Pocket; tho' yet it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the Gods will is quickly done; I got an Hundred thouſand Crowns by the Voyage, and forthwith redeem'd the Lands my Patron had left me, built me a Houſe, bought Cattle to ſell them again, and whatever I went about gather'd like a Snow-Ball. But when I grew richer than all the Country beſides, I gave over,

and

and from a Merchant, turn'd Uſurer, and bought Servants.

Thus reſolv'd to give over Trading, a certain Aſtrologer that chanc'd to come to this Village would have perſwaded me to the contrary. He was a *Grecian*, his Name *Særapa*, one that held correſpondence with the Gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid every thing before me from top to bottom: He knew all that I had within me, and told me what I had the Night before to Supper; and you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his Life-time.

I deſire you'd inform me, *Habinas*, I think you was there, he told me the Intrigue between my Miſtreſs and me; That I had but Ill luck at Friends; that no one ever made me a return of my Kindneſſes: That I had large Poſſeſſions, but nouriſh'd a Viper in my Boſom: Why ſhould I not tell you all? I have, by his Account, thirty Years, four Months, and two Days yet to live; and in a ſhort time ſhall have another Eſtate left me.

Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to thoſe in *Apulia*, I ſhall be rich enough: In the mean time, by the Favour of *Mercury*, my Guardian, I have built this Houſe: It was once, you know, a pitiful Cabbin, but now as magnificent as a Temple: It has four Dining-rooms, twenty Bed-chambers, two Marble Porticoes, a Gallery above Stairs, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and the Houſe is capable of receiving

a

a thouſand Gueſts: To be ſhort, whenever his Highneſs comes this way, he had rather lodge here than in his own Houſe, tho' it borders on the Sea: And many other Conveniencies it has, which I'll ſhew you by and by. Believe me, *He that has a Peny in his Purſe, is worth a Peny: They that have much ſhall have more.* And ſo your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

And now *Stichus* bring me the Furniture in which I deſign to be carried to my Funeral Pile; bring alſo the Unguent, and ſome of that Ointment which I order'd for the cleanſing my Bones.

Stichus made haſte and brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and pray'd us to try if they were not fine Wool, and well woven. And ſee you *Stichus*, ſaid *Trimalchio* ſmiling, that neither Mice nor Moths come at them; for, if they do, I'll burn you alive. I will be brought out in Pomp, that all the People may ſpeak well of me.

With that opening a Glaſs Bottle of Spikenard, he cauſed us all to be anointed; and I hope, ſaid he, it will do as much good when I am dead, as it does while I am living: Then commanding the Wine-Veſſels to be fill'd again, Now imagine, ſaid he, you are invited to my Funeral Feaſt. We, by this time nauſeated, were ready to vomit; *Trimalchio* alſo was got extravagantly drunk, when behold a new Interlude; he commanded the Cornets to come in, and lying at his full length upon the Bed, with Pillows under

under him, Suppoſe me, ſaid he, now dead, ſay ſomewhat, I beſeech you, in praiſe of me.

Whereupon the Cornets ſounded as at a Funeral; but one above the reſt, a Servant of that Freed-man of *Trimalchio*'s who, of all the reſt, was the beſt condition'd, made ſuch a Thundering, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood: On which the Watch, thinking the Houſe had been on fire, broke open the Gate, and making an Uproar after their manner, ran in with Water and Hatchets. When finding ſo fair an opportunity, we gave *Agamemnon* the ſlip, and ſcamper'd off, as if it had been a real Fire.

The End of the Firſt Part.

THE

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Petronius Arbiter,

In PROSE and VERSE.

Made Engliſh *by Mr.* BURNABY, *Mr.* THO. BROWN, *Capt.* AYLOFF, *and Others.*

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Petronius Arbiter,

A ROMAN Knight.

NOT a Star appear'd to direct us to our Lodging, nor could we meet with any Persons in the Street of whom we might have inquired our Way; 'twas the very dead of Night: Our little knowledge of the Town, and the Wine we had drank, conspir'd to guide us amiss. When we had wander'd a good while; and hurt our Feet with treading upon sharp Stones and Gravel, at length, the diligence of *Gitto* deliver'd us; for the day before he, apprehending we might be at

a loſs when we return'd from *Trimalchio's*, had providently mark'd every Poſt and Pillar with Chalk, to that degree, that the darkneſs of the Night could not render thoſe Notices obſcure, but their Brightneſs directed us how to find our way. Nor were our Fears over after we were got to our Inn; for my Hoſteſs having taken a plentiful Cup of the Creature, had ſo entirely loſt her Senſes, and was fallen into ſo faſt a ſleep, that throwing her into the Fire would ſcarce have wak'd her; and, perhaps, we had been forc'd to have taken up our Lodging in the Street, if a Poſt belonging to *Trimalchio*, with ten Carriages of his Maſter's Revenue, had not come to the Door of the Inn at the ſame time we did; which, without much ado he beat down, and gave us admittance at the Breach.

As ſoon as ever we had entered our Chamber, I went to Bed, and having made ſo plentiful a Supper, and burning with Deſire, I wholly gave myſelf up to Pleaſure.

Who can the charms of that bleſt Night declare,
How ſoft, ye Gods, our warm Embraces were!
Our wanton Limbs like curling Ivy twin'd,
And both our Bodies and our Souls were join'd.
Farewel the World! the Gods would ceaſe to live,
If Joys like theſe they might in death receive.

But

But these Dreams of Satisfaction quickly vanish'd, and I immediately found to my cost, that I had no reason to hug my self in my pleasures; *Ascyltos*, naturally prone to Mischief, perceiving me Drunk, and unable to secure my Prize, stole the Boy out of my Bed, and convey'd him to his own, and there revell'd in Joys he had no Title to: *Gitto*, either insensible of the Change put upon him, or cunningly dissembling it, slept unconcern'd at and unmindful of the Vows he had made to the contrary. Rising therefore in the Morning, and finding out the Trick impos'd upon me, by all that's good, I had a strong Inclination to have run them thro' both together, and to have made their Sleep eternal, by sending them into the other World; but cooler Thoughts taking place, I wak'd my Friend *Gitto* with a good drubbing; and looking sternly on *Ascyltos*, Since you have play'd the Villain, said I, and broke the common Laws of Friendship, pack up your Matters quickly, and find out another Comrade to abuse.

Ascyltos consented, and after we had made an exact division of our Booty; Now, says he, let's share the Boy too: I believ'd it a Jest at parting, but he, with a murderous Resolution, drew his Sword; Nor shall you, added he, think to ingross this Prize, which should, like the rest, be common to us both: I must have my share of him, in case you refuse me, I am resolv'd to take my Dividend no other way but with my Sword. Upon

which I alſo drew my Sword, and wrapping my Gown about my Arm, ſtood ready to engage.

The unhappy Boy ruſh'd between, and, kiſſing both our Knees, with Tears entreated, that we would not expoſe our ſelves in a pittiful Ale-houſe, nor with our Blood pollute our mutual Vows and Obligations: But, raiſing his Voice, ſays he, If there muſt be Murder, behold my naked Boſom, hither direct your Fury: 'Tis I deſerve Death, who violated the ſacred Laws of Friendſhip.

Upon which we ſheath'd our Swords; and *Aſcyltos* firſt began; ſays he, I'll put an end to this difference: Let the Boy himſelf follow whom he pleaſes, and enjoy a perfect liberty in the choice of his Friend and Companion.

I that preſum'd my long Acquaintance with the Boy had made no ſlight Impreſſions on his Nature, was ſo far from fearing any thing from this Project, that I catch'd at the Propoſal; but I had no ſooner given my conſent to decide our Contention in the manner *Aſcyltos* had offer'd, and to make the Boy the Umpire of our Strife, but *Gitto* jumpt up, and, without the leaſt heſitation, determin'd the Affair in favour of *Aſcyltos*.

I, like one Thunder-ſtruck at the ſentence, void of Defence, fell flat upon the Bed; nor had I ſurviv'd the Loſs, if Envy had not put a ſtop to my Reſolution.

Aſcyltos

Aſcyltos proud of the Conqueſt, goes off with the Prize, leaving me expos'd in a ſtrange place, to the inſults of Fortune, whom a little before he had careſs'd as a Friend and Partner of his Adventures.

The Gods with Friendſhip ſeldom Mortals bleſs,
That Sacred Good in Fancy we poſſeſs.
Our eaſy Faith falſe Men with Oaths beguile;
When Fortune frowns the Perjur'd ceaſe to ſmile.
The good and wretched, Men nor Gods defend;
But poorly fawn, and ſtill the Rich commend.
Thus when the Audience bids the Play begin,
And the laſt Flouriſh calls the Actors in;
With tender Words, and with diſſembling Art,
This plays a Lover's, that a Father's Part.
The Aged Sire with fond Paternal Care,
Affects his Son as he purſues the Fair.
But when, at length, the unctious Lamps expire
And the Spectators from the Play retire,
Each to his natural Inclination turns,
The Father doats not nor the Lover burns.

I durſt not indulge my Grief any longer in that place, for fear, amongſt the reſt of my Misfortunes, one *Menelaus* a School-maſter, might find me alone in the Inn; I therefore

tyed up my Snapſack, and, in a Penſive condition betook my ſelf to a Retirement near the Sea-ſide; where, when I had been mew'd up three Days, reflecting on my deſpicable Circumſtances, I beat my Breaſt, as ſick as it was, and, when my deep Sighs wou'd ſuffer me, often cry'd out, Why has not the Earth ſwallow'd me alive? Why has not the Sea overwhelm'd me? I have been a Murderer; I have debauch'd the Wife of *Lycas*; I have fled from Juſtice; and even eſcap'd when I was condemn'd to be hang'd; but to what purpoſe? To be an Exile in a ſtrange Country, to have my Name recorded only amongſt Beggars and Vagabonds: And who condemn'd me to this Solitude? --- A Boy! a Proſtitute to all manner of Luſt; who, by his own confeſſion, deſerves to die; who rais'd himſelf by his Lewdneſs, and by the ſame Crime obtain'd his Liberty; who was Married, as a Girl, by one of his own Sex: And what a Wretch is that other, O ye Gods! who no ſooner arriv'd to be a Man, but, perſwaded by his Mother, he chang'd himſelf into a Woman, and aſſuming the Habit of a Servant-maid, took Service in, and did the drudgery of a Priſon; who having ſpent his own Paternal Fortune, and chang'd the Scene of his Luſt (O horrid Impudence!) like a hot Whore, for one poor Night's Pleaſure, ſold his Friend. Now the Lovers lie whole Nights lock'd in each others Arms, and who knows but, in the intervals of their Crimes, they may laugh at me, and the ſolitude I am

in:

in: But they ſhan't go off ſo, for as I am a Man, free born, and generouſly bred, I'll make their Blood to expiate the Injury.

Having ſaid thus, I girt my Sword about me; and leſt I ſhould be too weak to maintain the War, I encourag'd my ſelf with a luſty Meal, and making out of doors, like one poſſeſt, ſearch'd every place: But whilſt, with a wild diſtracted Countenance, I thought of nothing but Blood and Slaughter, and oft with Execrations laid my Hand upon my Sword, a Soldier, or perhaps ſome Sharper or Foot-pad, obſerv'd me, and making up to me, ſaid, Brother Soldier, to what Regiment and Company do you belong? With a great deal of Impudence I nam'd him both the Batalion and Company in which I pretended to ſerve: My Aſſurance had near induc'd him to believe the Lye, when looking down, But Friend, ſaid he, do the Soldiers of your Company walk in ſuch Shoes? I began to look guilty, and, by my trembling, diſcover'd the Untruth I had told him; upon which he oblig'd me to lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of my ſelf. Thus robb'd both of my Weapons and Revenge, I return'd to my Lodging, where, by degrees, my Rage abating, I began in my Mind to thank the Robber.

But finding it difficult to wean my ſelf from the love of Revenge, I ſpent half the Night very penſively; and riſing by Day-break, I rov'd about every where to eaſe my ſelf of my Grief, and to make me forget the

the thoughts of the Injury I had receiv'd, till at laſt going into a publick Gallery, very wonderful for ſeveral ſorts of excellent Painting; I ſaw ſome pieces by *Zeuxy*'s Hand, that had not yet yielded to the Injuries of Time: And not without an awful Reverence conſider'd others done by *Protogenes*, which tho' they were his firſt Trials, yet diſputed for exactneſs even with Nature itſelf: But on the other ſide viewing a celebrated Piece drawn by *Apelles*, I even ador'd the Work of ſo great a Maſter: 'Twas ſo correctly finiſh'd, and ſo much to the Life, you'd have ſworn it a Picture of the Soul too. One ſide related the Story of the Eagle bearing *Jupiter* to Heaven; the other, that of the fair *Hylas* repelling the Addreſſes of a laſcivious *Naiad:* In another part was *Apollo*, angry with himſelf for killing his Boy *Hyacinthus*, and to ſhew his love to the deceaſed, he crown'd his Harp with the Flower that ſprung from his Blood.

Tho' I was amongſt theſe Painted Lovers, yet thinking myſelf alone, I burſt out; And are the Gods themſelves not ſecure from Love? *Jupiter* in his Heavenly Seraglio not finding one that can pleaſe his Appetite, deſcends to, and ſins upon Earth, yet injures no body: The Nymph would have ſtifled her Paſſion for *Hylas*, had ſhe believ'd the mighty *Hercules*, wou'd have forbid the Banes: *Apollo* changes *Hyacinthus* into a Flower; and the Artiſt made every Deity enjoy his Wiſhes without a Rival; but I have careſs'd, as the deareſt Friend, the greateſt Villain.

While

While I was thus talking to my ſelf, there enter'd the Gallery an old Man, with a Face as pale as Age had made his Hair; he ſeem'd, I know not how, to bring with him the Ayre of a great Soul; but viewing his contemptible Dreſs and Habit, by that very token I immediately concluded him in the number of thoſe Learned Men to whom Rich Men have a mortal Averſion, and to whoſe Labours Fortune is ſeldom Favourable. In ſhort, he made up to me, and addreſſing himſelf, told me he was a Poet, and, as he hop'd, ſuch a one who could pretend to ſome Excellencies above the vulgar Rank; if my Merit, added he, don't ſuffer by that Applauſe that's promiſcuouſly given to the good and bad.

How therefore, interrupted I, are you ſo meanly clad? On this reaſon, return'd he, Becauſe Learning never made any Man Rich.

Returning Sails the happy Merchant bleſs,
And flowing Bowls ſmiles on his rich Succeſs.
The duſty Plain, and cruel purple Field,
Does to the Brave a wealthy Harveſt yield.
The Clergy thrives, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fattens with the Spoils of War.
To ſervile Paraſites we Altars raiſe,
And the kind Wife her vigorous Lover pays:

But

But ſtarving Wit in Rags takes barren Pain,
And dying ſeeks the Muſes Aid in vain.

'Tis certain, added he, that a Lover of Virtue, on the account of his ſingularity, meets with Contempt; for who can approve what differs from himſelf? And thoſe that admire Riches wou'd fain poſſeſs every body, that nothing is more reaſonable than their Opinion; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the Learned few, that the World may imagine, even theſe judicious Perſons are as great Slaves to Gold, and equally deſirous of Money as themſelves.

'I don't know how Learning and Poverty 'become Relations, ſaid I, and ſigh'd. *You juſtly lament*, return'd he, *the condition of Scholars.*

'You miſtake me, ſaid I, that's not the 'occaſion of my Sighs, there's another, and 'much greater Cauſe: And, as all Men are 'naturally inclin'd to communicate their 'Grief, I laid open my Caſe to him, be-'ginning with *Aſcyltos*'s Treachery, which 'I aggravated; and, with repeated Sighs, 'often wiſh'd the Perſon who had injur'd me 'had been capable of imploring or meriting 'my Pardon; but he had no ſuch Thoughts, 'he was a hardned Villain, and in Luſt more 'ſubtil than a Carted Bawd.

The Old Man believing me ſincere, began to comfort me; and the better to effect it, told me what formerly had happen'd to himſelf on the like occaſion.

When

When I was in *Aſia*, began he, and concern'd in the Publick Revenue, I lodg'd at the Houſe of one *Pergamus*, where the Entertainment did not tempt me to ſtay ſo much, as a very beautiful young Girl I ſaw there, Daughter to the Maſter of the Houſe: My Contrivance was, to act the Lover unſuſpected by her Father; and to effect my Wiſhes I us'd this Method: Whenever in Mirth we happen'd to diſcourſe of Intrigues, or private Amours, I diſſembled ſuch a ſtrong averſion to the Ladies, and pretended my Modeſty ſuffer'd ſo much by the recital of ſuch Gallantries, that the Mother of the young Virgin look'd upon me as a Philoſopher above the ſenſual Pleaſures of the World. Upon this, I was deſir'd to be Tutor of the pretty Lady, not only to inſtruct her in a method of Study, but alſo to repleniſh her Mind with Principles of Honour and Virtue.

The Charge I had over her Perſon and Studies, authoriz'd my coming into her Bed-Chamber, at ſuch times as were convenient for her Inſtructions. It happen'd that an extraordinary Feſtival was ſolemniz'd in the Neighbourhood, where both the Father, Mother, and the greateſt part of the Family were preſent; I took the occaſion which Fortune preſented me with, and went to her Apartment, where I found her upon her Bed, rather pretending to ſleep than ſleeping; in a very agreeable diſorder, the blushing Colour in her Cheeks augmented her Beauty, and

tho'

tho' her Eyes were ſhut, I felt their piercing Influence in my Soul, addreſſing my ſelf therefore to *Venus*; Queen of ſoft Deſires, whiſper'd I, Could I have the happineſs to kiſs the lovely Virgin, and ſhe not know it? to morrow I'll preſent her with a pair of Turtles. Hearing the Reward, ſhe began to ſleep more profoundly than before; whereupon I greedily ſeiz'd my Wiſhes: Satisfy'd with this beginning, I ſtopt there, and early the next Morning perform'd my promiſe.

The Feſtival continued, and the following Day permitted me the ſame, or a greater, liberty than I had taken in the former; when advancing in my Wiſhes, And if I might diſcover, ſaid I, the lovely Breaſts of my pretty Scholar, I'll have a brace of Peacocks the faireſt in all *Aſia* at her Service: At this the Maid turn'd about, and gave me the opportunity of touching two ſnowy Hills, whiter than the *Alps*, or *Apennines*; I bought the Peacocks, and, like a Man of Honour, perform'd my Word. The third Morning was now arriv'd, and the Family ſtill entertain'd themſelves in Diverſions ſacred to the Gods, I had the like acceſs, and found my Miſtreſs as faſt aſleep as ſhe was the preceeding Days; her Conduct inſpir'd me with Courage, and, approaching her Ear, Ye Gods, ſaid I, could I now ſeize that Joy entire, which neither can nor ought to be expreſt, to morrow ſhall make the Charmer Miſtriſs of a Diamond worth five Hundred Crowns; upon which ſhe diſſembled to ſleep on.

Wild

Wild to enjoy, I preſt to her and receiv'd a ſatisfaction that bounded all my Wiſhes. You may imagine, that Turtles and Peacocks were eaſier to be bought than ſo fine a Diamond; beſides, I thought it Imprudence to alarm the old People, by preſenting their Daughter ſo conſiderably, who might reaſonably conjecture, I ſhould hardly have put my ſelf to ſo much charge without expectation of a ſuitable Return. I therefore wav'd my Promiſe, and return'd to my Miſtreſs's Chamber without the Jewel ſhe expected; I enter'd the Room, and without more Ceremonies, ſhe threw her Arms about my Neck; And, I beſeech you, Sir, where's the Diamond?

'The difficulty of getting a fine one, re-'turn'd I, made me defer my Promiſe, but 'in a few Days I'll be as good as my Word. The Girl well knew the meaning of my delay, and by her Countenance betray'd her Reſentment.

This breach of my Word put a ſtop to our Commerce, but Fortune ſet us right again; for not many Days after, another Feſtival gave me the ſame Priviledge I had at firſt: When I found her faſt aſleep, I began to deſire her to be Friends with me, that is, that ſhe would grant me the Favours ſhe had for ſome time kept from me; ſhe, perfectly angry, return'd no other Anſwer, than, If you won't be ſtill I'll raiſe the Family; but Love forces thro' all difficulties; tho' ſhe was ſaying, I'll raiſe the Family, I ruſht upon her,

and

and, meeting with a faint Reſiſtance, ſeiz'd the Joy I long'd for. She was not diſpleas'd with my Attempt, but after a long complaint that ſhe was cheated, laugh'd at, and ſhould be abus'd among her Play-fellows, whom ſhe had poſſeſt with an Opinion of my being very Rich, ſince I had promiſed her ſo fine a Diamond; To ſhew you, added ſhe, that you ſhan't meet with the ſame Ingratitude from me, if you have Inclinations to repeat your Wiſhes, do it freely: I, laying aſide all Quarrels, was eaſily Friends with her, and having us'd the liberty ſhe gave me, fell faſt aſleep upon her Bed: But ſhe that was now in her prime, and fit for Action, not ſatisfy'd, raiſing me aſk'd, Whether I would have any more? It was yet no troubleſome Province to me; and when her Wearineſs confeſs'd her ſatisfy'd, I fell aſleep again. 'Twas hardly an hour e're ſhe was puſhing me with her Elbow, and crying, We loſe time: I flew in a great Paſſion to be ſo often diſturb'd, and turn'd her own Words upon her, Lye ſtill, or I'll raiſe the Family.

This Diſcourſe amuſing my Grief, I began to queſtion the old Gentleman about the Antiquity of ſome Figures there repreſented, and the Stories of ſome others I was not acquainted with; what might be the reaſon why the preſent Age did not arrive to the Excellency of Learning of the Preceeding ones; why the moſt excellent Arts were loſt, of which Painting had not the leaſt Figure or Mark of its firſt Beauty and Complexion: Our love

of

of Riches, reply'd he, has been the only root of this, and moſt other Evils; for in old time, when Virtue was more admir'd for its own ſake, all liberal Arts flouriſh'd, and the only Emulation among Men, was to make diſcoveries that might Profit Mankind. 'Twas in thoſe times *Democritus*, not deſpiſing an ingenious and inquiſitive Poverty, found out the Vertue of moſt Herbs; and, leſt there might be any Excellence in Stones and Trees, unknown to the Age he liv'd in, ſpent the reſt of his Life in Experiments about them. 'Twas then *Eudoxus* abandon'd the World, to live on the top of a high Mountain, to diſcover the motions of the Heavens; and *Cryſippus*, the better to qualify his Mind for Invention, went thrice through a Courſe of Phyſick.

But to return to Statuary, *Lyſippus* with that diligence employ'd himſelf about one Figure, that, neglecting to earn Bread, he was ſtarv'd for want of meer Neceſſaries; and *Myron*, whoſe brazen Images of Men and Beaſts, you might have miſtaken for living ones, dy'd very Poor. But our Age is ſo wholly devoted to Lewdneſs, that we are ſo far from inventing, we even refuſe to ſtudy thoſe Arts which are already found out to our hands: All the buſineſs of our Schools is to fall foul upon the Ancients, and whilſt we declaim at their Methods, our Academies are become Seminaries of Vice only: What's our Logick? How little do we know of Aſtronomy? Where's our Philoſophy? What

Maſter of Eloquence could endure to hear it ſo murder'd as it is in a Pulpit? Who now comes to Church to pray for Wiſdom, Health, or Moderation; we enter the ſacred Houſes of the Gods with wild unaccountable Deſires, and the Petitions we make to Heaven are as fooliſh and extravagant; one ardently prays to ſucceed his Friend both in his Bed and Eſtate; another promiſes a Sacrifice to the Gods, if they'd be pleas'd to take a troubleſome Father out of this wicked World: A third, if they'd direct him to a Treaſure: A fourth Spark begs the favour of the Immortals, that they would oblige him with an Eſtate of 500 *l. per Ann.* or ſo, which a Neighbour of his enjoys, and that the Owner of it may hang or drown himſelf with all convenient expedition: The very Senate that ſhould ſhew an exemplary Conduct in Occaſions of great Emergencies, have devoted mighty Summs of Gold to Religious Uſes: It appears therefore but reaſonable for Mortals to be avaritious of Money, which can charm and make flexible even the Gods themſelves! You need not wonder why Painting is loſt, when Gold appears more beautiful both above and below, than any thing *Apelles* or *Phydias* madly fool'd away their time about: But ſeeing your Curioſity is wholly taken up in that Piece, that ſhews you a contracted Hiſtory of the Siege of *Troy*, I'll try to give you the Story more at large in Verſe.

Now

Now twice five Years the Argive *Youth in vain*
Contending, fought on Ilium's *dusty Plain,*
The Wars success, by Jove's *high Will conceal'd,*
No God, or Prophet, to the Greeks *reveal'd.*
Cryses, *in vain, on the resounding Shore,*
Did Power Marine religiously implore.
Confusion, Sorrow, Care, and Panick Fear,
Did on each Face in gloomy looks appear:
When thus Apollo, *like* Laerte's *Son,* (won.
Shew'd how Troy's *Walls might by Surprize be*
Fogetting quite great Hector's *generous Shade,*
And Towers, whose stones immortal builders laid,
Refulgent Beams did round his Temples shine,
And every Accent spoke a Power divine.
Dear to the Gods, proud Ida's *Rising Hill:*
Prodigious Pines, and mighty Cedars fill; (force
The stubborn Trees from their lov'd Mountains
And with the Timber frame a wooden Horse,
As large as those which thro' Heaven's Regions
And draw the weighty Chariot of the Sun. (run,
Fallacious Doors cut in the wounded side,
And in its Caverns your Batalians hide.

The Greeks *obey, and nodding Cedars feel*
The glittering Edge of their laborious ſteel.
With theſe the Argives *build a vaſt Machine,*
And plac'd the Fraud near bright Scamander's (*Green.*
With eager haſte th'impatient Squadrons march,
And hide themſelves in the capacious Arch:
By means ungenerous, aiming to deſtroy
The gilded Temples of unguarded Troy.
What cruel Fate unhappy Ilium *rul'd,*
By Grecian *Art amuz'd, by* Synon *fool'd.*
The Trojans *hop'd, and that Deluder ſwore*
The hoſtile Fleet had left rich Aſia's *Shore.*
Near Ida's *Tomb upon the bloody Plain,*
Where Gods were wounded, and Pelides *ſlain;*
Now free from Mars, *and Wars ungrateful Broils,*
The Phrygians *walk'd, recounting late their toils.*
All view'd the Horſe ——
So pleas'd they wept: thus even our cares and fears
When Joy ſurprizes melt away in Tears.
Enrag'd Laocoon, *with Prophetick Fires,*
To wound the Horſe the wond'ring crowd inſpires.
Invoking Heaven he drew his ſacred Blade,
Began the War and the firſt Onſet made.

Some

Some Power unſeen the dreadful Blow repell'd,
Which might a Pine, or lofty Cedar fell'd.
A ſecond time he try'd his mighty force,
And pierc'd the dire Receſſes of the Horſe:
Its wounded Sides, and gloomy Caverns groan,
And tremble at the Danger, not their own.
All ſtood concern'd ——
When far at Sea, two fiery Snakes appear,
And o'er the Surge their gilded Bellies rear.
Like lofty Ships on the green Waves they ride,
And with their Breaſts the foaming Surge divide.
Their golden Creſts with gaudy horror blaze,
Burn ſporting Fiſh, and Gods marine amaze.
Affrighted Neptune *ſhuns the odd Surprize,*
And to the Beach, and Ouzie Harbour flies.
The Monſters land ——
And toward the crowd with humble heads deſcend
Then riſe again, and circularly bend:
Straight round the Horſe in glittering Orbs they (rol'd,
And Ilium's *Fall in dreadful Hiſſings told.*
Laocoon's *Sons the horrid Object view'd,*
Fearleſs of Fate, the unhappy Youths purſu'd.
Safe in their Father's Probity and Truth,
Secur'd by childiſh Innocence and Youth:

Yet these the Snakes and guilty Gods assail,
And o'er the Boys with impious force prevail:
Their little Hands for Aid, to Heaven they rear;
Each for his Brother feels unusual Fear:
And when the strict Embraces stopt their Breath,
They shew'd fraternal Piety in Death.
Their mournful Father with a Parents care,
Hastes to revenge that Fate he's doom'd to share.
To kill the Sire the Snakes their Forces bend;
Nor does Minerva *her own Priest defend.*
The horrid Omens deep impressions made;
All vote the Horse should be to Troy *convey'd.*
Their Bastions flat the hasty Dardans *beat,*
Aiding the Grecian's *Fraud, and* Synon's *Cheat.*
Now Night perswaded Gods and Men to rest;
And Sleep and Wine in cautious Troy *oppress;*
When from the open'd Caverns of the Horse,
Pyrrhus *leaps out, and draws the* Grecian *Force.*
Broke from their Prison, and discharg'd from dread,
The glittering Troop with wanton motions tread.
The Courser thus, when broke his Reins he feels,
Bounds on the Plain and tries his active Heels.

They

The
SIEGE
of
TROY

They draw their Swords, and ſhake their brazen Shields,
Which caſt bright horror on the duſky Fields.
Buried in Wine part on the Trojans *light,*
And ſtretch their ſleep to one eternal Night.
Some others make the Phrygian *Altars ſmoke,*
And againſt Troy, *the* Trojan *Gods invoke.*

When *Eumolpus* had gone thus far in his Poetical Harangue, the People that were walking there, began to fling Stones at him: But he, conſcious of his Merit, cover'd his Head, and ran away as faſt as he could: Fearful leſt they ſhould have taken me for a Poet too, I made after him: As ſoon as we had ſecur'd our ſelves out of Stone-ſhot, I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I, what will you do with this Diſeaſe of yours? I don't wonder at the Peoples humour, ſince I have hardly been acquainted with you two Hours, and your Entertainment has had more Poetry in it than the Converſation of a Man. I think I muſt fill my Pocket with Stones, that when I perceive you going into your Fit, I may bleed you in the Head with one of 'em.

He turn'd to me, and, Dear Child, ſaid he, I roſe to Day without conſulting my Fortune; tho', 'tis confeſt, I ſeldom appear even upon the Stage, but it treats me after the ſame manner: But that I may not be at difference with you too, I'll tye my

ſelf up from this humour of Poetry: Well, well, ſaid I, on that condition I Sup with you; upon which, going into the poor Cottage I lodg'd at, we order'd the Maſter of the Houſe to get us a Supper, and in the mean time we went to the Bagnio, where I ſaw *Gito* leaning againſt the Wall, with Towels and Rubbing-bruſhes in his hand; his dejected Countenance eaſily convinc'd me he ſerv'd on Compulſion. As ſoon as he ſaw me, addreſſing himſelf in an humble manner, he told me, That now he could freely ſpeak to me his Mind, ſince I was no longer in ſuch a martial Poſture as oblig'd him to bely his Affections, and to hide the true Sentiments of his Soul: Afterwards he entreated me to have Compaſſion on his Circumſtances, and to deliver him from the Cruelty of ſo barbarous a Maſter. He acknowledg'd himſelf ſorry for the deciſion he was oblig'd to make againſt his own Inclinations; that I might take my own ſatisfaction in puniſhing him after what way I pleas'd, for, added he, If I muſt die, 'twill be comfort enough to ſo unhappy a Wretch, to think that you are pleas'd in't.

I deſir'd him not to make a noiſe with his Complaints, leſt our Deſign ſhould be diſcover'd; and leaving *Eumolpus*, who was verſifying in the Bath, we ſcower'd off thro' a dirty Back-entry, as privately as we could, to my Lodgings: Where, ſhutting the Door, I threw my Arms about his Neck, and, tho' he was all in Tears, half ſmother'd him with Kiſſes;

Kiſſes: Thus we continued in a mutual Silence; *Gito*'s repeated Sobs ſo diſturb'd him, he could not ſpeak: When after a long time ſpent in that poſture, How unaccountable is it, began I, to love him that once forſook me: And that in this Breaſt I ſhould feel ſo great a Wound, yet have no ſign of its being there! What's your pretence for chuſing *Aſcyltos*? Have I deſerv'd ſuch uſage?

You ſee I make no other Perſon the Judge, Whoſe love was greateſt, yours or mine? But I've done my Complaints, and deſign to forget my Injuries, if I find you ſincere.

I could not tell him this without falling into Tears. When, wiping his Face, ſays he, *Eucolpius*, I appeal to your Memory, whether I left you, or you betray'd me: I muſt confeſs, and hope you won't blame me for it, when I ſaw two at Daggers-drawing, I went over to the ſtrongeſt.

I could not but admire his Wit, and to convince him of a perfect Reconciliation, ſeal'd it with repeated Kiſſes.

'Twas now quite dark, and our Supper was diſhing up, when *Eumolpus* knock'd at the Door: I aſk'd who was there? and took an opportunity thro' a Chink, to ſee whether *Aſcyltos* was with him; but finding him alone, I ſoon open'd the Door; He had hardly ſeated himſelf on his Couch, when ſeeing *Gito* in waiting, On my word, ſaid he, a very *Ganymede* indeed, ſure *Eucolpius*, you have no reaſon to complain to Day.

I did not like a beginning which had ſo much of Curioſity, and was afraid I had entertain'd another *Ascyltos*. *Eumolpus* purſuing his Humour, when the Boy fill'd him a Glaſs, I had rather, ſaid he, be in poſſeſſion of thee, than the whole Bagnio; and greedily drinking it off, the Heat I've been in, added he, made this the pleaſanteſt Draught I ever took. For, to deal freely with you, I narrowly 'ſcap'd a beating when I was in the Bath, for attempting to deliver my Thoughts of it in Verſe: And after I was turn'd out of the Bagnio, as I us'd to be out of the Theatre, I ſearch'd every place, crying, as loud as I cou'd, *Eucolpius*, *Eucolpius:* A naked Youth that had loſt his Cloaths, as ſtrongly eccho'd back to me, *Gito*, *Gito:* The Boys, believing me mad, hooted at me: But the other was attended with a great concourſe of People, that with an awful Admiration prais'd the Youth: For Nature had ſo largely qualify'd him for a Lover, that his Body ſeem'd leſs than a part that depended on it: A luſtly Rogue! I'll warrant he'll maintain the Field four and twenty Hours: He therefore ſoon found relief; for a debauch'd Spark, a *Roman* Knight, as was reported, flung his Cloak over him, and took him home, with hopes, I preſume, to engroſs ſo great a Prize: But I was ſo far from meeting ſuch Civility, that even my own Cloaths were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me, to ſatisfy 'em in my Character: So much more advantageous is

it

it to be beautiful in our Perſons, than accompliſh'd in our Minds.

Whilſt *Eumolpus* was telling his Story, I often chang'd Countenance, looking pleaſantly or troubled, according as my Rival met with good Fortune or Diſpleaſure: I ſuffer'd the old Gentleman to proceed without interruption, leſt he ſhould diſcover my Concern; and when he had concluded his Story, I told him what we had for Supper.

I had hardly given him an account, e're our Entertainment came in: 'Twas ordinary homely Fare, but very nouriſhing: Our half-ſtarv'd Doctor attack'd it very briſkly, but when he had well fill'd his Belly, he began to tell us, Philoſophers were above the World, and ridicul'd thoſe that condemn every thing, becauſe 'tis common, and only admire thoſe things that are difficult to be had: Theſe vicious Appetites, added he, that deſpiſe what they can cheaply come by, never have no true taſte of any thing, but, like ſick Men, love thoſe things that are obnoxious to their Health.

Things got with Pain and Difficulty's rare,
Indulge our Fancies, and oblige the Fair:
We ſcorn the Wealth our happy Iſle brings forth,
But love whatever is of foreign growth:
Not that the Fiſh the Po, *or* Tyber *breeds,*
Do thoſe excel which chaſt Sabrina *feeds.*

Not

Not Tyrian *Gods in nobler Purple ſhine,*
Or ſhew a Dye rich as [Auguſta] *thine.*
Nor can the Flocks which breathe th' Iberian *Air,*
With Eſham's *Vale, for fleecy Sheep compare.*
But theſe are cheaply got ——
Whilſt moving Plains and rough tempeſt'ous Seas,
Make the dear-bought and far-fetch'd Follies (*pleaſe.*
Thus the lewd Spark, blind to domeſtick Charms,
Flies to a Miſtreſſes polluted Arms:
The Fair enjoy'd, his wanton Paſſion dies;
Pleas'd with the coy and fond of her that flies.

Is this, ſaid I, interrupting him, conſiſtent with the Promiſe you made me not to verſify any more to day? I beſeech you, Sir, at leaſt ſpare us, that never pelted you: For if any of the Inn ſhould find we have a Poet in our Company, the whole neighbourhood would be rais'd, and we ſhould die Martyrs for Company: If nothing elſe will make you pity us, think of the Gallery and Bath you came from. When I had treated him after this rate, the good natur'd *Gito*, correcting me, ſaid, I did very ill to reflect upon a Man ſo much elder than my ſelf; and that having offer'd a Gentleman the Courteſie of my Table, I ſhou'd not ſo far forget good Breeding, to affront him when he came: With many the

the like Expreſſions, attended with a Bluſh at their Delivery, that extremely became him.

Happy the Woman, ſaid *Eumolpus*, that's bleſt with ſuch a Son! The Gods encreaſe your Virtue; ſo much Senſe, and ſo much Beauty we ſeldom meet with in any one Perſon: But leſt you ſhould think your Civility thrown away, you have found a Lover for it; I'll make your Praiſes the Subject of my Verſe; I'll be both your Inſtructor and your Guardian; I'll follow all your Motions: Nor can *Eucolpius* think himſelf injur'd, he loves another.

Eumolpus was oblig'd to the Soldier who had ſtole my Sword, otherwiſe he had felt my Revenge, which was at firſt deſign'd for *Aſcyltos: Gito* reading my Anger in my Countenance, under pretence of fetching Water, prudently withdrew; and allay'd my Heat, by removing one Cauſe of it: But my Rage reviving, *Eumolpus*, ſaid I, I had rather you had plagu'd me with your Verſes, and omitted your making Love; 'tis improbable you and I ſhould agree, you are very Lewd, and I am very Paſſionate: Believe therefore I am Mad, and humour the Frenzy; that is, be gone immediately.

At this *Eumolpus* was in great Confuſion, and, without aſking the Occaſion of my Anger, preſently made out of the Room, pulling the Door after him, he lock'd me in, when I leaſt ſuſpected it, and ſtealing the Key out of the Key-hole, run in purſuit of *Gito*.

The

The Rage I was in to be ſo abus'd, put me upon hanging my ſelf; and having ty'd an Apron I found in the Room to the Bed-ſtead, I committed my Neck to the fatal Nooſe I had made with its Strings: When *Eumolpus* and *Gito* came to the Door, and entering, prevented my Deſign: *Gito*'s Grief growing to a Rage, made a great out-cry, and throwing me on the Bed, You're miſtaken, ſaid he, *Eucolpius*, if you fancy it poſſible for you to die before me: I was firſt in the Deſign, and had not ſurviv'd my choice of *Aſcyltos*, if I had met with an Inſtrument of Death: But had not you come to my relief in the Bath, I had reſolved to throw my ſelf out of the Window: And that you may know Death is always ready to wait on thoſe that deſire it, ſee I have it in my Power to Die, and am going to end my Life in the ſame manner you was about to finiſh yours.

Upon which, having ſnatch'd a Razor from *Eumolpus*'s Servant, he cut three or four times at his Throat, and fell down before us; frighted at the Accident, I cry'd out, and falling upon him him e're he had reach'd the Ground, with the ſame endeavour'd to follow him: But neither had *Gito* any appearance of a Wound, nor did I feel my ſelf hurt: For it happen'd to be a Dull Razor, made Blunt on purpoſe to prepare Barbers 'Prentices to handle a ſharper; which was the reaſon *Eumolpus* did not offer to prevent our mimicking that Death. Nor was his Man in any ſurprize when the Razor was ſnatch'd from him.

While

While this Scene was acting, the Inn-keeper brought us up the other part of our Supper; and viewing the ridiculous Posture we were in, I beseech you, Sirs, said he, are ye Drunk, or have you fled from Justice, and are acting it on your selves, or both? And, pray who was going to make a Gallous of my Bed? What's the meaning of these Tricks? I suppose you intend to bilk me of my Reckoning, but you shall smart for it; I'll soon make you sensible who is Master of the House.

What, you Rascal, cries *Eumolpus*, do you threaten? And, without more ado, flung his Fist in his Face: The Innkeeper took up an Earthen Pitcher we so oft had emptied, and throwing it at *Eumolpus*, broke his Forehead, and immediately ran down Stairs: *Eumolpus*, impatient of Revenge, snatching up a great wooden Candlestick, pursued him, and pouring his Blows very thick on the Innkeeper, reveng'd the Injury he had receiv'd with Interest: This put the whole House in an Uproar; the several Companies in the Inn by this time had got Drunk, and reel'd out in confusion, too see what was the matter: During this Skirmish, having got an Opportunity of Revenge I lock'd the Door upon *Eumolpus*; and having us'd him as he us'd me, enjoy'd both Bed and Board without a Rival.

In the mean time the Neighbours, (that came in at the Bustle) and Cooks, with all their Kitching Artillery, set upon *Eumolpus*: One throws at his Head a hot Spit, with

a

a Leg of Mutton upon't; another with a Chopping-knife put himſelf in Martial poſture; but above all the Combatants, a bleareyed old Woman was the moſt remarkable, who tucking up a a ragged blue Apron, with one Shoe off, and another on, lug'd a great Maſtiff into the Field of Battle, and ſet him at *Eumolpus*; who, with his wooden Candleſtick, defended himſelf valiantly againſt all his Enemies.

We ſaw all the Paſſages thro' a Hole that had been made by wrenching the Latch from the Door: How well I wiſh'd him, you may eaſily imagine; but *Gito* had compaſſion, and would have ſuccour'd the diſtreſt *Eumolpus*; upon which, my Anger being ſtill up, I gave the merciful Coxcomb two or three Boxes; he retired to the Bed, and fell a crying; but I lookt eagerly thro' the Door, encouraging the Mob to perſiſt in aſſaulting *Eumolpus*, and fed myſelf with the pleaſing Spectacle of his Misfortunes: When the Governour of the Iſland, one *Bargates*, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper, was brought into the Room, ſupported by the Legs of others, for he was ſo troubled with the Gout, he cou'd not uſe his own: And having in his aukward manner, with a great deal of Heat, made a long Harangue againſt Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking on *Eumolpus*, Ha! what is it you, ſays he, the Excellent Poet? What ----- has theſe Rogues been abuſing you all this while? And without more ado, up he goes to *Eumolpus*, and whiſper-

whiſpering, I have a Maid, ſays he, that jeers me when I aſk her the Queſtion; Prithee, if you have any love for me, Lampoon her into better Manners.

While *Eumolpus* was thus engag'd with *Bargates*, the Cryer of the Town and ſome other Officers, attended with a great Concourſe of People, enter'd the Inn; and ſhaking a ſmoaky Torch, mouths out to this effect, *viz.*

Not long ago ran away from the Bath, a very pretty Boy, with curl'd Hair, by Name Gito.

If any Man or Woman, in City or Country, can tell Tale or Tidings of him, they ſhall have for their Reward one hundred Crowns.

Not far from the Cryer ſtood *Aſcyltos*, very richly habited, who, to encourage any Diſcoverer ſhew'd the promis'd Reward in a Silver Charger.

Upon this I order'd *Gito* to ſteal under the Bed, and thruſt his Feet and Hands through the Cords; that, as *Ulyſſes* formerly hid himſelf in a Sheeep's-Skin, ſo extended he might cheat the Searchers.

Gito immediately obey'd the motion, and fixing himſelf as I directed, out-did *Ulyſſes* in his native Art: But, that I might leave no room for Suſpicion, I ſo diſpos'd the Bed-Cloaths, that none could believe any more than my ſelf had lain there.

We had juſt done when *Aſcyltos*, with a Beadle, having ſearch'd the other Chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, becauſe he found the Door cloſe barr'd: But the petty Officer he brought along with him, with an Iron Crow, forc'd it open.

Upon *Aſcyltos*'s Entry, I threw myſelf at his Feet, and intreated him, if he had any Memory of our paſt Friendſhip, or any reſpect for one that had ſhar'd Misfortunes with him, he wou'd, at leaſt, let me once more ſee *Gito*, who was ſtill dear to me: And to give my counterfeit Entreaties a better colour, I ſee, ſays I, *Aſcyltos*, you are come with a Deſign on my Life; for to what other end could you bring hither thoſe Miniſters of Juſtice? Therefore ſatisfy your Rage, behold my naked Boſom, let out that Blood which, under pretence of a Search, you come to ſeek.

Aſcyltos now laying aſide his old Grudge to me, profeſs'd he came in purſuit of nothing but *Gito*, who had run away from him; that he did not deſire the Death of any Man, much leſs of one who ſubmitted to his Mercy, and for whom, notwithſtanding former Quarrels, he had ſtill a great Kindneſs.

The Petty Officer put me to more Pain, for taking a Stick out of the Inn-keeper's Hand, he ſearch'd under the Bed with it, and run it into every hole he found in the Wall: *Gito* drew his Body out of the Stick's way, and, breathing as gently as Fear cou'd make him, held his Mouth cloſe to the Cords.

They

They were hardly gone e're *Eumolpus* bounc'd in upon us, (for the broken Door cou'd ſtop no body) and, in a great heat, cry'd out, I'll earn the Reward; I'll run after the Cryer, and let him know how he may get *Gito* into his Hands.

Eumolpus pretending to execute his deſign, I kiſs'd his Knees, and entreated him not to haſten the end of dying Men; You wou'd be juſtly angry, added I, if you ſhou'd diſcover to 'em how you are deceiv'd: The Boy run into the Crowd undiſcover'd, and where he is gone, I my ſelf don't know. I beſeech you, *Eumolpus*, bring back the Boy, or even reſtore him to *Aſcyltos*.

Juſt as I had work'd him to a Belief, *Gito* with reſtraining his Breath, ſneez'd thrice, ſo loudly, that he ſhook the Bed; at which *Eumolpus* turning about, ſaluted him with, *God bleſs you, Sir*; and, throwing off the Bedding, ſaw the little *Ulyſſes*; who might have rais'd Compaſſion even in a bloody *Cyclops*: Then looking upon me, Thou Villain, ſays he, how have you banter'd me? Durſt you not tell truth even when you was catch'd in your Roguery? If ſome God, that has the care of Humane Affairs, had not forc'd the Boy to diſcover himſelf, I had wander'd in ſearch of him to a fine purpoſe. But *Gito*, that cou'd fawn much better than I, took a Cobweb and apply'd it to the Wound in his Forehead, exchang'd his Mantle for the other's torn Coat, and both by his Embraces and Kindneſs, having heal'd his Wounds, and mitiga-

ted his Paſſion, he addreſt himſelf to *Eumolpus:* Our Lives, ſaid he, moſt indulgent Father, our Lives are in your Power; if you love your *Gito*, convince him that you do, by preſerving him: Oh! that I might periſh by Fire or Water; I that am the Cauſe of all theſe Diſſentions, my Death would put an end to your Quarrels, and reſtore you to each others Friendſhip.

Eumolpus concern'd at our Grief, and particularly mindful of *Gito*'s Tenderneſs to him; ſurely, ſays he, you are very indiſcreet, who have Souls enrich'd with Virtues, that may make you happy, yet live a continu'd Martyrdom, raiſing to your ſelves every Day new occaſions of Grief; I, wherever I am, make my Life as pleaſant and free from trouble, as if I expected no more of it: If you'll imitate me, never let Cares diſturb your Quiet. *Aſcyltos* haunts you here, avoid him by changing Climates, I am taking a Voyage to a foreign Country, and ſhou'd be glad of your Company: I believe to morrow Night I ſhall go on board the Veſſel: I am very well known there, and you need not doubt of a civil Entertainment.

His advice appear'd to be both wiſe and profitable; for at once it deliver'd me from *Aſcyltos*, and gave me hopes of living more happily than I had done: Thus oblig'd by *Eumolpus*'s good Nature, I was ſorry for the late Injury I had done him, and began to repent of my Jealouſie, ſince it had occaſion'd ſo many Diſaſters.

At

At last, with Tears, I beseech'd him to be Friends with me too, for that it was not in a Rival's Power to bound his Rage; yet, that I wou'd try neither to say, or do any thing that might give just reason of Offence: And hop'd so wise and good a Man as he, would absolutely blot from his remembrance all marks of our former Quarrels: For 'twas with Men as with Countries, on rude and neglected Grounds, Snows continue very long, but where the fruitful Earth was improv'd by Culture, they presently melt off, and glide away, and hardly leave the least Notices behind them: Thus rough and unpolish'd Minds can't discharge their Passions suddenly, but where Souls are enrich'd with Instruction, they but appear, and vanish.

Get your selves ready for a March, and, as you please, either follow or lead me; and, to confirm the truth of what you say, return'd *Eumolpus*, all my Heat expires in this Kiss.

He had not done speaking, when, hearing the Door move, we turn'd about, and saw a Seaman, with a Beard that made him appear terrible and grim: who saluted *Eumolpus* with a, Why d'ye stay, as if you did not know how soon we must be going.

All immediately prepare for the Journey, *Eumolpus* loads his Servant, who had been all this while asleep; I and *Gito* pack'd up our Things together, and, thanking our Stars, enter'd the Vessel.

We plac'd ourſelves as much out of the way as we could under-Deck; and it being not yet Day *Eumolpus* fell aſleep; I and *Gito* could not take a wink: When reflecting afreſh, that I had taken into my Acquaintance a Rival more powerful than *Aſcyltos*, I began to be much troubled; but wiſely allaying my Grief, I thus reaſon'd with my ſelf: Is it ſo troubleſome to ſhare what we love, when the beſt of Nature's Works are in common? The Sun diſpenſes his Rays on all. The Moon, with her infinite train of Stars, ſerves to light even Beaſts to their repoſe. What below can boaſt an Excellence of Nature above the Waters? Yet they flow in publick for the uſe of all: And Love ſeems ſweeter ſtol'n, than when it is freely imparted to us: So it is, we eſteem nothing unleſs 'tis envy'd by others; but what have I to fear in a Rival, that Age and Impotence conſpire to render diſagreeable? Who, when he has an Inclination, his Body jades under him before he can reach the end of his Race.

When I had cheated my ſelf with this Aſſurance, I muffled my Head in my Coat, and feign'd my ſelf aſleep: But on a ſudden, as if Fortune had reſolved to ruine my Quiet, I heard one above-deck groaning out; And has he ſcorn'd me? This ſtruck me with a trembling, for it was a Man's Voice, and one I was afraid I was but too well acquainted with, At a greater diſtance, yet with the ſame heat, I hear a Woman lamenting, O

that

that ſome God, ſaid ſhe, wou'd bring my *Gito* to my Arms; tho' he's baniſh'd thence, how kindly wou'd I receive him!

So unexpected an Accident turn'd us as pale as Death; for my part, I was a long time ſpeechleſs, as if I had been in a Trance; when trembling with Fear, I pull'd *Eumolpus* by the Coat, who was now aſleep; Upon your Honour, Father, ſaid I, who is the Owner of this Veſſel, and what Paſſengers has he on board? He was very angry to be diſturb'd: And was it for this Reaſon, ſaid he, we choſe the moſt private place in the Ship, that none but you your ſelf might diſturb us? Or what will it ſignify if I tell you, that one *Lycas* a *Tarentine* owns her, and is carrying a Lady called *Tryphæna*, to *Tarentum*.

For a while I ſtood Trembling like one Thunder-ſtruck, when, opening my Boſom, I cry'd out; At laſt, Fortune, thou haſt entirely vanquiſh'd me: For *Gito*, my better half, lean'd on my Breaſt, and ſeem'd to be rather dead than living. Our Fear put us into a Sweat, and after our ſweating had a little recover'd our Spirits, I fell at the Feet of *Eumolpus*, and entreated him to have Compaſſion of two dying Wretches; that is, to ſhew us means of eſcaping the impending Miſchief: Death threatens us, tho' Death, added I, wou'd be more grateful to us, if the happineſs of enjoying you, did not make us deſire Life.

Eumolpus was glad to ſerve us, and ſwore by all that's ſacred, he was privy to no deſign againſt us; and that he had very innocently brought us thither, for no other end but our Company, having hir'd the Veſſel before he was acquainted with us. But what practices are here againſt your Lives? What terrible Pirate commands the Veſſel? Why, 'tis *Lycas*, a very honeſt Man, that is both Captain and Owner, and alſo Maſter of a very plentiful Eſtate in Land, who having an Inclination to Merchandize, freights his Ship with his own Cargoe: Is this the terrible *Cyclops*? Is this the dreadful Cut-throat to whom we muſt pay our Lives for our Paſſage? Another Perſon on board is the beautiful *Tryphæna*, a very Emblem of Terror too, who, for her diverſion ſails about with *Lycas*.

Theſe are the very two, reply'd *Gito*, we ſtrove to avoid: And, in a low Voice, made *Eumolpus*, who trembled at the Story, at once underſtand the Cauſe of their Malice and our preſent Danger.

Eumolpus was ſo diſtracted in his Thoughts, he could not adviſe, but bid each of us give him our Opinion; I preſume, ſays he, we had even enter'd the *Cyclops* Den, where *Jove*'s Thunder-bolts are forg'd. We muſt ſeek a means of Delivery, unleſs, by ſinking the Veſſel, we ſhould bury ourſelves and the Fears of all future Miſchiefs in the Ocean.

No, no, began *Gito*, rather offer the Pilot a Reward to ſteer the Veſſel to ſome Port; and affirm, the Sea ſo diſagrees with your

Friend,

Friend, that if he is not ſo kind, you fear he'll Die: You may colour the pretence with Tears, and appear much concern'd, that, mov'd with Compaſſion, the Pilot may grant your Requeſt.

Eumolpus reply'd, This is impoſſible to be effected, becauſe great Ships with much difficulty are conducted into Harbour; beſides it would ſeem unlikely, that my Friend ſhould be ſo dangerouſly Ill of a ſudden; add to this, that *Lycas* may think himſelf oblig'd in Civility to viſit his ſick Paſſenger: Can you propoſe to eſcape by a means that will diſcover ye? But preſuming the Ship could be ſtopt when under full Sail, and that *Lycas* ſhould omit viſiting his Sick on Board, how can we get out but all muſt ſee us, with our Heads muffled or bare? If cover'd, we move every one to lend a Hand to ſick Perſons; if bare, what is it but to cut our own Throats?

A deſperate Diſeaſe, ſaid I, muſt have a deſperate Cure; I know no better expedient of our Delivery, than to get into the Long-Boat, and, by cutting the Cord, leave the reſt to Fortune: Nor do I deſire *Eumolpus* to ſhare the danger; for what wou'd it ſignify to involve an innocent Perſon in other Mens deſerv'd Misfortunes? We ſhall think our ſelves happy if Fortune aſſiſt our Enterprize.

'Twas well adviſ'd, ſaid *Eumolpus*, if it cou'd be done; for can you imagine to make the leaſt movement in the Ship, without being taken notice of, when even the diſtant Courſes of the Stars can't eſcape the Pilot's Diligence

ligence? To effect your Design, you must of necessity pass by that part of the Ship which is guarded, near which place the Hasser of the Boat is fastned: Besides, *Eucolpius*, I wonder you did not remember, that in the Boat it self there is constantly a Sailor on Duty, to remove whom from his Post, there is no other way than cutting his Throat, or flinging him over-board: Consider whether either of those attempts you have Courage enough to put in execution; for my part, to go with you, I wou'd refuse no danger where there was the least hopes of getting off; but, I believe, even in your own Opinion, you conceive it unreasonable to put so low a value on Life, and throw it away as a useless thing. Hear whether you like my Proposal, I'll put you into two Trunks I have here, and making holes for you to breathe and eat through, will place you amongst my other Baggage; to morrow Morning I'll alarm the whole Ship, crying out, My Servants, fearing a greater Punishment, last Night jumpt into the Sea, that when the Ship makes to Land, I may carry you off in my Baggage.

Very well, said I, but will you inclose us so, that Nature won't be troublesome with her Evacuations, and can you insure us from Snoring, if asleep, or Sneezing if awake; or, because I once succeeded in a like Deceit, must we meet with a second time the same success? But suppose we cou'd hold out a Day so ty'd up, what shall we do if we're put to't longer?

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Will the thoughts of a quiet Life, or of our adverſe Fortune entertain us? Our very Cloaths, long bound up, will rot upon our Backs: Can we, d'ye think, that are young, and not inur'd to Labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our Cords as inſenſibly? Since we are yet to ſeek a way of Eſcape, for no Propoſal has been made without an Objection, ſee what I have thought on: The ſtudious *Eumolpus*, I preſume, never goes without Ink; is there a better Expedient than waſhing our Hands, Face and Hair with that, to appear like *Æthiopian* Slaves, when, without putting ourſelves upon the Wreck, we muſt needs, with pleaſure, act a Cheat that ſo neatly impoſes on our Enemies?

And why wou'd not you have us Circumcis'd too, interrupted *Gito*, that we may appear like *Jews*; and have our Ears boar'd, to perſwade them we came from *Arabia*? And why did not you adviſe us to waſh our Faces white, that we might paſs for *Frenchmen*, as if our Colour wou'd make ſuch a mighty alteration? Has a Foreigner but one mark of diſtinction? Can you think any body ſo ignorant to miſtake you for one by that ſign only? Grant our daub'd Faces wou'd keep their Colour, ſuppoſe it wou'd not waſh off, nor our Cloaths ſtick to the Ink, how can we imitate their black ſwoln Lips, the ſhort curl of their Hair, the Seams on their Foreheads, their circular way of treading, their ſplay Feet, or the mode of their Beards? An

arti-

artificial Colour rather ſtains than alters the Body; but, if you'll be rul'd by a Mad-man, let's cover our Heads, and jump into the Sea.

Not God nor Man, cry'd *Eumolpus*, will permit you to make ſo lamentable an End; rather purſue this Advice: My Slave, you might imagine by the Razor, is a piece of a Barber; let him not only ſhave your Heads, but, as a mark of greater Puniſhment, your Eye-brows too, and I'll finiſh your Diſguiſe with an Inſcription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for ſome extraordinary Villany: Thus the ſame Letters will at once divert Suſpicion, and conceal your Countenances under the Maſk of Puniſhment.

We lik'd the advice, and haſten'd the execution, when ſtealing to the ſide of the Veſſel, we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber: *Eumolpus* in the mean time fill'd our Foreheads with great Letters, and very liberally diſpens'd the known marks of Fugitives through the other part of our Faces; one of the Paſſengers, eaſing his Stomach o'er the ſide of the Ship, by the Moon perceiving the reflection of a Barber buſy at ſo unſeaſonable a time, and, curſing the Omen that he thought preſag'd a Shipwreck, ran to his Hammock; upon which we diſſembled the ſame Fear, but indeed had an equal, though different concern; and, the noiſe over, we ſpent the reſt of the Night without reſting much.

The

The next Day *Eumolpus*, when he found *Tryphæna* was ſtirring, went to viſit *Lycas*; and after he had talk'd with him about the happy Voyage he hop'd from the clearneſs of the Heavens, *Lycas* turning to *Tryphæna*, *Methoughts*, ſaid he, *about Midnight the Viſion of* Priapus *appear'd to me, and told me, he had lately brought into my Ship* Eucolpius, *whom I ſought for.* *Tryphæna* was ſtartl'd, *And you'd ſwear we'd ſlept together*, reply'd ſhe, *for methoughts the Image of* Neptune *having ſtruck his Trident thrice againſt the* Bajæ, *told me, that in* Lycas's *Ship I ſhou'd find my* Gito.

Hence proceeds (ſaid *Eumolpus*, interrupting 'em) that Veneration I pay the Divine *Epicurus*, who with ſo much Wit has diſcover'd ſuch Illuſions.

When in a Dream preſented to our view,
Thoſe airy Forms appear ſo like the true;
Nor Heaven nor Hell the fancy'd Viſion ſends,
But every Breaſt its own Deluſion lends:
For when ſoft Sleep the Body folds in eaſe,
And from the heavy Maſs our Fancy frees,
Whatever 'tis in which we take delight,
And think of moſt by Day, we dream by Night.
Th'ambitious Brave, who mighty States o'erturn,
Ruin whole Empires, and vaſt Cities burn,

From

From fancy'd Darts believes a darken'd Sky,
And ſees, in haſte, retreating Squadrons fly:
Here conſcious Plains a bloody Proſpect yield,
And all the purple Horrors of the Field.
There the Kings deceas'd with wondrous Pomp of woe,
Late to the Grave in ſad Proceſſion go.
He that by Day litigious Knots unty'd,
And charm'd the drowſy Bench to either ſide,
By Night a Crowd of cringing Clients ſees,
Smiles on the Fools and kindly takes their Fees.
The Miſer views his glittering heaps of Gold,
And oft the viſionary Summs are told;
Then fancies Thieves diſturb his ſhort delight,
He views their maſks and wakens with the fright.
To heaven the Merchant does himſelf addreſs,
Dreaming of Wrecks, religious in Diſtreſs.
Huntſmen with Joy th' imagin'd Chaſe purſue,
Hollow aloud, and ſee the Stag in view.
The Miſtreſs to her abſent Lover Writes,
And, as awake with Flames and Darts indites.
The amorous Wife dreams of her Lover's Charms,
And huggs her Huſband with adulterous Arms.
Dogs in full Cry purſue their fearful Game;
And bluſhing Maids are cautious of their Fame.

But

But *Lycas* when he had thank'd his Stars for their care of him, That we may not ſeem, ſaid he, to ſlight the Divine Admonitions, what hinders our ſearching the Veſſel?

Upon which one *Æſius*, the Paſſenger that had diſcover'd us by our Reflection in the Water, cry'd out, Theſe are the Men that were ſhav'd by Moon-ſhine to Night. Heaven avert the Omen! I thought the Ceremony of cutting the Nails and Hair was never perform'd but as a ſolemn Sacrifice to appeaſe a Storm.

Is't ſo, ſays *Lycas* in a great heat, did any in the Ship offer to ſhave themſelves, and at Midnight too? Bring them quickly hither, that I may know who they are; they deſerve to die a Sacrifice for our common ſafety.

'Twas I, ſaid *Eumolpus*, commanded it, not wiſhing Ill to the Ship, but eaſe to my ſelf; for they are my Slaves, and having long ſtaring Hairs, I order'd the uncomely ſight to be taken away; not only that I might ſeem to make a Priſon of the Ship, but that the mark of their Villany might more plainly appear; and to let you know how richly they deſerve the Puniſhment, among other Rogueries, they robb'd me of a conſiderable Sum of Money, and ſpent it in Luxury and Debauches, on a Whore that was at both their Services, whom I catch'd them with laſt Night. In ſhort, they yet ſmell of the Wine they profuſely gave themſelves with my Money.

Lycas,

Lycas, that the Offenders might atone for their Crime, order'd each of 'em forty Stripes. We were immediately brought to the place of Execution, where the enrag'd Seamen fell upon us with Ropes-ends, and try'd to offer our Blood a Sacrifice for their Safety. I bore three Stripes very heroickly. *Gito*, who had not ſo much paſſive Valour, at the firſt Blow ſet up ſuch an Outcry, that the known ſound of his Voice reach'd *Tryphæna*'s Ear; who, in great diſorder, attended with her Maids, which were equally ſurpriz'd, ran to him as we were beating.

Gito's admirable Beauty ſoften'd their Rage, and ſeem'd, without ſpeaking, to entreat their Favour; when the Maids unanimouſly cry'd out, *'Tis* Gito! *'Tis* Gito! *hold your barbarous Hands; help, Madam, 'tis* Gito!

Tryphæna haſten'd to their Outcries, already convinc'd from whence thoſe Complaints proceeded, and with eager haſte flew to the Boy.

Upon which *Lycas*, who had now diſcover'd me as much by my Perſon as if he had heard my Voice, taking ſome Parts on content, and looking on others with a more obſerving Eye; *Your Servant*, ſays he, Eucolpius, *'tis no wonder that the Nurſe of* Ulyſſes *diſcover'd him, after twenty Years abſence, by a Scar in his Forehead, when* Lycas *hath found out his Fugitive by a Token nothing ſo apparent.* *Tryphæna* having cheated herſelf into a belief, that thoſe Marks of Slavery we wore were real, wept; and began, in a low

a low Voice, to enquire what Priſon cou'd ſtop us in our Rambles, or whoſe cruel Hands cou'd inflict ſuch a Puniſhment without Reluctancy. *I confeſs*, added ſhe, *they deſerve ſome Puniſhment with whom their Maſters are ſo juſtly angry.*

Lycas was in a great heat at *Tryphæna*'s tenderneſs. *And thou fooliſh Woman*, ſaid he, *can you believe thoſe Marks were cut before the Ink was laid on them? I wiſh, indeed, they had ſo branded themſelves in reality, that had afforded us the greateſt Conſolation: Now we are amus'd by the Tricks of the Play-houſe, and banter'd with a falſe Inſcription.*

Tryphæna, not yet unmindful of our former Amours, was inclin'd to pity us: When *Lycas*, ſtill reſenting the Abuſe he receiv'd in his viciated Wife, and the Affronts at the Porch of *Hercules*'s Temple, with greater Rage cry'd out, *I thought*, Tryphæna, *you might have been convinc'd, that Heaven has the care of Humane Affairs, ſince the Gods have not only brought our Enemies into our power, who ſtrove to deſtroy us, but reveal'd it in a Viſion to us both; ſee what you'll get by pardoning them whom Heaven itſelf has brought to Puniſhment; for my part, I am not naturally ſo cruel, but am afraid the Judgment I ſhou'd prevent from juſtly falling upon others, may light on my own Head.*

This ſuperſtitious Harangue turn'd *Tryphæna* from hindring our Puniſhment to haſten its Execution: When ſhe began afreſh as highly to reſent the former Affronts that was offer'd her, as *Lycas* did the Reputation of his Modeſty which he had loſt in the Peoples Eſteem.

When *Lycas* found *Tryphæna* was as eagerly inclin'd to Revange as himſelf, he order'd our Puniſhments to be increas'd; which when *Eumolpus* perceiv'd, he endeavour'd to mitigate his Paſſion after this manner:

I pity the Wretches, ſaid he, *that lie at your Mercy* —— Lycas, *they implore your Compaſſion, and chuſing me as a Man not altogether unknown to 'em to perform the Office, deſire you would be reconcil'd to them you once held moſt dear; Can you believe 'twas by accident they fell into your Hands, when all Paſſengers make it their chief buſineſs to enquire to whoſe care they are to truſt themſelves? When you are ſatisfied of their Intentions, can you be ſo barbarous to continue your Revenge? Permit therefore free-born Men to purſue their Voyage, without being injur'd. Even barbarous and implacable Maſters allay their Cruelty when their Slaves repent; and all give Quarter to the Enemy that ſurrenders himſelf. What can you, or will you deſire more? You have at your Feet repenting Supplicants; they're Gentlemen, and Men of Worth, and, what's more prevailing than both, were once careſs'd as your deareſt Friends. Had they robb'd*

you

you of your Money, or betray'd your Truſt, by Hercules, *the Puniſhment they've inflicted on themſelves might have ſatisfied your Rage; don't you ſee the Marks of Slaves on their Faces? Who, tho' free, to atone their Injuries to you, have branded themſelves in ſo ſlaviſh a manner.*

To avoid Confuſion (interrupted *Lycas*) give me a Reaſon for all Particulars as I ſhall aſk you, and *Firſt*, If they came with deſign to ſurrender themſelves, why did they cut off their Hair? for all Diſguiſes are aſſum'd rather to deceive than ſatisfy the Injur'd.

Next, If they expected to ingratiate themſelves by their Embaſſador, why have you endeavour'd, in every thing, to conceal them you were to ſpeak for? Whence it plainly appears, 'twas by accident the Offenders were brought to Puniſhment, and that you have us'd this Artifice to divert our Suſpicion.

Sure you thought to create us the Envy of the Spectators, by ringing in our Ears, that they were Gentlemen, and Men of Worth; but have a care their Cauſe don't ſuffer by your Aſſurance; for what ought the Injur'd to do, but Puniſh, when the Guilty come to receive their Puniſhment? And if they were my Friends, they deſerve to be more ſeverely treated; for he that wrongs a Stranger is a Rogue, but he that ſerves a Friend ſo, is little leſs guilty than he that Murders his Father.

I am ſenſible (ſaid *Eumolpus*, anſwering this dreadful Harangue) that nothing could happen to theſe unhappy young Men more unfortunate, than the cutting their Hair off at Midnight, which is the only Argument that may perſwade you to miſtake their voluntary coming here, for accidental; but I ſhall as candidly endeavour to undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: Before they imbark'd they deſign'd to eaſe their Heads of that, as a troubleſome and uſeleſs weight, but the unexpected Wind that haſten'd us on board, made 'em defer it; nor did they ſuſpect it to be of any moment when 'twas done, being equally ignorant of the Ill Omen and Cuſtoms of Mariners.

What advantage, reply'd *Lycas*, cou'd they propoſe to themſelves by the loſs of their Hair, unleſs they thought Baldneſs might ſooner raiſe our Compaſſion? Or can you believe I will reſt ſatisfied in your relation? When addreſſing himſelf to me, What Poiſon, ſaid he, thou Villain has eat your Hair off? To what God have your ſacrilegious Hands offer'd it?

The fear of Puniſhment ſtruck me ſpeechleſs; nor could I find any thing to urge in my Defence againſt ſo plain an Accuſation. The confuſion I was in, my diſfigur'd Face, and the baldneſs both of my Head and Eyebrows, gave a ridiculous Air to every thing I ſaid or did; but when they wip'd us with a wet Sponge, the Letters melting into one, ſpread o'er our Faces ſuch a ſooty Cloud, that

that it turn'd *Lycas*'s Rage to a perfect loathing. *Eumolpus* cou'd not endure to see free-born Men, against all Law and Justice, so abus'd, and returning their Threats with Blows, not only was our Advocate, but Champion too. He was seconded by his Man, and two or three sick Passenges appear'd our Friends, that serv'd rather to encourage us, than encrease our Force.

Upon which I was so far from begging Pardon, that, without any respect, I held my Fists at *Tryphæna*, and plainly told her she should feel me, if her Lecherous Ladiship, who only in the Ship deserv'd to punish'd, was not content to decline her Pretentions to *Gito*.

The Angry *Lycas* was all in a Rage at my Impudence, and very impatient for Revenge when he found, without being concern'd for my own Cause, I only stood up for another's.

Nor was *Tryphæna* less disturb'd at my contempt of her; at what time every one in the Vessel chose his side, and put himself in a posture of defence.

On our side, *Eumolpus*'s Slave distributed the Instruments of his Trade, and reserv'd a Razor to defend his own Person: On the other, *Tryphæna* and her Attendance advanc'd arm'd with nothing but their Nails and Tongues, which last supply'd the want of Drums in the Army; when the Pilot crying out, threaten'd he wou'd leave the Ship to the mercy of the Waves, if they

continu'd the buſtle, rais'd about the Luſt of two or three Vagabonds.

This did not in the leaſt retard the Fight; they preſſing for Revenge, we for our ſafety: In ſhort, many fell half Dead on both ſides; others withdrew, as from great Armies, to be dreſt of their Wounds; nor was yet the Rage of either Party abated.

When *Gito* drawing out that part of him *Tryphæna* moſt admir'd, clapt a bloody Razor to't, and threatned to cut away the Cauſe of all our Misfortune. But *Tryphæna* could not bear ſo Ill an Action ſhould be committed, and haſtily flew to prevent it: I often offer'd at my Throat too, but with as little deſign to kill my ſelf as *Gito* to do what he threatned: He the more boldly handled his Weapon, becauſe he knew it to be the ſame blunt Razor he had us'd before; which made *Tryphæna* very apprehenſive of his Tragick Intentions.

Upon this both ſides drew up their Ranks, when the Pilot perceiving how comical a War it was, with much ado he was perſwaded to let *Tryphæna* diſpatch a Herauld to Capitulate: Articles of Peace, according to the Cuſtom of Countries, being immediately ſtruck up on both ſides, *Tryphæna* ſnatch'd an Olive-branch, the Enſign of Peace, that ſtuck to the Image of Proſperity pictur'd in the Ship, and holding it in the midſt of us, thus addreſt her ſelf.

Good

Good Gods! what Fury does your minds enrage?
What ſudden Madneſs arms you to engage?
Not here her Brother curſt Medea *ſlays;*
Nor Paris *here a guilty Flame obeys,*
And lovely Ruin to his Troy *conveys.*
But ſlighted Vows theſe dire Misfortunes ſend,
And the wrong'd God does for his Fame contend.
The Ocean ſwells, and the tempeſtuous Wind,
Is, like our Humours, fierce and unconfin'd.
Without, the Waves a threat'ning War begin,
And Love has rais'd a dreadful Storm within:
Expos'd to Nature's Quarrels and our own,
For former Feuds by gentle Peace atone.
Nor let your wild, ungovern'd Paſſions be
Rough as the Winds, or angry as the Sea.

When, in a great heat, *Tryphæna* had thus expreſs'd her ſelf, both Armies ſtood ſtill a while, and reviving the Treaty of Peace, put an end to the War. Our Captain *Eumolpus* prudently us'd the occaſion of her repentance, and, having firſt ſeverely reprimanded *Lycas*, ſign'd the Articles: Which were as follow.

Tryphæna, You do, from the bottom of your Heart, promiſe never to complain of any Injury you have receiv'd from *Gito*; nor to

make mention of, or upbraid him with, or ſtudy to revenge, directly or indirectly, any Action of his before this Day; and, to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never Kiſs or Hug him without his Conſent, upon the Pain and Forfeiture of five Pounds: And, that the young Gentleman may not be bilkt, you are to pay your Money beforehand.

Item, You *Lycas*, from the Bottom of your Heart, do promiſe never to reproach, or inſultingly treat *Eucolpius*, either in Words or Deeds: And that you will never offer him any Incivility on the penalty of five Pounds for each time you abuſe him behind his Back.

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our Arms: And, leſt any Grudge might ſtill remain, we wip'd away the memory of all things paſt by kiſſing each other.

All Parties deſiring Peace, our Quarrels vaniſh'd, and a ſumptuous Banquet following, ſpread an air of Mirth thro' the whole Company: The Veſſel rung with Songs, which teſtify'd our Joy: And now a ſudden Calm hindering the Ship from making any way, the Crew betook themſelves to ſeveral Diverſions: An Angler ſtruck a Fiſh, which riſing, ſeem'd with haſte to meet its ruine: There another draws the unwilling Prey that he had betray'd with an inviting Bait: When looking up, we ſaw Sea-birds ſitting on the Sail-yard, about which, one ſkill'd

in

in the Art of Fowling, having plac'd Lime-twigs, made 'em his Booty. Their downy Feathers flew about in the Air, or ſwam upon the Surges of the Sea.

Now *Lycas* began to be Friends with me, and *Tryphæna*, as a Mark of her Love, threw the bottom of the Glaſs upon *Gito*: By this time *Eumolpus* was got quite drunk, and fell a rallying us that were bald and ſtigmatiz'd, till having ſpent his Inſipid Jeſts, he return'd to his Poetry; and deſigning an Elegy on the loſs of our Hair, he thus began.

Nature's chief Gift, your lovely Hair, is loſt;
Thoſe blooming Locks feel an Autumnal Froſt:
Your gloomy Brows their baniſh'd Honours mourn,
Which no kind Spring will gratefully return.
The Charms indulgent Nature gives to day,
Fallacious Gods to morrow take away.
A thouſand Charms did late ſurround
Your Heads, with golden Treſſes crown'd;
Charming as Cynthia's *ſilver Light,*
Or as the Roſy Morning bright.
Now all your baniſht Beauties ſeem,
Dead as Cocytus *ſable Stream,*
From ſporting Girls you'll frighted run,
And, conſcious of the Crime you've done,
You'll Love's ſoft Battles meanly ſhun.

Im

Impending Death you well may fear,
The awful Tyrant now draws near:
First with our Beauties he begins,
And then Life's faded Bloſſom wins.

He wou'd have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worſe than the former, if an Attendant of *Tryphæna* had not diſturb'd him: Who taking *Gito* aſide, dreſs'd him up in her Miſtreſſes Tower; and to reſtore him to his perfect Figure, ſhe took a pair of falſe Eye-brows out of her Ladies Patch-box, and ſet them on ſo exactly, Nature might have miſtaken 'em for her own Work.

At the ſight of the true *Gito*, *Triphæna* wept for Joy, who cou'd not before embrace him with ſo ſincere a ſatisfaction.

I was glad to ſee his loſs ſo well repair'd; yet often hid my Head, as ſenſibly I appear'd more than commonly deform'd, when even *Lycas* thought me not worth the ſpeaking to: But 'twas not long e're the ſame Maid came to my relief, and, calling me aſide, dreſs'd me in a Peruke, no leſs agreeable: For being of a golden Colour, it very much improv'd my Complexion.

But *Eumolpus*, our Advocate, and Reconciler, to entertain the Company, and keep up the Mirth, began to be pleaſant on the inconſtancy of Women: How forward they were to Love, and how ſoon they forgot their Sparks! And that no Woman was ſo

Chaſt,

Chaſt, but her Luſt might be rais'd into Fury: Nor wou'd he bring Inſtances from ancient Tragedies, or Perſonages notorious to Antiquity, but was ready to entertain us, if we wou'd pleaſe to hear, with a Story within the Circle of his own Memory: Upon which, the whole Company giving him attention, he began his Story in this manner.

There was at *Epheſus* a Lady of ſo celebrated a Reputation, that the Women of the neighbouring Nations came to pay their Reſpects to her, as a Perſon of an extraordinary Vertue: This Lady at the Death of her Huſband, not content with tearing her Hair, or beating her Breaſt, thoſe common expreſſions of Grief, follow'd him into the Vault, where the dead Body was plac'd in a Monument, and, after the *Grecian* Cuſtom, watch'd the Corps, and whole Nights and Days continu'd weeping; the perſwaſions of Parents and Relations cou'd neither divert her Grief, or make her take any thing to preſerve Life: The Magiſtrates of the Town endeavour'd to perſwade her from ſo ſevere a Mortification; but were oblig'd to retire, having met with no ſucceſs in their Attempt: And thus lamented by all for ſo ſingular an Example of Grief, ſhe liv'd five Days without eating.

All left her but a faithful Maid, whoſe Tears flow'd as faſt as her afflicted Lady's, and who, when the Lamp they had by them began to expire, renew'd the Light: by this time ſhe became the Talk of the whole Town,

and

and all degrees of Men confeſt, ſhe was the only true Example of Love and Chaſtity.

In the mean time there happening a Trial of Criminals, the Condemn'd were order'd to be Crucify'd near the Vault in which the Lady was weeping o'er the Corps of her late Huſband. The Soldier that guarded the Bodies left any might be taken from the Croſs and buried, upon his Watch obſerv'd a Light in the Vault, and hearing the Groans of ſome afflicted Perſon, preſt with a Curioſity common to Mankind, he deſir'd to know who or what it was; upon which he enter'd the Vault, and ſeeing a very beautiful Woman, amaz'd at firſt, he fancy'd 'twas a Spirit, but viewing the dead Body, and conſidering her Tears and torn Face, he ſoon gueſs'd, as the truth was, that the Lady cou'd but ill ſupport the loſs of her Huſband: He brings his Supper with him into the Vault, and began to perſwade the mournful Lady not to continue her unneceſſary Grief, nor with vain Complaints conſume her Health: That Death was common to all Men; and many other things he told her, which uſe to reſtore afflicted Perſons to that calmneſs they before enjoy'd: But the Lady ſtartled at the Conſolation a Stranger offer'd, redoubled her Grief, and tearing her Hair, caſt it on the Body that lay before her.

The Soldier however did not withdraw, but with the like Invitations offer'd her ſomewhat to eat, till her Maid o'ercome, I preſume, by the pleaſing Scent of the Wine, no longer

The Ephesian Matron

longer cou'd reſiſt the Soldiers Courteſie. When refreſh'd with the Entertainment, ſhe began to join her Perſwaſions to win her Lady; And what Advantage, began ſhe, wou'd you reap in ſtarving your ſelf, in burying your ſelf alive? What wou'd it ſignifie to anticipate your Fate?

D'ye think departed Souls regard our Care?

Will you, Madam, in ſpite of Fate, revive your Huſband? Or will you ſhake off theſe vain Complaints, the Marks of your Sex's Weakneſs, and enjoy the World while you may? The very Body that lies there might adviſe you to make the beſt of your Life.

We obey without reluctance when commanded to Eat or Live.

The Lady now dry with ſo long Faſting, ſuffer'd her ſelf to be o'ercome; nor was ſhe leſs pleas'd with her Entertainment, than her Maid that ſurrender'd.

You know with what Thoughts encouraging Meats inſpire young Perſons.

With the ſame Charms our Soldier had won her to be in love with Life, he addreſt himſelf to her as a Lover; nor did his Perſon appear leſs agreeable to the chaſte Lady, than his Converſation; and the Maid, to raiſe

raiſe her Opinion of him, thus expreſt her ſelf.

And arm'd with pleaſing Love, dare you ingage,
E're you conſider in whoſe Tents you are?

To make ſhort, nor even in this cou'd the Lady deny him any thing. Thus our victorious Soldier ſucceeded in both, ſhe receiv'd his Embraces: Not only that Night they ſtruck up the Bargain, but the next, and the next Night after: Having ſhut the Door of the Vault, that if any of her Acquaintance or Strangers had come out of Curioſity to ſee her, they might have believ'd the moſt chaſt of all Women had expir'd on the Body of her Huſband. Our Soldier was ſo taken with his beautiful Miſtreſs, and the privacy of enjoying her, that the little Money he was Maſter of, he laid out for her Entertainment, and, as ſoon as 'twas Night, convey'd it into the Vault.

In the mean time the Relations of one of the Malefactors, finding the Body unguarded, took it from the Croſs and buried it. The Soldier thus robb'd while he was in the Vault, the next Day, when he perceiv'd one of the Bodies gone, dreading the uſual Puniſhment, he told the Lady what had happen'd; and added, That with his Sword he would prevent the Judge's Sentence, in caſe ſhe would be ſo kind to give him Burial, and make that place at once the fatal Monument of a Lover and a Huſband.

The

The Lady not leſs Merciful than Chaſt, proteſted, That the Gods would never permit her, at one time, to feel the loſs of the only Two ſhe held moſt dear; I'd rather, added ſhe, hang up the Dead Body of the one, than be the wicked Inſtrument of the other's Death. Upon which ſhe order'd her Huſband's Body to be taken out of the Coffin and fixt to the Croſs, in the room of that which was wanting: Our Soldier purſued the directions of the diſcreet Lady, and the next Day the People wonder'd how the Dead Body was a ſecond time affix'd to the Croſs.

The Seamen were pleas'd with the Story. *Tryphæna* not a little aſham'd, lovingly inclin'd her Cheek to *Gito*'s, and hid her Bluſhes; but *Lycas* wore an Air of Diſpleaſure, and knitting his Brows; If the Governour, ſaid he, had been a Juſt Man, he ought to have reſtor'd the Huſband's Body to his Monument, and hung the Woman on the Croſs. I don't doubt it made him reflect on his own Wife, and the whole Scene of our Amours when we robb'd his Veſſel. But the Articles he had agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain; and the Mirth that engag'd us, gave him no opportunity to vent his Rage.

Tryphæna entertain'd her ſelf in *Gito*'s Arms, preſſing oft his Neck with eager Kiſſes, and oft diſpoſing his New Ornaments, to make 'em appear more agreeable to his Face.

At

At this I was not a little out of humour and, impatient of our new League, cou'd neither Eat nor Drink any thing; but with ſide-looks wiſh'd a thouſond Curſes on them both; every Kiſs and every Look ſhe gave him wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reaſon to repent the loſs of my Miſtreſs or my Friend, he having rob'd me of her, and ſhe having deluded him from my Arms: Both were worſe than Death to me. And to compleat my Miſery, neither *Tryphæna* ſpoke to me as if I had been her Acquaintance, and once belov'd; nor did *Gito* think me worth converſing with or drinking to: I believe he was tender of the new return of her Favours, and afraid to give her a ſecond occcaſion to fall out with him: Grief forc'd a flood of Tears from my Eyes, and I ſmother'd my Complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When *Lycas* perceiv'd how well, tho' in this trouble, my yellow Ornament became me, he was inflam'd afreſh; and laying aſide the haughty Brow of a Maſter, he put on the tender Complaiſance of a Friend; but his Endeavours were fruitleſs. At laſt, meeting with an entire repulſe, his Friendſhip turn'd to Fury, he endeavour'd to raviſh the Favours he cou'd not win by Entreaty; at what time *Tryphæna* unexpectedly came in, and obſerving his wantonneſs, in the greateſt confuſion he hid his Head, and ran from her.

Upon

Upon which *Tryphæna*, poſſeſt with a ſtrange Paſſion, aſk'd me, and made me tell her what thoſe Careſſes meant; ſhe was inſpir'd with new heat at the relation, and, mindful of our old Amours, offer'd to revive our former Commerce; but worn off my Legs with thoſe Imployments, I gave her Invitations but an ill return; yet ſhe, with all the Deſires of a Woman, tranſported by her Paſſion, threw her Arms about me, and ſo cloſely lock'd me in her Embraces, I was forc'd to cry out; one of her Maids came in at the noiſe, and believing I would have forc'd from her the Favours I deny'd her Miſtreſs, ruſht between us, and loos'd the Bands: *Tryphæna* meeting with ſuch a Repulſe, and even raging with deſire, took it more grievous at my Hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to *Lycas*, not only to raiſe his reſentments againſt me, but to join with him in purſuit of revenge.

By the way obſerve, I had formerly been well receiv'd by this Attendant of *Tryphæna* when I maintain'd a Commerce with her Miſtreſs, upon that Score ſhe reſented my converſe with *Tryphæna*, and deeply ſighing, made me eager to know the occaſion; when ſhe ſtepping back, thus began; If you had any ſparks of a Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Proſtitute; if you were a Man, you wou'd not deſcend to ſuch a Common-ſewer; theſe Thoughts not a little diſturb'd her; but I was aſham'd of nothing more than that *Eumolpus* ſuſpecting

the occaſion, ſhou'd, in his next Verſes, make our ſuppos'd Quarrel the Subject of his Drollery, and that my care to avoid it ſhou'd prove one means of diſcovering it.

When I was contriving how to prevent his ſuſpicion, *Eumolpus* himſelf came in, already acquainted with what was done; for *Tryphæna* had communicated her Grief to *Gito*, and endeavour'd, at his coſt, to compenſate the Injury I had offer'd her. Upon which *Eumolpus* was on fire, and the more, becauſe this Action was an open breach of the Articles ſhe had ſign'd.

When the old Doctor ſaw me pitying my Misfortune, he deſir'd to know the whole Scene from my ſelf; I freely told him the attempt of *Lycas*, and how the paſſionate *Tryphæna* had aſſaulted me, all which he was already inform'd of; whereupon he ſwore a ſolemn Oath, that he would vindicate my Cauſe, and that Heaven was too juſt to ſuffer ſo many Crimes to go unpuniſh'd.

While we were thus diſcourſing, a Storm aroſe; now thick Clouds and raging Waves obſcur'd the brightneſs of the Day, the Seamen fly to their Poſts as faſt as Fear could make 'em, and pulling down the Sails, leave the Veſſel to the mercy of the Tempeſt; for the Wind often veering, made the Mariners hopeleſs of any direct Courſe; nor did the Pilot know which way to ſteer: Sometimes the ungovernable Ship was forc'd on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, often, by contrary Blaſts, it was toſs'd near the Shores of *Italy*; and what

what was more dangerous than all the reſt, on a ſudden, the gathering Clouds ſpread ſuch horrid Darkneſs, that the Pilot could not ſee over the Fore-caſtle; upon which, all diſpair'd of ſafety; when *Lycas* threw himſelf before me, and lifting up his trembling Hands, I beſeech you, *Eucolpius*, began he, aſſiſt the diſtreſs'd, that is, reſtore the ſacred Veſt and Timbrel you took from the Image of the Goddeſs *Iſis*; pity us according to your uſual Mercy. At what time a Whirlwind ſnatch'd him up, and threw him howling amidſt the Flood, and ſoon a ſpiteful Wave juſt ſhew'd him us, and drew him back again.

Tryphæna avoided ſudden Death by the fidelity of her Servants, who catch'd her, and plac'd her, with her beſt Goods, in the Skiff belonging to the Veſſel; by which means ſhe got ſafely to Shore.

I, lock'd in *Gito*'s Arms, not without Tears, cry'd out, And this we have merited of Heaven, that only Death ſhould join us; but even now, I fear, Fortune will be againſt it; for ſee the Waves threaten to overſet the Veſſel; and now the Tempeſt comes to burſt the belov'd Bands that unite us; therefore if you ſincerely love *Eucolpius*, let's embrace while we may, and ſnatch this laſt Joy even in ſpite of our approaching Fate.

When I had thus ſaid, *Gito* threw off his Mantle, and getting under mine, thruſt his Head out at top, and that the malicious Waves might not waſh us aſunder, he incloſed us both in his Girdle; And 'tis ſome com-

fort, ſaid he, to think that by this means the Sea will bear us the longer e're it can divorce us from each others Arms. Or if, in compaſſion, it ſhould throw us on the ſame Shore, either the next that paſſes by wou'd give us a Monument of Stones, which by the common Laws of Humanity, he wou'd caſt upon us; or, at leaſt, the angry Waves that ſeem to conſpire our ſeparation, wou'd unwittingly bury us in one Grave, midſt the Sand their Rage wou'd vomit up. I was ſatisfy'd with my Condition, and, as on my Death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming Hour.

In the mean time the Tempeſt, acting the Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging from the Veſſel; no Maſt, no Rudder was left, not a Rope or a Plank, but an aukward ſhapeleſs Body of a Ship toſs'd up and down the Flood.

The Fiſhermen that inhabited the Sea-ſide, expecting a Booty, in all haſte put out with their Boats; but when they ſaw thoſe in the Veſſel that cou'd defend their own, they chang'd their deſign of pillaging to ſuccouring.

After a ſalute on both ſides, unwonted Murmurs, like that of ſome Beaſt labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the Maſter's Cabin; upon which, following the ſound, we found *Eumolpus* ſitting alone, and in his Hand a large Scroll of Paper that he was filling, even to the Margent, with Verſes; we all were amaz'd to ſee a Man amuſe him-

The Shipwrack

himſelf with Poetry at a time when he had reaſon to think each Minute would be his laſt; and having drawn him, making a great noiſe, from his Hole, we endeavour'd to recover him from his Frenzy; but he was in ſuch a heat to be diſturb'd, that, 'Sdeath, ſaid he, let me make an end of this Couplet, it finiſhes the Poem; on which I took hold of the Madman, and order'd the ſtill murmuring Poet to be haul'd on Shore.

When, with ſome trouble, we had got him on Shore, we very penſively enter'd one of the Fiſhermens Huts, and having ſupp'd on part of our Proviſions which the Salt-water had ſpoil'd, we paſs'd the Night in a very melancholly condition.

The next Day, as we were propoſing how to beſtow ourſelves, we diſcover'd a Humane Carcaſe floating, and gently approaching the Shore: I ſtood ſtill concern'd, and began, with more diligence, to ſee if what was preſented to our view was real.

When finding it to be a Man's, And who knows, ſaid I, but the Wife of this unhappy Creature, ſecure at home, expects the return of her Huſband; or perhaps a Son, ignorant of the fatal Storm, may wait the wiſh'd arrival of his Father, who with ſo many Kiſſes ſeal'd his unwilling parting: Theſe are our great Deſigns; vain Mortals ſwell with promiſing hopes, yet there's the iſſue of them all! See the mighty Nothing how it's toſs'd!

When I had thus bemoan'd the Wretch, as one unknown, the Sea caſt him on Land with his Face, not much disfigur'd, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and eaſily knew that the late terrible and implacable *Lycas* was lying at my Feet.

I could not reſtrain my Tears; and, beating my Breaſt, now where's, ſaid I, your Rage? Where your unruly Paſſions? Now you're expos'd a Prey to Fiſh and Beaſts; and the poor Shipwrackt Wretch, with all his boaſted Power, has not one Plank of the great Ship he proudly call'd his own. After this, let Mortals flatter themſelves with golden Dreams; let the wary Miſer heap up ill-got Wealth for many Years; 'twas but yeſterday this lifeleſs thing was proud of its Riches, and had fixt the very Day he thought to return. How ſhort, good God, is the poor Wretch of his Deſign! But 'tis not the Sea only we have reaſon to apprehend: The Wars hurry ſome to Death; others periſh at the Altar, where they were offering up their Devotions; a third by a Fall haſtens his arrival to the Goal of Death; Eating often kills the Greedy; and Abſtinence the Temperate. If we rightly conſider it, in this Sea of Life we may be Shipwrackt every where: But we vainly lament the want of Burial to a Wretch that's drown'd; as if it concern'd the periſhing Carcaſs, whether Flames, Worms, or Fiſhes were its Canibals. Whatever way you are conſum'd, the end of all's the ſame. But Fiſh, they object, will tear their Bodies;

as

as if Teeth were leſs gentle than the Flames, a Puniſhment that we believe is the higheſt we can inflict on Slaves that have provok'd us; therefore what madneſs is't to trouble our Lives with the Cares of our Burial after we are Dead, when the beſt of us may meet the Fate he vainly ſtrives with ſo much diligence to avoid?

After theſe Reflections, we perform'd the laſt Office to the Dead, and, tho' his Enemies, honour'd him with a Funeral Pile; but while *Eumolpus* was making an Epitaph, his Eyes roam'd here and there to find an Image that might raiſe his Fancy.

Having freely acquitted ourſelves of this piece of Humanity to *Lycas* we purſu'd our deſign'd Journey, and, all in a Sweat, ſoon reach'd the head of a neighbouring Hill, from whence we diſcover'd a Town ſeated on the top of a High Mountain; we did not know it, till a Shepherd inform'd us 'twas *Crotona*; the moſt Ancient, and once moſt Flouriſhing City of *Italy:* When we enquir'd of him what ſort of People inhabited this renown'd place, and what kind of Commerce they chiefly maintain'd, ſince they were impoveriſh'd by ſo many Wars?

Gentlemen, ſaid he, if you have deſigns of Trading, you muſt go another way; but if you're of the admir'd ſort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct Path to Buſineſs; for in this City no Learning flouriſheth; Eloquence finds no room here; nor can Tem-

perance, Good Manners, or any Vertue meet with a Reward; aſſure your ſelves of finding but two ſorts of Men, and thoſe are the Cheated, and thoſe that Cheat. A Father takes no care of his Children, becauſe the having of Heirs is ſuch a mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumſtance, dare not appear at any publick Game or Show, is deny'd all publick Privileges, and only herds among thoſe that all Men piſs upon. But ſingle Men, who have no tyes of Nature that oblige the diſpoſal of their Wealth, are careſs'd by all, and have the greateſt Honours confer'd on 'em; they're the only Valorous, the only Brave, nay, the only Innocent too. You're going to a City, added he, like a Field in a Plague-time, where you can obſerve nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcaſſes.

The prudent *Eumolpus* at a thing ſo ſurprizingly new, began to be thoughtful, and confeſs'd that way to Riches did not diſpleaſe him. I believ'd it the effect of a Poetick Gaiety, that had not left his Years: When, I wiſh, continu'd he, I cou'd maintain a greater Figure, as well in Habit as Attendance, 'twould give a better colour to my Pretences: By *Hercules*, I'd throw by the Wallet, and ſoon advance all our Fortunes.

Promiſing therefore to ſupply his Wants, We have with us, ſaid I, the ſacred Veſt of *Iſis*, and all the Booty we made at *Lycurgus*'s Village; and you have given me ſuch hopes, *Eumolpus*, added I, that were the Goddeſs her

her ſelf in my power, I'd pawn her for Money to carry on the Project.

Upon which, ſaid *Eumolpus*, why delay we the bringing our Hands into uſe? and if you like the Propoſal, let me be Maſter.

None e're condemn'd a Project that was no charge to him; therefore to be true to his Intereſt, we engag'd in an Oath, before we wou'd diſcover the Cheat, to ſuffer ten thouſand Racks; and thus, like free-born Gladiators, ſelling our Liberty, we religiouſly devoted both Soul and Body to our new Maſter.

After the ſolemn Ceremonies of our Oath were ended, like Slaves, at a diſtance, we ſalute the Maſter of our own making: When, beginning to exerciſe his Authority, he commanded us to report, That our ancient Lord (meaning him) griev'd at the Loſs of a Son, who was a great Orator, and comfort to his Age, was unhappily forc'd to quit the place of his Abode, leſt the daily Salutes of thoſe that expected Preferments under him, or Viſits of his Companions might be the continual occaſions of his Sorrow; and the late Ship-wreck had added to his Grief, having loſt to the value of twenty thouſand Crowns; tho' he was not ſo much concern'd at the loſs of his Money, as of his large Retinue; that, he fear'd, wou'd make them not proportion their Thoughts to his Greatneſs; and to add, that our Lord had Mortgages almoſt on half the Eſtates in *Africa*, and mighty Sums at Uſe on Perſonal Security; and cou'd

raiſe

raiſe of his own Gladiators, diſpers'd about *Numidia*, a Force able to plunder *Carthage*.

After this, that his Actions might agree with his Condition, 'twas concluded neceſſary to wear an Ayre of Diſcontent; that he ſhould, with a ſtately ſtiffneſs, like Quality, often Cough, and Spit about the Room; that his Words might come the more faintly from him; that in the Eye of the World he ſhou'd refuſe to eat or drink; ever talking of Riches; and ſometimes, to confirm their belief, ſhou'd break into theſe Words: Strange, that ſuch, or ſuch a Mannor ſhou'd diſappoint my Expectation, that us'd to be bleſt with ſo large an Encreaſe! And that nothing might be wanting to compleat the Humour, as often as he had occaſion to call any of us, he ſhou'd uſe one Name for another; that it might eaſily appear how mindful the Lord was even of thoſe Servants he had left in *Africk*.

Matters thus order'd, having, as all that wou'd thrive, implor'd the Bleſſing of Heaven, we began our March, but both *Giton* did not like this new Slavery, and the Servant which *Eumolpus* had hir'd, bearing moſt of our Baggage, in a little time beginning to be uneaſy in his Service, wou'd often reſt his Burthen, with ten thouſand wry Looks, and as many Curſes for our going ſo faſt; at laſt he ſwore he would either leave his Charge, or go quite away with't. 'Sdeath, ſaid he, d'ye think I'm a Pack-horſe, or a Dray, that you load me thus? I was hir'd for a Man, not a Horſe; nor am I leſs a Gentleman by Birth

Birth than any of you all, tho' my Father left me in a mean condition. Not content with reproaches, but, getting before us, he lift up one Leg, and venting his Choler at the wrong end, fill'd our Noſtrils with a beaſtly ſcent.

Gito mock'd his Humour, and for every crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill ſcent might ſtifle another.

But even here *Eumolpus* returning to his old humour: Young-men, began he, this Poetry deceives many; for not only every one that is able to give a Verſe its numbers, and ſpin out his feeble Sence in a long train of Words, has the Vanity to think himſelf inſpir'd; but Pleaders at the Bar, when they would give themſelves a looſe from Buſineſs, apply themſelves to Poetry, as an Entertainment without Trouble, believing it eaſier to compile a Poem than maintain a Controverſy, adorn'd with a few florid Sentences: But neither will a generous Spirit affect the empty ſound of Words; nor can a Mind, unleſs enrich'd with Learning, be deliver'd of a Birth of Poetry; there muſt be the Purity of Language, no vulgar Expreſſion or Meanneſs, as I may call it, of Words, is to be admitted, but a Stile perfectly above the common, and with *Horace*---

Scorn the Illiterate Herd,
And drive 'em from you.

Beſides,

Beſides, you muſt be ſtrictly diligent, that your Expreſſions appear of a piece with the body of the Diſcourſe, and your Colours ſo laid, that each may contribute to the Beauty of the whole. *Greece* has given us a *Homer* and the Lyricks for Example, *Rome* a *Virgil* and a *Horace*, the Purity of whoſe Language is ſo happily correct: Others either never ſaw the Path that leads to Poetry, or ſeeing, were afraid to tread it. To deſcribe the Civil Wars of *Rome* would be a Maſterpiece, the unletter'd Head that offers at it, will ſink beneath the weight of ſo great a Work; for, to relate paſt Actions is not ſo much the Buſineſs of a Poet as an Hiſtorian; the boundleſs Genius of a Poet ſtrikes thro' all Mazes, introduces Gods, and puts the Invention on the Rack for Poetick Ornaments, that it may rather ſeem a Prophetick Fury than a ſtrict Relation, with Witneſſes of meer Truth. As for Example, this Rapture, tho' I have not given it in the laſt hand:

Now Rome *reigns Empreſs o'er the vanquiſht Ball*
So far as Earth extends, obey'd by all:
Uneaſie, yet with Luſt of Power, ſhe's curſt;
And boundleſs as her Empire *is her* Thirſt.
Her daring Sails remoteſt Worlds explore,
The Baltick *Seas, and happy* Albion's *Shore.*

Her

UNIV.

Her Impious Troops did ſtill the Rich invade,
And either found a Cauſe for War, or made.
With Seeds of Woe thus Fate the Empire fill'd,
And a Luxurious Soil in Miſchiefs till'd.
In Wealth abounding, difficult to pleaſe,
The pamper'd City ranſacks Earth and Seas:
She ſcorns the Dye which Tyrian *Altars boaſt,*
And ſeeks a nobler on th' Iberian *Coaſt.*
Her wanton Troops in purple Armour ſhine,
Deck'd with the Spoil of Gods and things Divine;
Naked and bare their ſacred Wardrobe ſtands
Too much expos'd to Sacrilegious Hands:
The Indian *Silks the* Arabs *Species lend,*
And rich Perfumes in hazy Clouds aſcend:
O'er Lybian *Fields the painted Leopard flies,*
And for his Skin the gaudy Monſter dies:
The warlike Beaſts, which on Tarentum's *Plain*
Fabricius *beat, are for their Ivory ſlain:*
And Punick *Huntſmens mercenary Guilt*
Forgets the Blood their beaſtial Soldiers ſpilt.
Yet deeper Crimes foretel her certain Doom,
Calling for Vengeance on Luxurious Rome.

Now

Thus wretched Rome *does her own Ruin ſhare;*
She ſells *her ſelf, and is her ſelf the* Ware.
All lands are mortgag'd, the whole Empires bound,
And in the Uſe the Principal is drown'd.
Thus Debt's a Fever, and, like that Diſeaſe,
Bred in our Bowels by unfelt degrees,
Will thro' our Vitals every Member ſeize.

Fierce Tumults now to Arms for Succour call,
For Want may dare, but never fear a Fall.
Waſted by Riot, Wealth's an Ulcerous Sore
That only Wounds can its loſt ſtrength reſtore.
What Rules of Reaſon, or ſoft gentle ways,
Rome *from this Lethargy of Vice can raiſe?*
When ſuch mild Arts can no impreſſion make,
Wars, Tumults, Noiſe, and Fury muſt awake.
Fortune one Age with three great Chiefs ſupply'd,
Who by the Sword in various manner dy'd:
On Aſia's *Plains the* Parthians Craſſus *ſlew,*
An broke his Troops with their revengeful Yew.
Great Pompey's *Blood the* Egyptian *Tyrant ſhed;*
In thankleſs Rome *the murder'd* Cæſar *bled.*
Thus, as one Soil alone too narrow were
Their glorious Duſt and great Remains to bear,

O'er

O'er all the Earth their ſcatter'd Ruin lies,
Which no one World could in it ſelf comprize.
Betwixt Parthenope *and* Baja's *Tide*
A Cavern lies, moſt dreadful, deep, and wide.
Here heavy Styx *and dire* Cocytus *Streams*
Emit ſulphureous Fogs and hazy Steams;
Around the fatal Compaſs of their Breath,
No joyful Springs indulge the fruitful Earth;
Nothing but black Confuſion all around,
Omens of Death, and Birds obſcene are found;
Where lonely Rocks in diſmal Quiet mourn,
Which Cypreſs ſhade, and gloomy Yews adorn.
Here Pluto *rais'd his Head, and thro' a Cloud*
Of Smoke material, unto Fortune bow'd;
Then ſpake, — Great Queen, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
No leſs than Fate, both Gods and Men obey,
You ſeldom like what too ſecurely ſtands;
Does Rome *not tire your faint ſupporting Hands?*
How can you longer bear her ſinking Frame?
Nor Romans *hate, who hate the* Roman *Name.*
See, all around luxurious Trophies lie,
And their decreaſing Wealth new Ills ſupply.

Here Golden Piles the azure Skies invade,
There on the Sea incroaching Moles are made;
On Palaces here Spicy Groves are ſeen,
And verdant Woods load Deities marine;
Inverted Nature's injur'd Laws they wrong,
And threaten Realms which do to me belong.
Such mighty Caverns in the Earth they make,
They undermine, and Hell's Foundations ſhake:
Whilſt near the Verge of Night they ſink for Stone,
And hollow Rocks beneath their Fury groan;
Proud in Expectance of forbidden Day,
The haughty Ghoſts begin to diſobey.
Fortune, *be kind; ſign this proud City's Doom,*
And lay in Duſt the glitt'ring Spires of Rome.
No Age *or* Sex, *propitious Goddeſs, ſpare,*
But crowd with Spirits the infernal Air.
Infernal Lips no human Victims taſte;
For want of Food, Hell's ſooty Dæmons *waſte.*
When Sylla's *Sword let out a purple Flood,*
And Roman Gods *were ſtain'd with* Roman Blood,
Then Hell rejoyc'd.— The Goddeſs ſtrait replies,
Father, whoſe Realm beneath our Empire lies,

If

If dangerous Truths may be with Safety told,
My Thoughts with yours a due Proportion hold.
A Sense of Wrongs my injur'd Breast inspires,
And Rage my Mind with just Resentment fires.
I curse the Blessings which to Rome *I lent,*
And of my Bounty, now abus'd, repent.
Thus the proud Height of Rome's *aspiring Walls,*
By the same God that rais'd her Grandeur, falls.
Methinks I see Pharsalia's *fatal Plain*
Glutted with Blood of noble Romans *slain;*
Congested Piles the mighty Slaughter tell,
And pitying Gods mourn the sad Work of Hell.
Ægyptian *Woes and* Lybian *Groans I hear;*
Their Sun-burnt Dead in ghastly Shapes appear.
At Actium Cæsar's *Naval Force prevails,*
And Cleopatra *flies with purple Sails;*
Foreboding Signs a bloody Harvest tell,
Set open all the Avenues of Hell.
Charon *to* Proserpine *can ne'er convey,*
The num'rous Dead shall for their Passage stay;
Furies shall be with the vast Ruin crown'd,
And, fill'd with Blood, remangle ev'ry Wound.

The univerſal Fabrick of the World,
Rent and divided, to your Empire's hurl'd.
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, ere from a Cloud there flies
A nitrous Flame, and Thunder rent the Skies;
At Jove's *avenging Bolts to loweſt Hell,*
Earth cloſing up, th' affrighted Pluto *fell;*
When ſoon the angry Gods dire Omens ſhow,
That bode Deſtruction and approaching Woe;
Aſtoniſhment ſurpiz'd the darken'd Sun,
As if the War already was begun;
The rip'ning Ills preſaging Cynthia *knew,*
And conſcious, from Impiety withdrew;
With hideous Noiſe the falling Mountains cleave,
And Streams repuls'd, their uſual Courſes leave;
Battalions charge and combat in the Air,
And Mars *excites his fiery Sons to War:*
Sicilian *Plains bear dreadful* Ætna *roar,*
And ſulph'rous Streams ſurprize the wond'ring Shore.
Preſaging Tombs, and melancholy Urns,
Sad Groans emit, whoſe Fire no longer burns.
Portending Comets, with long purple Streams,
Affright Mankind, and dart their ſanguine Beams.

Jove

Jove *once deſcended in a Golden Shower,*
Now angry Clouds a bloody Deluge pour,
Warning Great Julius *from* Batavian *Fields,*
To fetch the Crown Rome's *conquer'd Empire yields.*
High on the Alps, *where the divided Rock,*
Amilcar's *Son did with ſtrange Force unlock;*
Altars devoted to Alcides *Smoke,*
And Græcian Pray'rs *do* Græcian Gods *invoke.*
The Temple with eternal Ice is crown'd,
Whoſe milky Top in hazy Clouds is drown'd.
This ſacred Dome you'd think't did Heav'n ſuſtain,
And brawny Atlas *eas'd of half his Pain.*
The melted Snow ne'er from its Summits ruu,
Thaw'd by the Force of a Meridian *Sun.*
Here conqu'ring Julius *leads his joyful Bands,*
And in the midſt a while conſid'ring ſtands.
From thence Italian *Plains the Chief ſurveys,*
And thus to Heav'n with low Submiſſion prays:
Saturnian Jove, *and* Jove's *Almighty Bride,*
With Aid divine aſſiſt the juſter Side.
Witneſs theſe Arms unwillingly I wear,
Compell'd by Injuries too great to bear:

Proſcrib'd and baniſh'd, whilſt I mix'd with Blood
The conquer'd Rhine, *and ſwell'd its angry Flood.*
The mournful River, as it ſwiftly runs,
Hugs in its bloody Arms its ſlaughter'd Sons.
Preparing Gauls, *our Empire to invade,*
Skulk in the Alps, *of* Cæſar's *Arms afraid.*
Twice thirty *Fields our conqu'ring* Troops *have won,*
As many States have found themſelves undone.
The German Troops, *in Faſtneſſes inclos'd,*
My Legions fought; to unknown Wars expos'd,
Did firſt the Depth of trembling Marſhes ſound,
And fix'd their Eagles in unfaithful Ground.
But what Return has Rome's *proud Senate made!*
Conqu'ring Abroad, I am at Home betray'd.
They think my Conqueſts dang'rous to their Peace,
And as my Glory, ſo my Crimes increaſe.
A Mob in Arms againſt my Fame declare,
And Actions ſlight, the Gen'rous only dare.
No Aſian *Slave ſhall bind this Arm in Chains,*
And unreveng'd contemn my warlike Pains.
Bold with Succeſs, I'll to new Conqueſts lead;
Come, my Companions, thus my Cauſe I'll plead:

Let's

Let's boldly fight, alike upon us all
Does equal Guilt and equal Danger call.
With you I did the British *Ocean plow,*
And haughty Nations to our Arms did bow.
Fortune invoke; see, glitt'ring Crowns appear!
With such an Army, who Success can fear?
Thus Cæsar *spoke: From the propitious Sky*
Descending Eagles, boding Victory,
Drive the slow Winds before 'em as they fly.
From dark Recesses of a Grove proceed
Shrill Cries, and visionary Soldiers bleed.
The Sun-beams with unusual Brightness rise,
Spreading new Glories round the gilded Skies:
Fir'd with the Omens of their vast Success,
The glitt'ring Troops o'er Rocks *and* Mountains *press,*
Where frozen Earth, cover'd with Ice and Snows,
A dreadful Quiet in dull Stiffness shows;
But when the Cuirassiers had broke the Chain,
And soften'd milky Clouds of frozen Rain;
So quick the melted Snows to Rivers run,
That soon a Deluge from the Mountains sprung;
When sudden Colds the sounding Currents seize,
Stop their slow Streams, and rising Billows freeze.

The Currents, frozen to an Icy Way,
To ſudden Falls both Man and Horſe betray.
Now pregnant Clouds a gloomy Horror form,
And breaking, are deliver'd of a Storm.
Cæſar *advancing, braves the threatning Skies,*
And ſteddy on his conſcious Worth relies.
Alcmena's *Son did leſs ſecurely ruſh*
From the proud Height of riſing Caucaſus.
With ſuch an Air Jove *on the Giants preſt,*
Who ſcal'd the Skies, and durſt his Heav'n moleſt:
The Mountains Tops now Cæſar's *Armies gain,*
And ſpread Confuſion o'er the troubl'd Plain.
Big with the News, Fame takes her ſudden Riſe,
Proud of her Toil, and ſtronger as ſhe flies;
In dreadful Terms the wanton Goddeſs tells
Th' approaching Wars, and Truth *to* Falſhood *ſwells.*

Thrice ſhe proclaims ——
A num'rous Fleet is riding o'er the Main,
The melted Alps *are hid with* Cæſar's *Train;*
Which wreaking from a German *Conqueſt come,*
And with alike Deſtruction threaten Rome.

Now

Now Arms, Blood, Death, *and diſmal Scenes of War*
Are to each Eye preſented from afar;
With anxious Thoughts of coming Ills poſſeſt,
A horrid Tumult reigns in ev'ry Breaſt.
This flies by Land, and this the Deep explores,
Thinking the Sea leſs dang'rous than the Shores.
The daring Soldier truſts his Sword and Shield,
And boldly runs the Hazard of the Field.
The Prieſts *and* Women, *pious in Diſtreſs,*
For Aid in vain reluctant Heav'n addreſs.
The Flamen's Fears, and Clamours of the Gown,
Add freſh Diſtraction to the trembling Town.
A various Courſe the giddy Vulgar ſteer,
Following the blind Impulſes of their Fear:
One takes his Children in his pious Arms,
Another keeps his Houſhold-gods from Harms:
Their frighted Wives uxorious Haſbands bear,
Theſe guard their Parents with a filial Care.
Some their rich Goods to diſtant Cells convey,
And only for their Foes prepare a Prey.
So in a Storm, when no Sea-Arts prevail,
To guide the Ship with any certain Sail,

Some

Some bind the ſplitted Maſt, ſome ſwim to Shore,
And their loſt Wealth at ev'ry Stroke deplore.
But why do we of vulgar Fears complain,
When both the Conſuls did their Honours ſtain,
And Rome's *high Towers deſerting* Pompey *fled,*
And hid in humble Cottages his Head,
Whoſe Triumphs o'er the Earth made Jove *afraid*
That Gen'ral next ſhould Heav'n's *high Walls invade.*
Yet he, of Empires and of Men the Shame,
Quitting the Luſtre of his ſhining Name,
Meanly at once abandon'd Rome *and* Fame.
Terreſtrial Jars to Heavens do Fears impart,
The peaceful Train of quiet Gods depart:
Weary of Crimes, they quit the impious World,
Leaving Mankind in ſad Confuſion hurl'd.
Fair Peace, *as Leader of the Heav'nly Train,*
Beating her lovely Arms, did firſt complain;
A Wreath of Olives bound her drooping Head,
And to th' infernal Realms of Night ſhe fled:
Juſtice *and* Faith *as her Attendance went,*
And mourning Concord *with her Garments rent.*
Sad Proſerpine *unbolts her brazen Doors,*
And ſtrait the Furies quit the Stygian *Shores.*

Erinny's

Erinny's *Fraud, Deſpair, and panick Fear,*
Troubles, and Death, in horrid Shapes appear.
Diſorder'd Rage, *from brazen Fetters freed,*
Aſcends to Earth with an impetuous Speed.
Her wounded Face a bloody Helmet hides,
And her left Arm a batter'd Target guides;
Red Brands of Fire ſupported in her right,
The impious World with Flames and Ruin fright.
The Gods deſerting, leave their bleſs'd Abode,
And wond'ring Atlas *miſs'd his uſual Load.*
The embattell'd Powers their ſaphire Walls forſake,
And ripe in Faction, various Parties take:
For Cæſar *firſt* Dione *does appear;*
For him Minerva *ſhakes her pond'rous Spear:*
His mighty Sword the God of Battel draws,
Breathes Death and War, and aids the Julian Cauſe.
To the ſame Side the Moon *her Forces bends,*
And now, uncall'd by magick Power, deſcends.
Preſaging Phœbus, *from his Silver Bow,*
Shoots certain Arrows, and unerring Woe:
The bearded Shafts on Pompey's *Squadrons light,*
And force the wounded Horſe to ſudden Flight:

The

The Trumpets ſound, and with a diſmal Yell
Wild Diſcord *riſes from the Vales of Hell:*
From her ſwell'd Eyes there ran a briny Flood,
And clotted Gore upon her Viſage ſtood.
Around her Head Serpentine Eff-locks hung,
And Streams of Blood flow'd from her ſable Tongue.
Her tatter'd Clothes her yellow Skin betray,
(An Emblem of the Breaſt on which they lay)
And brandiſh'd Flames her livid Hand obey.
Thus from Hell's Deep ſhe paſs'd, with dire Deſign,
Up to the Top of noble Appennine,
From whoſe proud Height *ſhe diſtant* Plains *deſcry'd,*
And glitt'ring Troops, which march'd on ev'ry Side,
When burſting into Paſſion, thus ſhe cry'd:
Let murd'rous Rage to Arms the World inſpire,
And deadly Feuds ſet all Mankind on Fire:
The Wife *and* Brave *alike, involv'd in Arms,*
Shall feel the Rage of Rome's *inteſtine Harms;*
The Seas ſhall murmur, frighted Nature quake,
And rooted Hills, like bending Oziers, *ſhake.*
But why does Cæſar *march ſo ſlowly on,*
And not at once paſs o'er the Rubicon?

The

The Gods decree he ſhall Rome's *Trenches force,*
And to the Forum *lead his* Britiſh *Horſe.*
If frighted Pompey *dreads th' approaching Foe,*
Let him to fatal Epidamnum *go,*
And fill its Plains with Blood.— Thus Diſcord *ſaid,*
And impious Earth her black Decrees obey'd.

When *Eumolpus*, with his uſual Freedom, had deliver'd himſelf of theſe Lines, we arriv'd at *Crotona*, where having refreſh'd our ſelves in a little Inn we took up at, the next Day, deſigning an Enlargement of our Houſe and Fortune, we fell into the Company of ſome flattering Paraſites, who immediately enquir'd what we were, and from whence we came; when, according to our Contrivance, prudently advancing our Characters, we told the credulous Knaves from whence we ſet out, and the Occaſion of our Voyage. Upon which immediately all their Fortunes were at *Eumolpus* Feet; and each, to ingratiate himſelf into his Favour, ſtrove to exceed the reſt in preſenting.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a long Time flowing upon us, *Eumolpus*, midſt his Happineſs, having loſt the Memory of his former Condition, ſo boaſted his Intereſt, that he affirm'd, none in *Crotona* could reſiſt his Deſires; and that whatever Crime any of us ſhould be guilty of, he had Friends potent enough to ſecure us from Puniſhment.

But

But tho' our daily-increasing Riches left my pamper'd Body no Desire unsatisfy'd; and tho' I flatter'd my self into an Opinion, that ill Fortune had taken her last Leave of me, yet not only the Thoughts of my present Condition, but the Means of getting to it, would often break in upon my Joys, and embitter all the Sweet. And what, said I to my self, if some one wiser than the rest, should dispatch a Messenger for *Afric*, should we not soon be discover'd? What if the Slave *Eumolpus* pick'd up, glutted with his present Happiness, should betray us to his Companions, and maliciously discover the whole Intrigue? We should then be put upon the Stroul again, and be oblig'd with Shame to renew our former Beggary. Heavens! how ill it fares with wicked Livers! that they must ever expect a deserv'd Punishment.

'Going out full of these Thoughts, to di-'vert Melancholy, I resolv'd on a Walk, but 'had scarce got into a publick one, ere a 'pretty Girl made up to me; who, calling 'me *Polyænus*, told me her Lady would be 'proud of an Opportunity of speaking with 'me.

'You're mistaken, Sweet-heart, answer'd 'I in a little Heat, I am but a Servant, of 'another Country too, and not worthy of 'so great a Favour.

No, Sir, said she, I have Commands to you; but because you know what you can do, you're proud; and if a Lady would receive a Favour from you, I see she must purchase

purchaſe it: For to what End are all thoſe Allurements, forſooth, the curl'd Hair, the Complexion advanc'd by Waſhes, the wanton Roul of your Eyes, the affected Air of your Gate, unleſs in order to invite a Purchaſer? For my part, I am neither Witch nor Conjurer, yet can gueſs at a Man by his Phyſiognomy; and when I find a Spark walking, can gueſs the Meaning. To be ſhort, Sir, if ſo be you are one of them that ſell their Ware, I'll procure you a Buyer; but if you're a courteous Lender, confer the Benefit. As for your being a Servant, and below (as you ſay) ſuch a Favour, it increaſes the Flames of her that's dying for you. 'Tis the fooliſh Humour of ſome Women to be in Love with Filth; nor can they be rais'd to an Appetite, but by the Charms forſooth, of ſome Slave or Laquey: Some can be pleas'd with nothing more than the ſtrutting of a Prize-fighter, with a hack'd Face, and a red Ribbon in his Shirt; or an Actor, incited to proſtitute himſelf on the Stage by the Vanity of ſhewing his pretty Shapes there. Of this Sort is my Lady, who indeed, added ſhe, prefers the paltry Lover of the upper Gallery, with his dirty Face and Oaken Staff, to all the fine Gentlemen in the Boxes, with their Patches, Gunpowder-ſpots, and Tooth-pickers.

When, pleas'd with the Humour of her Talk, I beſeech you, Child, ſaid I, are you the She that's ſo in Love with my Perſon? Upon which, the Maid fell into a fit of Laughter.

ter. I would not, return'd she, have you so extreamly flatter your self; I never yet truckled to a Waiter; nor will *Venus* allow I should embrace a Gibbet. You must address your self to Ladies that kiss the Ensigns of Slavery. Be assur'd that I, tho' a Servant, have too fine a Taste to converse with any below a Knight. I was amaz'd at the Relation of such unequal Passions, and thought it miraculous to find a Servant with the scornful Pride of a Lady, and a Lady with the Humility of a Servant.

Our pleasant Discourse continuing, I desir'd her to bring her Lady. She readily consented, and taking hold of her Petticoats, tript it gently into a Lawrel Labyrinth, that border'd on the Walk. 'Twas not long ere she usher'd her Lady to me; a Beauty excelling even the Flattery of Painters; Words can't express so perfect a Creature: Whatever I should say of her, would fall short of what she was.

Her Hair spread all upon her Shoulders, and seem'd in easy Curls to wanton in the Air. Her Forehead was oval, and naturally inclin'd the Hair to its Advantage. The Shape of her Eye-brows was most correct. Her Eyes eclips'd the Glory of the brightest Star. Her Nose had an easy Turn, and her Mouth was such as *Praxiletes* believ'd *Venus* had. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Arms, and Feet gently girt with embroider'd Sandals, to whose Whiteness the *Parian* Marble would serve but as a Foil. 'Twas then I began to de-

deſpiſe my old Miſtreſs *Doris*: And thus broke out in a Rapture;

Sure amorous Jove's *a holy Tale above,*
With fancy'd Arts that wait upon his Love;
When we are bleſs'd with ſuch a Charm as this,
And be no Rival of our Happineſs;
How well the Bull *would now the God become,*
Or his grey Hairs to be transform'd to Down?
Here's Danaè's *ſelf, a Touch from her would fire,*
And make the God in liquid Joys expire.

She was pleas'd, and ſmil'd with ſuch an Air, that ſhe ſeem'd like the Moon in her ſilver Glories breaking through a Cloud; when addreſſing herſelf, her pretty Fingers humouring the Turn of her Voice, If a fine Woman, very lately acquainted with your Sex, ſaid ſhe, may deſerve your Love, let me commend you to a Miſtreſs. I am ſenſible you have a Friend already, nor have I thought it below me to enquire into your Circumſtances: But why not a Miſtreſs to? I enter the Liſt on the ſame Bottom with your Friend, nor do I deſire to engroſs all your Careſſes; only think me deſerving, and confer them as you pleaſe.

Let me beſeech you, Madam, return'd I, by all thoſe *Cupids* in your Face and Mien, to permit a Stranger in the Number of your

Admirers, you'll find him moſt religious, if you'll accept his Devotions; and to convince you, Madam, that the Way to this Heaven (like the Paths of Paradiſe) is not to be trod *gratis*, I preſent you with my Friend.

What! ſaid ſhe, do you give him, without whom you could not live, on whoſe Lips your very Being depends, whom you love as I do you? Her Words were attended with ſuch a Grace at their Delivery, and the ſweet Sound ſo charm'd the yielding Air, you would have ſworn ſome Syren had been breathing Melodies. Thus wrapt with every Thing ſo amazing, and fancying a Glory ſhin'd in every Part, I ventur'd to enquire what Name the Goddeſs own'd. My Maid, I perceive, ſaid ſhe, has not inform'd you; I am call'd *Circe*; I would not have you believe, tho' I bear that Name, that I derive my Orignal from *Apollo*; nor that my Mother, while ſhe lay in the God's Embraces, held the fiery Steeds: Yet I ſhall know enough of Heaven, if Fate will give you to my Arms. And who can penetrate into the Decrees of Deſtiny? Therefore come, my Dear, and crown my Wiſhes. Nor need you fear any malicious Diſturber of our Joys, your Companion is far enough from hence.

Upon which, ſhe threw her Downy Arms about me, and led me to a Plat of Ground, the Pride of Nature, deck'd with a gay Variety of every pleaſing Object.

On

On Ida's *Top, when* Jove *his Nymph careſs'd,*
And lawleſs Heat in open View expreſs'd,
His Mother Earth in all her Charms was ſeen,
The Roſe, the Violet, the ſweet Jeſſamin,
And the fair Lilly ſmiling on the Green.
Such was the Plat on which my Venus *lay;*
Our Love was ſecret, but the charming Day
Was bright, like her, and as her Temper gay.

Here we prepar'd for Battel, and thro' ten thouſand Kiſſes preſs'd to a cloſer Engagement; but a ſudden Weakneſs robb'd me of my Arms. Thus cheated in her Expectation, ſhe highly reſenting it, aſk'd whether her Lips, her Breath, or ſome ill Scent of any Part of her, offended me? Or if none of thoſe, whether I was afraid of *Gito?*

I was ſo aſham'd of my ſelf, that if there was any Spark of the Man left in me, I loſt it. And finding every Part of me feeble, and as it were lifeleſs, I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid I, don't triumph o'er my Miſery: I'm certainly bewitch'd.

'So ſlight an Excuſe could not allay her 'Reſentment; but giving me a diſdainful 'Glance, ſhe turn'd to her Maid, And I prithee, *Chryſis*, ſaid ſhe, be free with me, don't flatter your Miſtreſs, is there any Thing miſbecoming or ungenteel about me? Or have I us'd Art to hide any natural De-

formity? I can't tell how you've dreſs'd me to Day.

Upon which, ere *Chryſis* could make a Return, ſhe ſnatch'd a Pocket-Glaſs from the Maid; and after ſhe had practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd leſs charming than before, ſhe took hold of her Petticoats, that were a little rumpl'd with lying on, and immediately ran to a neighbouring Temple dedicated to *Venus*.

I could not tell what to ſay or do; but, as if I had ſeen a Viſion, at laſt began with Horror to conſider whether I had been robb'd of any real Joy.

So when a Dream our ſleeping Sight betrays,
And to our View ſome hidden Gold conveys;
Our buſy Hands th' inviting Treaſure ſeize,
And ſhort-liv'd Joys our active Fancies pleaſe.
But ſoon we fear, leſt any conſcious Spy
May find the Secret, and the Theft decry.
And when with Spleen our charming Dreams *are o'er,*
Our Minds reſtor'd to what they were before,
Concern'd, we wiſh the fancy'd Loſs regain'd,
And with the Image ſtill are entertain'd.

'This Misfortune might make me juſtly 'think it not only a true Viſion, but real 'Witchcraft; for I was ſo weak, I could 'ſcarce get upon my Legs; my Mind at laſt

'a

'a little freed, began by Degrees to recover 'its Vigor; upon which I went to my Lodg- 'ing, and diſſembling a Faintneſs, lay down 'upon my Bed. A little after, *Gito*, being 'inform'd I was ill, came to me much 'troubl'd; but to allay his Concern, I told 'him I was only a little weary, and had a 'Mind to repoſe my ſelf, but not a Word of 'my laſt Adventure. I talk'd to him about 'ſeveral Things; I was afraid to diſcloſe the 'Secret, becauſe I knew he envy'd every one 'that appear'd agreeable to me; and to 'prevent his Suſpicion, throwing my Arms 'about him, I endeavour'd to give a Proof 'of my Tenderneſs; but being diſappointed 'in my Expectation, he aroſe very angry, 'accuſing my Weakneſs and ſtrange Beha- 'viour to him, told me, that of late he had 'found my chief Favours were beſtow'd to 'Perſons who did not merit my Kindneſs.

'My Reſpect for you, *Gito*, ſaid I, has 'ever been the ſame; but now my Dancing- 'days ſubmit to Reaſon.

Gito fell a laughing, and with a Sort of an ill-natur'd Railery, reply'd, That he was pleas'd with my Diſcretion, but conceiv'd that Friendſhip was conſiſtent with Reaſon; that the wiſeſt Perſons had always the pro- foundeſt Reſpect for that venerable Name; and, that *Socrates* thought it no Diminution to his Wiſdom, to contract a ſolemn Friend- ſhip with *Alcibiades*, one of the moſt agree- able of Men.

Ending these Words, *Gito* went out of the Room in a Passion, affronted at my Conduct and Behaviour.

He was hardly gone, ere *Chrysis* enter'd my Chamber, and gave me a Billet from her Mistress, wherein I found this written.

HAD I flatter'd my self with an Expectation of Pleasure, how had I been deceiv'd! But pray, Sir, if I may be so free, I desire to know how you design to bestow your self, and whether you dare venture abroad on those Legs, which ten thousand to one but may sink under you. Let me advise your tender Years to beware of a Palsy; I never saw any Body in so much Danger. On my Conscience, you are just going; and should the same Chilness seize you all over, I might be soon oblig'd to weep at your Funeral. But, to convince you I am sincerely concern'd for your Recovery, I shall give you a Prescription for your Cure; Eat heartily, drink moderately, and sleep three Nights alone. *As to my self, I am not in the least apprehensive of appearing to another less charming than I have to you; I am told neither my Glass nor Report do flatter me. Farewel, if you can.*

When *Chrysis* found I had read the Reproaches of her Mistress, This is the Custom, Sir, said she, and chiefly of this City, where the Women are so potent in magick Charms, even to make the Moon confess their Power; therefore the Recovery of languishing Love becomes their Care. 'Tis only writing some soft

ſoft Things to my Lady, and you make her happy. For 'tis confeſs'd, ſince her Diſappointment, ſhe has not been herſelf. I readily conſented, and calling for Paper, thus addreſs'd my ſelf:

'TIS confeſs'd, Madam, I have often ſinned, for I am not only a Man, but a very young one, yet never left the Field ſo diſhonourably before. You have at your Feet a confeſſing Criminal, that deſerves whatever you can inflict; I've cut a Throat, betray'd my Country, committed Sacrilege; if a Puniſhment for any of theſe will ſerve, I am ready to receive Sentence. If you fancy my Death, I wait you with my Sword; but if a Beating will content you, I fly naked to your Arms. Only remember, that 'twas not the Work-man, but his Materials, that fail'd. I was ready to engage, but wanted Arms. Who robb'd me of them, I know not; perhaps my eager Mind out-run my Body; or while with an unhappy Haſte I aim'd at all, I was cheated with abortive Joys. I only know I don't know what I've done. You bid me fear a Palſy, as if the Diſeaſe could do more, that has already robb'd me of that by which I ſhould have purchas'd you. All I have to ſay for my ſelf, is this, That I will certainly pay with Intereſt the Arrears of Love, if you allow me Time to repair my Misfortune.

Having ſent back *Chryſis* with this Anſwer, to encourage my jaded Body, after the Bath and ſtrengthening Oils had a little refreſh'd

me, I betook my ſelf to ſuch a Courſe of Diet, as might render me ſtrong and vigorous, uſing Wine very moderately; upon which, to ſettle my ſelf, I took a little Walk, and returning to my Chamber, ſlept that Night without Company; ſo great was my Care to acquit my ſelf honourably with my Miſtreſs, that I was afraid of any Temptation which might have drawn me from my Duty.

The next Day riſing without Prejudice either to my Body or Spirits, I went, tho' I fear'd the Place was ominous, to the ſame Walk, and expected *Chryſis* to conduct me to her Miſtreſs; I had not been long there, ere ſhe came to me, and with her a little old Woman. After ſhe had ſaluted me, What, my nice Sir *Courtly*, ſaid ſhe, does your Stomach begin to come to you?

At what Time the old Woman drawing from her Boſom a Wreath of many Colours, bound my Neck; and having mix'd Spittle and Duſt, ſhe dipt her Finger in't, and mark'd my Fore-head, whether I would or no.

When this Part of the Charm was over, ſhe made me ſpit thrice, and as often put into my Boſom enchanted Stones, that ſhe had wrapt in Purple; after which, ſhe began to examine me very nicely; when, quick as Thought, ſhe found all Things to her Satisfaction. She was all Joy; And d'ye ſee, my *Chryſis*, ſaid ſhe, d'ye ſee what a Hare *I have ſtarted for another to have the Pleaſure of the Chace?*

Never

Never deſpair; Priapus *I invoke,*
To help the Parts that make his Altars ſmoke.

'After this, the old Woman preſented 'me to *Chryſis*, who was very glad ſhe had 'recover'd her Miſtreſs's Treaſure; and 'therefore haſtening to her, ſhe conducted 'me to a moſt pleaſant Retreat, deck'd with 'all that Nature could produce to pleaſe the 'Sight.

Where aged Elms caſt a refreſhing Shade,
And well-trimm'd Pines their ſhaking Tops diſplay'd;
Where Daphne, *'midſt the Cypreſs, crown'd her Head.*

Near theſe a circling River gently flows,
And rouls the Pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A Place deſign'd for Love, the Nightingale,
And other Birds, its ſoft Delights can tell,
Who on each Buſh ſalute the coming Day,
And in their Orgies ſing its Hours away.

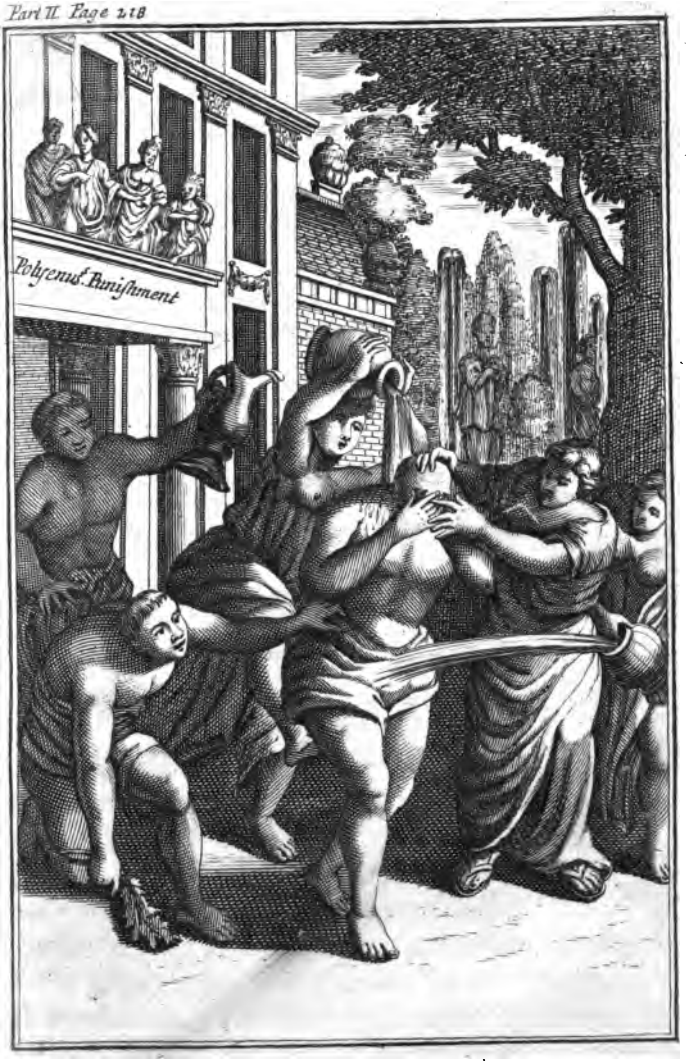
She was in an Undreſs, reclining on a flowery Bank, and diverting herſelf with a Myrtle Branch. As ſoon as I appear'd, ſhe bluſh'd, as mindful of her Diſappointment. *Chryſis* very prudently withdrew, and when we were

were left together, I approach'd the Temptation; at what Time she skreen'd my Face with the Myrtle, and as if there had been a Wall between us, becoming more bold; What, my cold Spark, said she, have you brought all your self to Day?

Do you ask, Madam, I return'd, rather than try? and throwing my self to her, who with open Arms was eager to receive me, we kiss'd a little Age away, when giving the Signal to prepare for other Joys, she drew me to a more close Embrace; and now our murmuring Kisses their Sweetness tell, bidding us prepare for greater Pleasures; now our twining Limbs try'd every Fold of Love; now, lock'd in each other's Arms, our Bodies and our Souls are join'd: But even here, alas! even amidst these dear Beginnings, a sudden Chilness press'd upon my Joys, and made me leave 'em all imperfect.

Circe, enrag'd to be so affronted, had Recourse to Revenge, and calling the Grooms that belong'd to the House, made them give me a Warming; nor was she satisfy'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, even the meanest in the House, she made 'em spit upon me. I hid my Head as well as I could; and without begging Pardon, for I knew what I had deserv'd, was turn'd out of Doors with a large Retinue of Kicks and Spittle; *Proselenos*, the old Woman, was turn'd out too, and *Chrysis* beaten; and the whole Family wondering with themselves, enquir'd the Cause of their Lady's Disorder.

Part II. Page 218



UNIV. OF MICH.

I hid my Bruiſes as well as I could, leſt my Rival *Eumolpus* might ſport with my Shame, or *Gito* be concern'd at it; therefore, as the only way to diſguiſe my Misfortune, I began to diſſemble Sickneſs; and having got in Bed, to revenge my ſelf of what had been the Cauſe of all my Misfortunes, took hold of it, and

With dreadful Steel the Part I would have lopt,
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Razor dropt.
Now, what I might before, I could not do,
For, cold as Ice, the fearful Thing withdrew,
And ſhrunk behind a wrinkled Canopy, -
Hiding his Head from my Revenge and me.
Thus by its Fear I'm baulk'd of my Deſign,
When I in Words more killing vent my Spleen.

At what Time raiſing my ſelf on the Bed, in this or the like Manner I reproach'd the ſullen Impotent; With what Face can you look up, thou Shame of Heaven and Man, that can'ſt not be ſeriouſly mention'd? Have I deſerv'd from you, when rais'd within Sight of the greateſt Joy, to be doom'd to the higheſt Misfortune? To have a Scandal fix'd on the very Prime and Vigor of my Years, and to be reduc'd to the Weakneſs of an old Man? I beſeech you, Sir, give me an Epitaph on my departed Vigor; tho' in a great Heat I had thus ſaid;

He

He ſtill continu'd looking on the Ground;
Nor more, at this had rais'd his guilty Head,
Than wither'd Poppies on their tender Stalks.

Nor when I had done, did I leſs repent of my ridiculous Paſſion; and with a conſcious Bluſh began to think, how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all Shame, I ſhould contend with that Part of me that all Men of Senſe reckon not worth their Thoughts. A little after, relapſing to my former Humour; But what's the Crime, began I, if by a natural Complaint I was eas'd of my Grief? Or how is it, that we blame our Stomachs or Bellies, when 'tis our Heads that are diſtemper'd? Did not *Ulyſſes* beat his Breaſt, as if that had diſturb'd him? And don't we ſee the Actors puniſh their Eyes, as if they heard the tragick Scene? Thoſe that have the Gout in their Legs, ſwear at them; thoſe that have it in their Fingers, do ſo by them; thoſe that have ſore Eyes, are angry with 'em.

Why do the ſolemn Coxcombs of the Age
At my familiar Lines injuſtly rage?
In Meaſures looſely plain blunt Satyr flows,
And ev'ry Vice in proper Colours ſhows.
Love I deſcribe, and all the wanton Joys
Of bluſhing Matrons, and of am'rous Boys.

Thus

Thus Epicurus *taught; the Powers above,*
Regardleſs of terreſtrial Crimes below,
Enjoy a long Eternity in Love,
Letting the giddy World at Random go.

There's nothing more deceitful than a ridiculous Opinion, nor more ridiculous than an affected Gravity. After this, I call'd *Gito* to me; And tell me, ſaid I, but ſincerely, whether *Aſcyltos*, when he took you from me, purſu'd the Injury that Night, and treated you in an unhandſome Manner? The Boy, with his Finger in his Eyes, took a ſolemn Oath, that he had no Incivility offer'd him by *Aſcyltos*.

This drove me to my Wits End; I was in ſo much Confuſion, I knew not what I ſaid; but at laſt I conſider'd to what Purpoſe I ſhould reflect on Misfortunes which were paſt and gone, and make my ſelf uneaſy with calling them to Mind. At laſt I did what I could to recover my Vigor; and being willing to invoke the Aſſiſtance of the Gods, I went out to pay my Devotions to *Priapus*, and as wretched as I was, did not deſpair, but kneeling at the Entrance of the Chamber, thus beſought him:

Delight

Delight of Bacchus, *Guardian of the Groves,*
The kind Reſtorer of decaying Loves;
Leſbos *and verdant* Thaſos *thee implore,*
Whoſe Maids thy Pow'r in wanton Rites adore:
Joy of the Dryards, *with propitious Care*
Attend my Wiſhes, and indulge my Pray'r.
My guiltleſs Hands with Blood I never ſtain'd;
Or ſacrilegiouſly the Gods prophan'd:
Thus low I bow, reſtoring Bleſſings ſend,
I did not thee with my whole ſelf offend.
Who ſins thro' Weakneſs, is leſs guilty thought;
Indulge my Crime, and ſpare a venial Fault.
On me when Fate ſhall ſmiling Gifts beſtow,
I'll (not ungrateful) to your God-head bow;
A ſucking Pig I'll offer to thy Shrine,
And ſacred Bowls brim-full of gen'rous Wine;
A deſtin'd Goat ſhall on thy Altar lie,
And the born'd Parent of my Flock ſhall die.
Then thrice thy frantick Vot'ries ſhall around
Thy Temple *dance, with ſmiling Garlands crown'd,*
And moſt devoutly drunk, thy Orgies ſound.

While

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While I was thus at Prayers, an old Woman, with her Hair about her Ears, and disfigur'd with a mournful Habit, coming in, disturb'd my Devotions; when taking hold of me, she drew me in a great Surprize out of the Entry; And what Hag, said she, has devour'd your Manhood? Or what ominous Carcass have you stumbled over in your Nightly Rambles? You have not acquitted your self like a Man, but, like a washy Jade, have tir'd and founder'd upon the Road: Nor have you been content to sin by your self, but you have also betray'd me into your Crime, and expos'd me as well as your self, to the just Resentment of the Gods; and do you imagine I will not be reveng'd?

When leading me, submissive to all her Commands, a second Time to the Cell of a neigbouring Priestess of *Priapus*, she threw me upon the Bed, and taking up a Stick that fasten'd the Door, reveng'd herself on me. I with a great deal of Patience receiv'd her Fury; and at the first Stroke, if the breaking of the Stick had not lessen'd the Force of the Blow, without Doubt she had broke my Head and Arm.

I groan'd, and hiding my Face with my Hand, lean'd upon a Pillow, and burst into a Flood of Tears. The old Woman sate down by me, and wept as bitterly as my self, complaining of the Miseries of Age, 'till the Priestess came in upon us; And what, said she, do you do in my Chappel, as melancholy

as

as if you came from a Funeral? Don't you conſider theſe are Holidays, in which even the Miſerable ought to be merry?

Alas! my *Enothea*, ſaid ſhe, this Youth was born under an ill Star; for not the greateſt Beauty can raiſe him to a perfect Appetite. You ne'er beheld a more unhappy Man: In his Garden the weak *Willow*, not the luſty *Cedar*, grows. In ſhort, you may gueſs what he is, that could riſe unbleſs'd from *Circe*'s Bed.

Upon this, *Enothea* ſet herſelf between us, and moving her Head a while; I, ſaid ſhe, am the only one that can give a Remedy for that Diſeaſe; and, not to delay it, let him ſleep with me to Night, and next Morning examine how vigorous I ſhall have made him.

All Nature's Works my magick Pow'r obey,
The blooming Earth ſhall wither and decay,
And, when I pleaſe, be verdant, freſh, and gay.
Here flow'ry Vales ſhall vernal Beauties know,
There frozen Plains ſhall hide themſelves in Snow.
By magick Charms I'll make a Whirlwind ceaſe,
Contract its Breath, and murmur into Peace.
Tygers and Pards, ſubmiſſive to my Will,
Obey my Orders, and neglect to kill.

At my Commands, ſubſtantial Darkneſs ſoon
O'erſpreads the Skies, and hides the Silver Moon.
Sol's *fiery Carr ſtopt on th' Ætherial Plain,*
And Thetis *long expects her Lord in vain.*
The Pontick *Bull's emitting Fire and Smoke;*
The Witch Medea *to her Service broke,*
And made their ſwelling Cheſts ſuſtain the Yoke.
Refulgent Circe, *Daughter of the Sun,*
Could into Swine Ulyſſes's *Soldiers turn.*
In Woods Silenus, Proteus *in the Seas,*
Conceal the God, and take what Forms they pleaſe.
As great's my Skill, as far my Pow'r extends,
The ſervile World to my Enchantment bends.

I ſhook with Fear at ſuch a Romantick Promiſe, and began more intentively to view the old Woman: Upon which ſhe cry'd out, O! *Enothea*, be as good as your Word; when, carefully wiping her Hands, ſhe lay down on the Bed, and half ſmother'd me with Kiſſes.

Enothea, in the Middle of the Altar, plac'd a Turf-Table, and laid upon it burning Coals, and an old crack'd Cup repair'd with Pitch, in which ſhe us'd to ſacrifice. When ſhe had fix'd it to the ſmoaky Wall from which ſhe took it, putting on her Habit, ſhe plac'd a Kettle by the Fire, and took down a

Bag that hung near her, in which a Bean was kept for the Uſe ſhe now put it to, and a very aged Piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the Print of a hundred Cuts on't; when opening the Bag, ſhe threw me a Part of the Bean, and bid me carefully ſtrip it. I obey'd her Command, and try'd, without daubing my Fingers, to deliver the Grain from its naſty Covering; but ſhe, blaming my Dullneſs, ſnatch'd it from me, and ſkilfully tearing its Shells with her Teeth, ſpit the black Morſels from her, which lay like dead Flies on the Ground. *How ingenious is Poverty, and what ſtrange Arts will Hunger teach?* The Prieſteſs ſeem'd ſo great a Lover of this Sort of Life, that her Humour appear'd in every Thing about her, and her Hut might be truly term'd, Sacred to Poverty.

No flaming Rubies here are ſet in Gold,
No Marble covers the deluded Mold;
Void of expenſive Art, the rev'rend Shrine
With nat'ral modeſt Ornaments does ſhine.
Round Ceres *Bower the bending Oxier grows;*
Earthen is all the Plate the Prieſteſs knows:
The Jug is Earth, which holds the holy Wine,
Oxier the Diſh, ſacred to Pow'rs divine
The Fane can boaſt ——————

No

No brazen Knobs, nor ſplendid purple Pride,
Mud mix'd with Dirt the pious Reliks hide;
Ruſhes and Reeds the humble Roof adorn,
And Straw depriv'd of its Autumnal Corn.
On an old Shelf a ſav'ry Ham is found,
And Service-berries into Garlands bound:
Such a low Cottage Hecale *confin'd,*
Low was her Cottage, but ſublime her Mind.
Her bounteous Heart a grateful Praiſe ſhall crown,
And Muſes make immortal her Renown.

After which, ſhe taſted of the Fleſh, and hanging the reſt, old as herſelf, on the Hook again, the rotten Stool on which ſhe was mounted, breaking, threw her into the Fire; her Fall ſplit the Kettle, and what it held, put out the Fire. She burnt her Elbow, and all her Face was hid with the Aſhes that her Fall had rais'd.

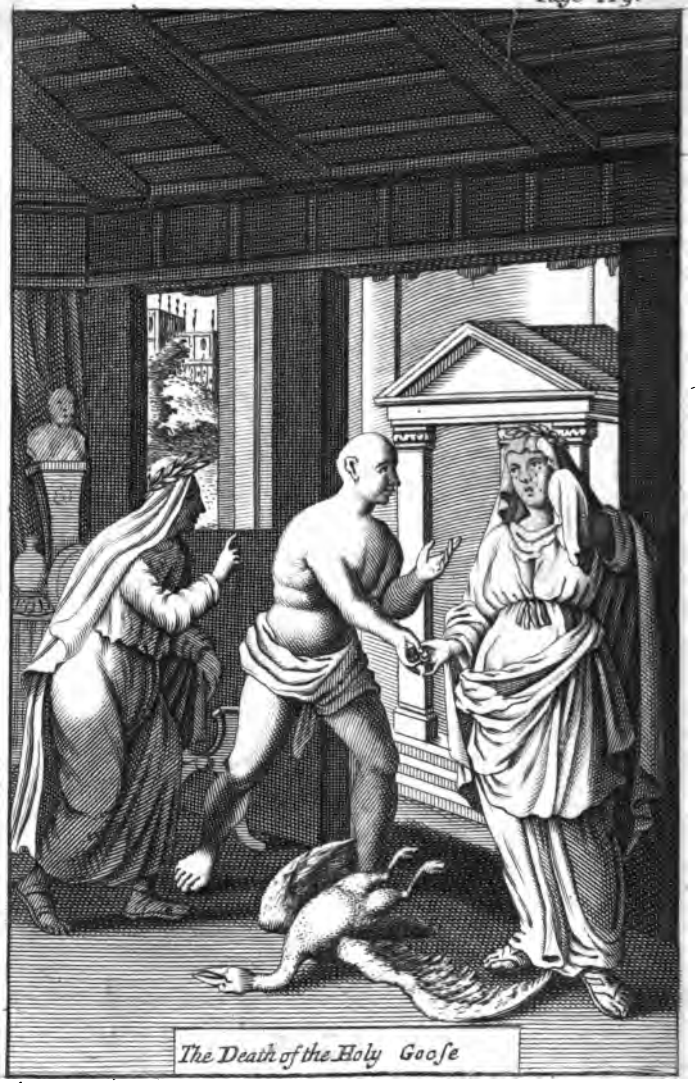
Thus diſturb'd, I aroſe, and laughing, took her up immediately, leſt any Thing ſhould hinder the Offering. She ran for new Fire to the Neighbourhood, and had hardly got to the Door, ere I was ſet upon by three ſacred Geeſe, that daily, as I conjecture, about that Time were fed by the old Woman. They made a hideous Noiſe, and, ſurrounding me, one tears my Coat, another my Shoes, while their furious Captain made a very

very briſk Attack upon my Legs; 'till ſeeing my ſelf in Danger, I began to be in earneſt, and ſnatching up one of the Feet of our little Table, made the valient Animal feel the Proweſs of my Hand; nor content with a flight Blow or two, I reveng'd my ſelf with its Death.

Such were the Birds Alcides *did ſubdue,*
That from his conqu'ring Arm to Heav'n withdrew.
Such were the Harpyes, who at Phineus *Board*
Met poys'nous Death, in Silver Diſhes ſtor'd.
Their dreadful Shrieks diſturb the trembling Air,
And Pow'rs above the wild Confuſion ſhare;
Horrors diſturb the Orders of the Sky,
And frighted Stars beyond their Courſes fly.

By this Time the other two had eat up the Pieces of the Bean that lay ſcatter'd on the Floor; and having loſt their Leader, return'd to the Temple. When, glad of the Booty, and my Revenge, I cur'd the ſlight Wound in my Leg which the Gooſe had made, with Vinegar. But fearing the old Woman's Anger, I deſign'd to make off; and taking up my Cloaths, began my march. I had ſcarce reach'd the Door, ere I ſaw *Enothea* bringing in her Hand an Earthen Pot fill'd with Fire; upon which, I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fix'd my ſelf in the Entry, as if I were impatiently expecting her coming.

Enothea



The Death of the Holy Goose

Enothea entering, rak'd the Fire together which ſhe nad made of broken Sticks; and putting more Fuel upon it, began to excuſe herſelf for ſtaying ſo long, telling me, that a Friend of her's would [redacted] let her go before ſhe had (againſt the Laws of Drinking) taken three Healths together; when looking about her, What, ſaid ſhe, have you been doing in my Abſence? Where's the Bean?

I, who thought I had behav'd my ſelf very honourably, told her the whole Fight; and to end her Grief for the Loſs of the Bean, preſented her the Gooſe. When I ſhew'd the Gooſe, the old Woman ſet up ſuch an Outcry, that you would have thought the Geeſe were re-entering the Place.

Being in all the Confuſion imaginable at ſo ſtrange a Humour, I aſk'd the Meaning of her Paſſion, and why ſhe pity'd the Gooſe, rather than me.

But wringing her Hands, You wicked wretch, ſaid ſhe, who d'ye ſpeak to? D'ye know what you've done? You've kill'd the Gods Delight, a Gooſe the Pleaſure of all Matrons; and, leſt you ſhould think your ſelf innocent, know, if a Magiſtrate ſhould hear of it, you'd be hang'd. You have defil'd with Blood my Cell, that to this Day has been inviolable. You have done that, for which, if any's ſo malicious, he may expel me from my Office.

She ſaid, and trembling, rends her aged Hairs,
And both her Cheeks with mad Diſtraction tears.

Sad Murmurs from her troubl'd Breaſt ariſe,
And Show'rs of Tears there iſſu'd from her Eyes.
Two falling Streams her wrinkled Boſom lave,
And drown her Garments in a briny Wave.

Upon which, I beſeech you, ſaid I, don't grieve; I'll recompenſe the Loſs of your Gooſe with an Oſtrich.

Whilſt I was ſpeaking, ſhe ſat down on the Bed, lamenting her Loſs; at what Time *Proſelenas* came in with the Sacrifice, and viewing the murder'd Gooſe, and enquiring into the Cauſe, began very earneſtly to cry and pity me, as if it had been my Father I had kill'd, and not a Gooſe. But tir'd with this Stuff, I beſeech ye, ſaid I, tell me, tho' it had been a Man I had ſlain, would not Gold wipe off the Guilt? See here are two Pieces, with theſe you may purchaſe Gods, as well as Geeſe.

Which when *Enothea* beheld, Pardon me, young Man, ſaid ſhe, I am only concern'd for your Safety, which is an Argument of Love, not Hatred; therefore we'll take what Care we can to prevent a Diſcovery. You have nothing to do, but to intreat the Gods to forgive the Sin.

The wealthy Lord thro' Storms at Court may ſail
Into Preferment with a proſp'rous Gale,

On Honour's gilded Pinnacles may ſtand,
And have the World and Fortune at Command.
He, by the Force of Gold's prevailing Charms,
Can bring a beauteous Goddeſs to his Arms,
And bribe her Father, tho' a King like Jove,
To hide the Joys of her forbidden Love.
He can be Lord Chief Juſtice, Chancellor,
Can grace the Pulpit, *or adorn the* Bar.
Surprizing Lines with eaſy Art he writes,
And Numbers ſmooth as Addiſon's *indites.*
Sure of Applauſe, the gilded Pages ſhine,
And dare contend, immortal Garth, *with thine.*
Of Wealth poſſeſs'd, you do whate'er you pleaſe,
The Judge *or* Prieſt *your awful Nod obeys;*
All ſtrait your Skill and mighty Knowledge own,
And equal you to Holt *or* Littleton.
All Things ſubmit to Gold, and you may have
Whate'er your wanton Thoughts or Wiſhes crave.
You of all Pow'r and Grandeur are poſſeſt,
Have Heav'n *and* Jove *too lodg'd within your Cheſt.*

While my Thoughts were engag'd in theſe odd Adventures, ſhe plac'd a Cup of Wine under my Hands, and having cleans'd my

prophane extended Fingers with ſacred Leeks and Parſley, ſhe threw ſome Hazel-Nuts into the Wine, with an Ejaculation; and as they ſunk or ſwam, gave her Judgment; but I well knew, without the Help of a Conjurer, the empty rotten ones would ſwim, and thoſe whoſe Kernels were whole, would naturally ſink to the Bottom.

When applying herſelf to the Gooſe, from its Breaſt which ſhe had open'd, ſhe drew a luſty Liver, and then told me my future Fortune. And that no Mark of the Murder might be left, ſhe put the dead Gooſe upon a Spit, which, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe had fatten'd a little before, as ſenſible it was to die.

In the mean Time the Wine went briſkly round, and now the old Women gladly eat up the Gooſe they ſo lately lamented. When they had pick'd its Bones, *Enothea*, half drunk, turn'd to me; And now, ſaid ſhe, I'll finiſh the Charm that recovers your Strength. When drawing out a Leathern Effigies of the Deity ſhe worſhipp'd, ſhe dipt it in a Medley of Oil, ſmall Pepper, and the bruis'd Seed of Nettles, and began by degrees to direct its Paſſage thro' my hinder Parts. With this Mixture ſhe barbarouſly ſprinkled me all over; and with the Juice of *Creſſes* and *Sothernwood* waſhing my Breaſt, ſhe began with a Bunch of green Nettles to ſtrike gently all the Vale below. Upon which, jumping from her, to avoid the Sting, I made off. The old Women in a great Rage purſu'd me; and tho' drunk with Wine,

and

and their more hot Desires, took the right Way, and follow'd me thro' two or three Villages, crying, *Stop Thief*; but having wounded my Hands in my precipitate Flight, I got off.

When I came Home, I went to Bed to ease my weary'd Limbs; but the Thoughts of my Misfortunes would not let me sleep; when considering how unparallell'd a Wretch I was, I cry'd out, Did my ever cruel Fortune want the Afflictions of Love to make me more miserable? O Unhappiness! Fortune and Love conspire my Ruin. Severer Love spares me no Way, or loving, or belov'd, a Wretch. *Chrysis* adores me, and is ever giving me Occasion to oblige her. She, that when she brought me to her Mistress, despis'd me for my mean Habit, as one beneath her Desires; that very *Chrysis*, that so scorn'd my former Fortune, pursues me even to the Hazard of her own; and swore, when she first discover'd to me the Violence of her Love, that she would be ever true to me. But *Circe*'s in Possession of my Heart, I value none but her; and indeed who is so charming as she? Compar'd to her, what was *Ariadne* or *Leda*? What *Helen*, or even *Venus*? *Paris* himself, the Umpire of the wanton Nymphs, if with these Eyes he had seen her contending for the Golden Apple, would have given his *Helen* and the Goddesses for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet Lips again, or once more press her divinely rising Breasts, perhaps my

Vigor

Vigor would revive, which now I believe lies oppreſs'd by Witchcraft. I ſhould diſpenſe with my Reproaches, I ſhould forget that I was beat, eſteem my being turn'd out of Doors a Sport, ſo I might be again happy in her Favour.

Theſe Thoughts, and the Image of the beautiful *Circe*, ſo rais'd my Mind, that I oft, as if my Love was in my Arms, with a great deal of fruitleſs Ardor, hug'd the Bedcloaths, 'till out of Patience with the laſting Affliction, I began to reproach my Impotence; yet recovering my Preſence of Mind, I flew for Comfort to the Misfortunes of ancient Heroes, and thus broke out:

Not I alone have Heav'n's juſt Anger felt;
The Gods with others have ſeverely dealt:
By Juno's *Rage the Heavens* Alcides *bore,*
And loſt fair Hylas *on the* Pontick *Shore,*
Laomedon *did* Jove's *Reſentments feel,*
And Telephus *bled by the fatal Steel.*
Fate's ſure Decrees no mortal Pow'r can ſhun;
Nor can the ſwifteſt from Heav'n's Vengence run.

Full of anxious Cares I ſpent the Night; and *Gito*, being inform'd I lay at Home, the next Morning enter'd my Chamber by Daybreak; when having paſſionately complain'd of my looſe Life, he told me the Family took much Notice of my Behaviour, that I was ſeldom

ſeldom in waiting, and that perhaps the Company I kept would be my Ruin.

By this I underſtood he was inform'd of my Affairs, and that ſome one had been in Purſuit of me; upon which I aſk'd him whether any Body was to enquire for me? Not to Day, ſaid he, but Yeſterday there came a very pretty Woman, who, when ſhe had tir'd me with a long ſifting Diſcourſe, at laſt told me you deſerv'd to be puniſh'd, and ſhould be us'd as a Slave, if you longer complain'd.

This ſo ſenſibly touch'd me, that I began afreſh to reproach Fortune; nor had I done, ere *Chryſis* came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me, Now, ſaid ſhe, I'll hold my Wiſh; you're my Love, my Joy; nor can you think to quench this Flame, but by cloſer Embraces.

I was much diſturb'd at *Chryſis*'s Wantonneſs, and gave her fair Language, to get rid of her; for I was very apprehenſive of the Danger of *Eumolpus*'s hearing it, ſince his good Fortune had made him ſo proud. I did therefore what I could to appeaſe her Rage; I diſſembled Love, whiſper'd ſoft Things; and, in ſhort, manag'd it ſo like a Lover, that ſhe believ'd me one. I made her underſtand in what Danger we both were, if ſhe ſhould be found with me in that Place, and that our Lord *Eumolpus* puniſh'd the leaſt Offence. Upon which, ſhe immediately made out, and the more haſtily,

ſtily, becauſe ſhe ſaw *Gito* returning, who had left me a little before ſhe came.

She was ſcarce out, when on a Sudden one of the Slaves came to me, and told me, that our Lord ſo highly reſented my two Days Abſence, that unleſs, as he advis'd me, I invented a good Excuſe to allay his Heat, I ſhould certainly be puniſh'd.

Gito perceiving how concern'd I was, ſpoke not a Word of the Woman, but advis'd me to behave my ſelf merrily to *Eumolpus*, rather than ſerious. I purſu'd the Counſel, and put on ſo pleaſant a Face, that he receiv'd me in Drollery, without the grave Stiffneſs of a Maſter. He was pleaſant on the Succeſs of my Amours, prais'd my Mein and Wit, that was ſo agreeable to the Ladies; And I'm no Stranger, ſaid he, to your Intrigue with a very beautiful Lady. But now, *Eumolpus*, conſider, your Amours, rightly manag'd, may turn to our Advantage; therefore do you perſonate the Lover, I'll continue the Character I've begun.

He was yet ſpeaking, when there enter'd the Room a very venerable Matron, her Name *Philumene*, who, by the well-manag'd Vertues of her Sex, had often got great Booties, and now grown old, and paſt her blooming Years, had a Mind to thruſt her Son and Daughter upon a childleſs old Man; and to put her Device in Execution, ſhe comes to *Eumolpus*, and addreſſing herſelf to him, commends her Children to his Conduct, affirming, that ſhe committed herſelf

and

and all her Hopes to his Wiſdom; that he was the only Perſon in the World ſhe could confide in. In ſhort, that ſhe would leave her Children there, to hear his Wiſdom, which was the only Portion ſhe could give them. Nor was ſhe worſe than her Word; and leaving a very beautiful Girl, with her little Brother, went out under Pretence of paying Heaven publick Thanks in the Temple for the Favours ſhe had receiv'd. *Eumolpus* was too quick-ſighted not to perceive with what Intent the two young Objects were aſſign'd to his Care; and thinking it no Crime to betray a Truſt which was founded on Treachery, invited the young Girl to celebrate the Myſteries of Love. The Damſel, tho' young, and ſeemingly unacquainted with the World, knew her Intereſt too well to refuſe him any Thing, ſhe loſt what young Ladies value themſelves upon, and feaſted *Eumolpus* luxuriouſly with her Beauties. For my Part, as ſoon as I was ſenſible of the Intrigue, I put in for my Share of the lovely Prize. She conſented to my Wiſhes, but my adverſe Fortune ſtill attended me.

I was not ſo concern'd at this, as the former; for a little after my Strength return'd, and finding my ſelf more vigorous, I cry'd out, the courteous Gods are great, that have made me whole again. For *Mercury*, that conveys and reconveys our Souls, by his Favours has reſtor'd what his Anger had taken away. Now, thought I, my Reputation

on ſhall be as great as that of *Proteſilaus*, or any other of the ancient Heroes.

This great Bleſſing making us merry, we laugh'd at *Philumene*'s cunning, and the young Lady's Compliance, which would profit 'em little with us; for to no other End were they left, but to be Heirs to what we had. When reflecting on this ſordid Manner of deceiving childleſs Age, I took Occaſion to conſider the Condition of our preſent Fortune, and told *Eumolpus* that the Deceivers might be deceiv'd, that therefore all our Actions ſhould be of a Piece with the Character we bore; that *Socrates*, the wiſeſt of Men, us'd to boaſt he never ſaw a Tavern, nor ever had been in the common Company that frequents ſuch Places; that nothing was more convenient than a diſcreet Behaviour. All theſe are Truths; nor ſhould any Sort of Men, added I, ſooner expect the ſudden Aſſaults of ill Fortune, than thoſe that covet what's other Mens. But how ſhould Pick-Pockets live, unleſs, by ſome well-order'd Trick to draw Fools together, they get Employment? As Fiſh are taken with what they really eat, ſo Men are to be cheated with ſomething that's ſolid, not empty Hopes. Thus the People of this Country have hitherto receiv'd us very nobly; but when they find the Arrival of no Ship from *Africa*, laden, as you told 'em, with Riches and your Retinue, the impatient Deceivers will leſſen their Bounty, or I am miſtaken; for Fortune already begins to repent her Favours.

I

I have thought of a Means, said *Eumolpus*, to make our Deceivers continue their Care of us. And drawing his Will out of his Pocket, thus read the last Lines of it.

All that have Legacies in this my last Will and Testament, my freed Men excepted, receives 'em on these Conditions, That they divide my Body, and eat it before the People; and that they may not think it an unjust Demand, let them know, that to this Day 'tis the Custom of many Countries, that the Relations of the Dead devour their Carcases, and for that Reason they often quarrel with their sick Kindred, because they spoil their Flesh by lingering in a Disease. I only instance this to my Friends, that they may not refuse to perform my Will; but with the same Sincerity they wish'd well to my Soul, they might devour my Body.

When he had read the chief Articles, some that were more intimately acquainted with him, enter'd the Chamber, and viewing the Will, earnestly intreated him to impart the Contents of it; he readily consented, and read the whole. But when they heard the Necessity of eating his Carcase, they seem'd much concern'd at the strange Proposal; but their insatiate Love of the Money, made 'em conceal their Surprize, and his Person was so awful to 'em, they durst not complain; *Gorgias* by Name told him, he was willing to accept the Conditions, so he might not wait for the Body.

To

To this *Eumolpus* reply'd, I'm not in the leaſt apprehenſive of your Performance, nor that your Stomach will refuſe the Taſk, when to recompence one diſtaſtful Minute, you may promiſe your ſelf Ages of Luxury. 'Tis but ſhutting your Eyes, and ſuppoſing, inſtead of Man's Fleſh, you were eating an hundred thouſand Crowns. Some Sawce may be added to vary the Taſte; for no Fleſh pleaſes alone, but is prepar'd by Art to commend it to the Stomach. If you deſire Inſtances of this Kind to make ye approve my Advice, the *Saguntines*, when they were beſieg'd by *Hannibal*, eat human Bodies, without the Hopes of an Eſtate for doing it. The *Petavii*, reduc'd to the laſt Extremity, did the like; nor had they farther Hopes in this Banquet, than to ſatisfy Nature. When *Scipio* took *Numantia*, Mothers were found with their Children half eaten in their Arms. But ſince the Thoughts only of eating Man's Fleſh, create an Abhorrence, 'tis but reſolving, and you gain the mighty Legacies I leave you.

Eumolpus recounted theſe ſhameleſs Inhumanities with ſo much Confuſion, that his Paraſites began to ſuſpect him, and more nearly conſidering our Words and Actions, their Jealouſy increas'd with their Obſervation, and they believ'd us perfect Cheats. Upon which, thoſe who had receiv'd us moſt nobly, reſolv'd to ſeize us, and juſtly take their Revenge; but *Chryſis*, privy to all Stratagems, gave me Notice of their Deſigns; the frightful News ſo ſtruck me, that

I made off with *Gito* immediately, and left *Eumolpus* to the Mercy of his Enemies; and in a few Days we heard the *Crotonians*, angry that that old Raſcal ſhould live ſo long at ſuch a ſumptuous Rate on the publick Charge, had ſacrific'd him the *Maſſilian* Way. Whenever the *Maſſilians* were viſited with a Plague, ſome one of the pooreſt of the People, for the Sake of being well fed a whole Year at the publick Charge, would offer himſelf a Sacrifice to appeaſe the Gods. He, after his Year was up, dreſs'd in holy Wreaths and ſacred Garments, was led about the City with Invocations on the Gods, that all the Sins of the Nation might be puniſh'd in him, and ſo was thrown from a Precipice.

The End of the Second Part.

THE

THIRD PART

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Petronius Arbiter,

CONTAINING

Epigrams, *Poems*, and *Satyrs*.

By ſeveral Hands.

EPIGRAMS, POEMS, and SATYRS.

On a happy Life's conſiſting in Vertue. A Fragment, beginning, Non eſt falleris, *&c. By Mr.* Tho. Brown.

YOU're mightily deceiv'd, I ſwear,
And mightily, my Friend, you err;
Wretched's the State in which you gueſs
Conſiſts our Life's chief Happineſs.
'Tis not your Fingers to behold,
Loaded with Rubies ſet in Gold;
Nor, like a Royal Miſs, to wear
A Nation's Value in your Ear;
Nor all the Trifles to receive,
That the *Exchange* or Mint can give;
With all the ſhining Toys and Coſt
The *Strand* or *Lombard-ſtreet* can boaſt.

Nor is't, like Popes, our ſelves to pleaſe,
With holy Luxury and Eaſe;
Nor yet on purple Beds to ſleep,
Whilſt Centinels your Palace keep;
Nor yet in mighty Pomp to feaſt,
Or ſmell the Odours of the *Eaſt*.
Nor is't to have our glitt'ring Board
Uncommon Rarities afford;
Tall Pyramids of Fowl and Fiſh,
For which e'en Epicures might wiſh;
And whatſoe'er the coſtlieſt Feaſt
Can boaſt of, when by *Locket* dreſt.
Nor to poſſeſs the Spicy Store,
Which our *Eaſt-India* Fleet brings o'er.
But 'tis to have a Conſcience
Guarded with ſpotleſs Innocence;
And, with a Courage, to advance
'Gainſt all the Shocks of Time and Chance;
And not, as *Monmouth* did, to go
Amongſt the ſcoundrel Mob, and bow
On both Sides popularly low;
Nor yet to be with Fears poſſeſt,
Tho' naked Swords inſult your Breaſt.

The

The happy Man, that thus can be
From all these anxious Sorrows free,
May giddy Fortune make his Sport,
And smile at both the Camp and Court.
A Mind so steddy, unconcern'd, and brave,
May force th' imperious Jilt to be his Slave.

A FRAGMENT.

Upon the Levity of Woman.

Beginning, Crede Ratem Ventis, *&c.*

COmmit your Ship to Sea and Wind,
But not your Thoughts to Womankind.
The veering Wind, and faithless Sea,
Have much more Faith, than any She.
All Maids are treach'rous in their Love;
And if, by chance, one constant prove,
I know not how she e'er should be
Made constant by Inconstancy.

EPIGRAM.

IMpubis nupſi valido, nunc firmior annis
Exſucco & tremulo ſum ſociata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate valentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere Sinet.
Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,
O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.

Tranſlated thus. By Mr. Tho. Brown.

COming a tender Girl from School,
Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool;
But fit for Love's Embraces grown,
I've got a Man that's next to none.
The firſt with Youth's too vig'rous warmth inſpir'd
With Love's untaſted Joys, my Weakneſs tir'd.
My ſecond grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,
He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.
When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;
Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.
Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,
Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

On the Power of GOLD.

By Mr. Burnaby.

Beginning, Quiſquis habet nummos, *&c.*

WHoe'er has Money, may ſecurely ſail;
On all things with all mighty gold prevail;
May *Danae* wed, or rival am'rous *Jove*,
And make her Father pandar to his Love;
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too;
And bawling win the Cauſe he does not know,
And up to *Cato*'s Fame for Wiſdom grow.
Wealth without Law will gain at Bar Renown,
Howe'er the Caſe appears, the Cauſe is won,
Ev'ry rich Lawyer is a *Littleton*.
In ſhort, of all you wiſh, you are poſſeſt,
All Things prevent the wealthy Man's Requeſt,
For *Jove* himſelf's the Treaſure of his Cheſt.

That

That the Dog of Hell was a Lawyer.

By the Author of the London Spy, *beginning*; Cerberus, forenſis erat Cauſidicus, *&c.*

SUre *Cerberus* a Lawyer firſt muſt be,
Whoſe clam'rous Mouth would open for a Fee;
But, ſince whene'er he wrangled, ſtill he had
Three ſpecious Reaſons for the Noiſe he made,
To pleaſe his Client, to inform the Court,
And to gain Riches for his own Support;
Therefore he's doom'd in Hell three Heads to bear,
And in his Mouth three howling Tongues to wear,
That the loud Eloquence he once could boaſt,
To his own Int'reſt, but his Client's Coſt,
Might now be turn'd to dreadful Howls and Yelps,
The ſnarling Language of illit'rate Whelps:
And tho' on Earth no other Bribe but Gold
Would make the Pleader for his Client ſcold,
Yet now in Hell a greaſy Sop muſt be,
Inſtead of Coin, the growling Puppy's Fee.

On a WIFE.

By the ſame, beginning, Uxor, legitimus debet quaſi Cenſus amari, *&c.*

A Wife, who as our own by Law we hold,
We ought to value as we do our Gold;
But even that, which few delight to pay,
On ſome Accounts we ought to throw away.
Wiving, like Coining, for our Eaſe began;
Both were intended for the Good of Man.
The Coin the Image of the Prince ſhould wear,
The Woman ſhould her Huſband's Image bear.
Both from the Pow'r of others ſhould be freed,
And both ſhould ſerve us at a Time of need:
But if by keeping either Wife or Coin,
We find that neither anſwers our Deſign,
Both ſhould be parted with whene'er we pleaſe,
And not be kept to interrupt our Eaſe;
For when the End propos'd, is once deſtroy'd,
The Vows that make us wretched, muſt be void.
True, we ſhould prize our Money and our Wives;
So long as they add Comfort to our Lives;

But

But if the Metal or the Dame proves baſe,
And bears the Stamp of an adult'rous Face,
As worthleſs Droſs and Counterfeits, they ought
To be deſpis'd, whene'er we find 'em naught;
And as each Plant their Fruits when rotten ſhed,
So both ſhould be divorc'd from Bag and Bed;
For Coin that's bad's a Scandal to the Purſe,
And a falſe Woman is a matchleſs Curſe.

Concerning our Choice in Marriage.

By the ſame, beginning, Morbus & Vultu Mulier quæratur habenda, *&c.*

HE that for Money weds prepoſt'rous Shapes,
Is brib'd to get a Brood of monſt'rous Apes,
Such as may fright their Nurſes, ſhame the Earth,
And be hereafter bound to curſe their Birth;
For female Pigmies muſt infect their Breed,
And ſtint the Growth of Man's prolifick Seed.
The wary Farmer ſcorns to ſpend his Toil
Upon a hungry and unfruitful Soil.
The prudent Potter breaks and throws away
The faulty Mold, that would deform his Clay.

What

What upright Mortal would not then diſdain
The Womb that ſhould degrade the Shape of Man,
And, by its ſtrange diſtorted Cells, debaſe
The heav'nly Image of the God-like Race?
Which adds moſt Comfort to the Huſband's Life,
Full Bags with a prepoſt'rous homely Wife,
Whoſe pleniteous Fortune he may ſoon exhauſt
On ſome kind Harlot, who has Charms to boaſt?
Or ſhe, whoſe lovely Form is ſo divine,
That 'tis enough to bleſs thee, that ſhe's thine?
What, tho' her Fortune's ſmall, her Beauty's great,
And will delight thee more than an Eſtate.
She'll make thee happy in a ſprightly Brood
Of infant Angels cloath'd in Fleſh and Blood;
Such whoſe ſweet Charms will pleaſe you more (than Gold,
And cauſe you to be reverenc'd when old.
But the crook'd Arm-full of diſtorted Bones,
Will turn your nuptial Joys to Sighs and Groans,
And curſe you with a Race of monkey Sons.

The

The Rope-Dancer.

By the ſame, beginning, Stupea ſuppoſitis tenduntur vincula lignis, *&c.*

SInce active Man can in the Air rebound
Upon a Rope, far diſtant from the Ground,
And by unweary'd Practice grow ſo bold,
To do what others tremble to behold;
Why ſhould we wonder *Icarus* ſhould fly,
Upon his Father's Wings, ſo high?
Old *Dædalus* from Birds deriv'd this Whim,
As Men by croaking Frogs were taught to ſwim.
To theſe, Delight and Safety firſt inclin'd
The active Pains of the induſtrious Mind;
But what myſterious Project could induce
Mankind to bring Rope-dancing firſt in Uſe?
(An Art acquir'd with ſo much Fear and Pains,
And next rewarded with ſo little Gains.)
'Tis hard to gueſs, ſince ev'ry Step they take,
The active Fool's in Danger of his Neck;
And all the Profit to himſelf he draws,
Is little more than ſcandalous Applauſe.

However,

However, by this Art we may diſcern,
That nothing is too hard for Man to learn;
Unheard of Wonders human Race might do,
Conquer *Herculean* Labours daily new,
Had we but Courage to purſue with Pains
The vaſt Conceptions of our teeming Brains.

A Fragment imitated, beginning, Candide ſidereis, *&c.*

By Tho. Brown.

DIvine *Coſmelia* has two burning Eyes,
From which refulgent Beams and Glories (riſe.
Her Neck with od'rous Sweets of Roſes flows;
Her wanton Hair in golden Ringlets grows.
Her fragrant Lips are charmingly o'erſpread,
Like young *Aurora*'s, with a purple Red.
In various Branches each meand'ring Vein,
With azure Hills her lovely Boſom ſtain.
Beauty it ſelf, Youth ſmiles, and ev'ry Grace,
Pay all their Tribute to her heav'nly Face;

A dazzling Goddeſs's bright Form ſhe bears;
Not ſtronger Charms the Queen of Beauty wears.
Your ſilver Hands will cõldeſt Boſoms warm,
And with a Touch the Old and Pious charm.
Your pretty Foot, deſpiſing common Floors,
On Carpets treads, or *Genoa*'s Marble Stores.
Nor ſhall th' ignoble Pavement of the Street
Hurt or prophane *Coſmelia*'s facred Feet.
When you amongſt the Beds of Lillies ſtray,
Their Leaves drop down, as proud to ſtrew your way
Whilſt, like *Camilla*, over them you paſs,
Leaving no Print upon the Flowers or Graſs.
Let meaner Beauties with ſucceſsleſs Care
Purchaſe rich Pearls, and glitt'ring Gems prepare
T' adorn their Necks, or grace their lovely Hair.
Coſmelia only can attract my Eyes,
Rich in herſelf, when ſtript of Vanities.
Not Flattery, nor yet poetick Fire,
Can do her Juſtice, or enough admire.
The Muſes and the Syrens ceaſe their Song,
Pleas'd with the Muſick of your charming Tongue.
From which increaſing Sweets do ever flow,
And my poor panting Soul you raviſh ſo,

That

That to your humble Slave you cruel prove,
And dart at him a thouſand Shafts of Love;
A raging Flame feeds on my wounded Heart,
No Herbs can cure me, nor the Surgeon's Art.
One Kiſs from you will all my Cares remove,
And make me ſmile like the young God of Love.
This healing Med'cine can my Grief controul,
And cure the wild Diſorders of my Soul.
Let not your Face ſuch killing Fairneſs wear;
Ah! do not thus my Nerves in Pieces tear:
Nor let my Tomb, when I am dead, complain,
That I was by my Dear's Unkindneſs ſlain.
But if you think this Boon too great to grant
To me your Slave, and humble Supplicant;
Yet grant me this, that when I breathleſs lie,
Kill'd with the murd'ring Ligh'ning of your Eye,
In mournful Arms you would the Dead embrace;
I'll ſoon revive, touch'd by that lovely Face.

A Fragment of Petronius, *paraphras'd by another Hand, beginning,* Naufragius ejecta natus rate, *&c.*

FRom mutual Wounds the Wretched find Relief,
And ſocial Woes calm or direct their Grief.
The Merchant, ruin'd by the faithleſs Main,
Seeks a known Partner of his Ship-wreck'd Pain,
On whoſe kind Breaſt he may his Loſs bemoan,
Inclin'd to pity Sorrows by its own.
When poys'nous Blights wings the infectious Air,
And noxious Winds beguile the Tiller's Care,
Reluctant Furrows twice the Corn entomb,
And faded Poppies loſe their purple Bloom;
In barren Fields no teeming Seeds appear,
Loſt are the hopeful Bloſſoms of the Year.
To ſome low Vale the frighted Farmers fly,
And mourn the Ruins of the angry Sky.
Their various Wrongs the ſad Convention ſhow,
And in the publick loſe their private Woe.
Funerals the Sad in mutual Friendſhip bind,
And childleſs Parents Conſolation find;
Each of the others Pain aſſumes a Part,
Divides his Sorrows, but unites his Heart.

Inſtructions

Inſtructions to the Roman *Youth, beginning,* Artis ſeveraſiquis amat affectus, *&c.*

WHoe'er would with ambitious juſt Deſire,
To Maſt'ry in ſo fine an Art aſpire,
Muſt all Extreams firſt diligently ſhun,
And in a ſettled Courſe of Vertue run.
Let him not Fortune with ſtiff Greatneſs climb,
Nor, Courtier-like, with Cringes undermine,
Nor all the Brother Blockheads of the Pot
Ever perſwade him to become a Sot;
Nor flatter Poets, to acquire the Fame
Of, I proteſt, *a pretty Gentleman.*
But whether in the War he would be great,
Or in the gentler Arts that rule a State;
Or elſe his am'rous Breaſt he would improve
Well to receive the youthful Cares of Love,
In his firſt Years to Poetry inclin'd,
Let *Homer*'s Spring bedew his fruitful Mind;
His manlier Years to manlier Studies brought,
Philoſophy muſt next employ his Thought.
Then let his boundleſs Soul new Glories fire,
And to the great *Demoſthenes* aſpire,

When round in Throngs the liſt'ning People come,
T'admire what ſprung in *Greece* ſo ſlow at Home.
Rais'd to this Height, your leiſure Hours engage
In ſomething juſt, and worthy of the Stage;
Your Choice of Words from *Cicero* derive,
And in your Poems you deſign ſhould live;
The Joys of Feaſts, and Terrors of a War,
More pleaſing thoſe, and theſe more frightful are,
When told by you, than in their acting were.
And thus, enrich'd with ſuch a golden Store,
You're truly fit to be an Orator.

Tryphæna's *Speech for Peace, on Board the Ship of* Lycas, *beginning*, Quis furor exclamat, Pacem convertit, *&c.*

WHat Fury did theſe ſudden Broils engage?
How have theſe guiltleſs Hands deſerv'd the Rage?
No *Paris* a ſtoll'n Dame to *Troy* conveys,
No Witch *Medea* here her Brother ſlays:
But ſlighted Love muſt needs reſenting be;
And 'midſt the Waves, who is the raging he,

Now

Now robb'd of Arms, that can attempt my Fate?
By whom is ſimple Death ſo little thought?
Let not your murd'rous Rage out-ſtorm the Seas,
And Dangers of the angry Waves increaſe.

On the Miſery of Mankind, beginning, Heu, Heu, nos Miſeros, *&c.*

UUhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend! How like this Puppet Man
Shall we, alas, be all, when we are dead!
Therefore let's live merrily while we can.

In Defence of Satyr, beginning, Quid me conſtricta ſpectatis fronte, *&c.*

WHY do the ſtrict-liv'd *Cato's* of the Age
At my familiar Lines ſo gravely rage?
In Meaſures looſely plain blunt Satyr flows,
Which all the People ſo ſincerely ſhows.
For who's a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who can't the Thoughts of ſuch ſoft Pleaſures move?
Such *Epicurus* own'd the chiefeſt Bliſs,
And ſuch Lives the Gods themſelves poſſeſs.

An Epigram on Tantalus, *beginning,*
Nec bibit inter aquas, *&c.*

UNhappy *Tantalus*, amidſt the Flood,
Where floating Apples on the Surface ſtood,
Ever purſu'd them with a longing Eye,
Yet could not Thirſt nor Hunger ſatisfy.
Such is the Miſer's Fate, who curs'd with Wealth,
In midſt of endleſs Treaſures ſtarves himſelf.

On the Plurality of Gods, beginning,
Primus in Orbe Deos fecit timor, *&c.*

By Capt. Ayloffe.

FRom ſlaviſh Fear the dreadful Gods aroſe,
Who ſtill on tim'rous Fools ſtrange Laws impoſe.
When from the burning Sky fierce Thunder came,
And Walls are tumbled down with the impetuous Flame;
And lofty *Athos* ſhook with blaſting Fires,
Fill'd mortal Breaſts with pannick Dread and fond Deſires;
Then *Phœbus* mounting up the *Eaſtern* Skies,
From proſtrate Man receiv'd his Sacrifice.

Then

Then to the waining Moon ſtrange Rites were paid,
And to the growing Honours on her Head.
Hence ſprung the Mob of Idols, Braſs and Stone,
And humbler Wood, th' imagin'd Gods t' atone,
And the divided Year, by changing Months, was (known.
This Crew the Projects of degen'rate Vice
Supported, and promoted ſtill by Lies.
Vain Error firſt the Huſband-man compell'd
To give the Autumn Honours of the Field
To yellow *Ceres*; *Bacchus*, hence divine,
Had his Head crown'd with the full cluſter'd Vine.
Miſled by *Error*'s powerful Command,
Pales grew glad from the dull Shepherd's Hand.
Blue *Neptune* roul'd thro' all the rolling Waves,
And *Pallas* challeng'd all the gloomy Caves.
The perjur'd Wretch, a Traytor, now combine
To purge their Guilt by forming Gods divine;
And ev'ry one, with Avarice and Lies,
Contend to multiply the Brood of ſpurious Deities.

Upon the Vanity of our Taſte, beginning, Nolo quod Cupio, *&c.*

WHat's ſoon obtain'd, we nauſeouſly receive,
All hate the Victory that's got with Leave:
We ſcorn whate'er from our own Iſle proceeds,
And follow Fops our neighb'ring Climate breeds.
The Mullets which *Sicilian* Nets betray,
Exceed not thoſe which in the *Tyber* play.
But theſe are cheaply taken, thoſe come far,
With Difficulty got, and coſt us dear.
Thus the kind She abroad we admire above
Th' inſipid Lump, at Home, of lawful Love;
Yet once enjoy'd, we ſtrait anew deſire,
And abſent Pleaſures only do admire.

Hymn to Priapus, *beginning,* Nymphaarum Bacchique comes, *&c.*

BAcchus and Nymphs Delight, O mighty God!
Whom *Cynthia* gave to rule the blooming Wood.
Leſbos and verdant *Thaſos* thee adore,
And *Lydians* in looſe flowing Dreſs implore,
And raiſe devoted Temples to thy Pow'r.

Thou

Thou *Dryad*'s Joy, and *Bacchus*'s Guardian, hear
My conſcious Prayer with attentive Ear.
My Hands with guiltleſs Blood I never ſtain'd,
Nor yet the Temples of the Gods prophan'd.
Reſtore my Strength, and luſty Vigor ſend,
My trembling Nerves like pliant Oziers bend.
Who ſins thro' Weakneſs, is not guilty thought,
No equal Pow'r can puniſh ſuch a Fault.
A wanton Goat ſhall on your Altars die,
And ſpicy Smoak in Curls aſcend the Sky.
A Pig thy Floors with ſacred Blood ſhall ſtain,
And round the awful Fire and holy Flame,
Thrice ſhall thy Prieſts, with Youth and Gar-
(lands crown'd,
In pious Drunkenneſs thy Orgies ſound.

THE

THE ORACLE.

A Fragment, paraphras'd, and adapted to the modern Times, beginning, Linque tuas ſedes Juvenis, *&c.*

HAſt, gen'rous Youth, a foreign World explore,
And quit this cruel, this ungrateful Shore;
The rapid *Rhine*, and *Iſter*'s foaming Wave,
Expect a Chief ſo reſolute and brave.
Upon their Banks you ſhall the War decide,
And routed Troops ſhall ſwell the purple Tide.
In vain the *French* uncertain Saints invoke,
Dunkirk once more ſhall feel the *Britiſh* Yoke;
Ipres our Troops, our Arms ſhall *Liſle* ſubdue,
And ſtorm *Namur*, when reinforc'd by you.
But prudently of future Wrongs afraid,
If you deny, ungrateful Squadrons aid,
Charge with the *Pruſſian* Foot, or *Daniſh* Horſe,
And Lines defended by the Houſhold Force.

Or

Or if your Thoughts on bolder Hazards run,
Fir'd by the Rays of a *Weſt-Indian* Sun,
O'er unknown Ways your daring Fleet ſhall go
Far to the *South* of burning *Mexico*:
No more in Gems their Pagan Gods ſhall ſhine,
But all the Treaſures of the *Weſt* be thine.
Ulyſſes bury'd in his barren Iſle,
Illuſtrious *Greece*, by Baniſhment and Toil,
His adverſe Fate did but his Worth approve,
And ſighing Goddeſſes purſu'd his Love.

An Epigram of Flaminius, *to his Drinking Miſtreſs.*

Chloe, you write to me for Coin,
And in Return I ſend you Wine,
Like Wealth, its Pow'r is equally divine.
E'en ſtick to that, 'twill make you merry,
For mine or others Abſence chear ye;
That ſoftens ev'ry Nymph that's cruel,
For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel.
So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,
Falſe *Theſeus*, left her, waſh'd off Grief and Care,
Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.

A Tranſlation out of the Priapeia.

The Complaint of Priapus *for being veil'd.*

By Charles Blount, *Eſq;*

TH'Almighty's Image, of his Shape afraid,
And hide the nobleſt Part e'er Nature made,
Which God alone ſucceeds in his creating Trade.
The Fall this *Fig-leav'd* Modeſty began,
To puniſh Woman, by obſcuring Man;
Before, where'er his ſtately Cedar mov'd,
She ſaw, ador'd, and kiſs'd the Thing ſhe lov'd.
Why do the Gods their ſev'ral Signs diſcloſe,
Almighty *Jove* his Thunder-bolt expoſe,
Neptune his Trident, *Mars* his Buckler ſhew,
Pallas her Spear to each Beholder's View,
And poor *Priapus* be alone confind
T'obſcure the Womens God, and Parent of Mankind?
Since free-born Brutes their Liberty obtain,
Long haſt thou* Journey-work'd for Souls in vain.
Storm the *Pantheon*, and demand thy Right,
For on this Weapon 'tis depends the Fight.

---

* *Anima ex Tradvce.*

Cupid

Cupid *crucify'd. Written in* Latin *by* Auſonius. Aeris in Campis, memorat quos Muſa Maronis, *&c.*

WIthin the Aerial Fields by *Maro* ſung,
That to the gloomy State of *Dis* belong,
Where Myrtle Groves the frantick Lovers ſhade,
The HEROINES kept their Orgies in the Glade.
Each in her Hand the fatal Weapon bore,
That ſent her bleeding to the *Stygian* Shore.
In pathleſs Woods, in Deſarts waſte and wide,
By a malignant Light they wand'ring glide,
Thro' drowſy Poppies, and thro' ſedgy Brakes,
O'er ſilent Brooks, and ſmooth unruffled Lakes,
Around whoſe rueful Banks were thinly ſpread
The drooping Flow'rs of various Heroes dead;
Uncheer'd by any Sun, they languid lay,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd by the ſickly Ray.
The ſelf-belov'd *Narciſſus* there was found,
And *Hyacinthus* ſlain by foreign Wound.
The golden Saffron, and the purple Flow'r,
Dy'd with the Blood of *Venus* Paramour.

All

All that could make their Sorrows yet ſurvive,
And keep the Memory of Pain alive;
In ſpight of Death the *Heroines* compel
To feel below the Woes by which they fell,
Recal their fatal Scenes of hap'leſs Love,
That rag'd within their tender Hearts above;
The Loſs of Life no Loſs of Grief obtain'd,
For e'en in Death their fond Deſires remain'd.
Poor *Semele*, loſt by *Juno*'s curs'd Deceit,
Deplores, in empty Tears, her dreadful Fate;
The Midwife-Thunder ſtill renews her Pain,
And ſhe laments her blaſted Joys again;
While the diſſembled Light'ning's idle Flame
She waves around, ſhe feels the mimick Wounds (the ſame.
Canis with Rage upbraids her Lover God,
That rules the wat'ry Kingdoms with his Nod,
That with fallacious Gifts he but betray'd
An injur'd, yet a fond believing Maid,
When in a fleeting Manhood he deny'd
The Sum of all her Wiſhes and her Pride;
Since forc'd to her old Figure to return,
She here muſt ſtill her raviſh'd Honour mourn.

Still

Still *Procris* ſtenching of her Blood is found,
Yet bleſſing ſtill the Hand that gave the Wound;
Fond of the Hand that ſent the fatal Dart,
Her *Cephalus* ſtill fills her love-ſick Heart.
The *Seſtian* Maid down to the fatal Shore,
Where her belov'd *Leander* lay before,
The ſmoaky Taper head-long with her bore.
The manly *Sappho*, without Fear or Dread,
Threatens to leap from off the cloudy Head
Of lofty *Leucade*, a Med'cine ſure,
And by the Gods, for Love, a promis'd Cure.
The ſad *Eriphyle* does ſtill refuſe
Harmonia dang'rous Ornaments to uſe,
Here all the Stories of the Aerial *Crete*,
In duſky Images appear compleat.
Paſiphae does the ſnowy Bull purſue,
And *Ariadne* bears the fatal Clew.
The love-ſick *Phædra* with diſpairing Eyes,
Her Suit rejected with her Letters ſpies;
This bears the Nooſe, her wretched End to own,
And that the Shadow of her empty Crown.

Here

Here Laodamia *ſtill renews her Pains,*
And of her diſappointed Love complains,
Hoping her Lord from Trojan *Wars in vain.*
The firſt of Grecians *fell upon that Coaſt,*
She firſt of Grecians *there a Husband loſt;*
A Husband dearer to her, than her Life,
So fierce a Lover ſhe, ſo fond a Wife!
The Fates in pity of her wild deſpair,
Gave him again to her impetuous Pray'r;
But oh! the fleeting Gift is of one Night,
For with the dawn he takes eternal flight,
And ſhe thro' Shades purſues his gloomy way,
Reſolv'd no more to view the hoſtile Day.
Sorrow, or Rage appear'd in every Face,
And e'ry Hand a naked Sword did grace.
Thisbe *and* Canace; *the* Sidonian *Queen,*
With mournful Eyes and armed Hands were ſeen.
This bore her Husband's Sword, her Father's that,
And this her Gueſt's, the Cauſes of their Fate
Unhappy Dido *wanders through theſe Groves,*
To ſeek the Faithleſs Fugitive ſhe loves.
Thus horn'd Diana *with her ſtarry Crown,*
And her pale Torch, in duskie Night, alone,

Through Latmian *Hills her ſecret Steps convey'd,*
With ſtrange deſires, to the dear conſcious Shade,
Where her Endymion *in kind Sleep was laid,*
To feed her odd fantaſtick Love with Bliſs,
That reach'd no farther than an empty Kiſs.
A thouſand more about dejected rove,
Repeating ſtill the Wounds of ancient Love,
With ſweet, yet ſad Complaints their Pains renew,
Pleas'd yet to ſuffer for their being true.
Amidſt this mournful Train, for want of Eyes,
Uncautious Love *with ſounding Pinnions flies;*
His flaming Torch, with hoſtile Light diſpels,
The native darkneſs of thoſe diſmal Cells.
All knew the fatal Boy, one common ſmart,
His preſence gave to e'ry love-ſick Heart.
Tho' humid Clouds obſcure his ſhining Belt,
And his light Torch the preſſing Darkneſs felt;
And his gay Quiver now but faintly ſhone,
Yet to the conſcious Troop the guilty God was known.
They rouze their empty Vigour by conſent,
All, to revenge their ancient Ills, are bent:
Their common Foe had ta'en a devious Flight
Beyond his Empire, to the Realms of Night.

So

So thronging close into a Crowd, they press
Upon the trembling God; who in distress,
In vain designs to make a swift Retreat;
All thoughts of safety came, alas! too late.
Into the middle of this furious Throng,
The captive Deity is dragg'd along.
A well-known Myrtle in this dismal Grove,
Is chose to execute the God of Love;
A Tree invidious to the Gods of yore,
For on this Tree Adonis *hung before.*
The God they fix upon the loftiest Bough,
His Hands behind him ty'd, his Feet below;
Their Threats no bounds, no moderation know.
And LOVE accus'd, without a Judge or Crime,
Is guilty made in that infernal Clime.
Each would her self of proper Faults absolve,
And on the suffering God their Guilt devolve.
And each with furious exprobating Breath,
Prepares the cruel Instrument of Death.
This is their Glory, their malignant Joy,
Their sweet Revenge upon the captive Boy,
To punish him with the same Weapon here,
By which above she fell in her Despair.

This holds the Nooſe on high with eager Hand;
And this the Dagger with her Gore diſtain'd.
This brings the Image of the hollow Stream,
And this the lofty Rock, and this the Flame.
Some, as relenting, only ſeem to play,
And with a gay Inſult but mock their Prey:
While ſubtil Points of airy Weapons draw
Nectareous Blood from out ſome little flaw.
From the nectareous Blood ſprings up the Roſe,
That does its Parent, in its Bluſh, diſcloſe.
Amid theſe wild Debates and Tumults loud,
Bright Venus *ſafely penetrates the Crowd;*
Obnoxious as her Son to their Decree,
Yet, by th' Injuſtice of the Sex, *is free.*
She brings no Joy to drooping Cupid's *Grief,*
She gives no Help, ſhe offers no Relief;
But doubling, with contracted Brow, his Pain,
The pauſing Furies ſhe provokes again:
Upbraids him loudly with her own Diſgrace,
How oft he made her doat on Mortal Race.
That he expos'd her, as a publick View,
In Vulcan's *Net, to all the heavenly Crew.*

But

But not content with angry Words, ſhe choſe
A Rod made up of many a new-born Roſe,
And gave the weeping Boy a thouſand Blows.
The frequent Blows by repetition drew
From his bruis'd Fleſh a ſweet and purple Dew.
The purple Dew a nobler Red ſupplies,
And the faint Roſe with double Bluſhes dies.
Mov'd with the Sufferings of the lovely Boy,
Their furious Threats no more his Ears annoy,
Accuſing Venus *of exceſs of Rage,*
The Heroins ſtrive her Anger to aſſwage.
And each aſcribes her Death to cruel Fate,
And not to Cupid's *Fury or his Hate.*
The pious Mother thanks the gentle Dames
For quitting of her Son, his Darts and Flames.
The Crowd diſperſe each to her ſeveral Care,
Alone to groan, eternally deſpair;
And Cupid *upward took his ſpeedy flight,*
Reſolv'd no more to ſeek the Realms of Night.

THE

THE

FABLE

OF

PASIPHAÉ.

Beginning, Filia Solis, *&c.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

THE Daughter of the glorious Sun
Wanders to her ſelf unknown;
Burning with new and monſtrous Fires,
Raving Pangs, and impotent Deſires;
Roving o'er the Lawns and Meads,
Among the horned Herd her frantick Life ſhe leads.
The decent Honours of her Nuptial Bed,
The Royal Dignity, nor Name,
Nor care of her great Husband's Fame
Aw her with a modeſt Shame;
The care of Honour, Fame, and Modeſty is fled:
Her Charms, that Women ever prize,
The force of her victorious Eyes, The

The ruddy Beauties of her Face,
In which the Sex their greateſt Glories place,
With indignation, ſhe does now deſpiſe,
Since the white Bull inſenſible remains
Of all their Darts, and all their amorous Chains.
The Cow's more happy Figure ſhe admires,
The Cow's more happy Figure ſhe deſires,
Proportion'd more to her unhappy Fires.
She Prætus *wand'ring Daughters happy deems,*
Doom'd by the angry Wife of Jove
To range with Herds, the Foreſt and the Grove.
Jo *to her moſt bleſſed ſeems;*
Not for the Honours of Jove's *Bed,*
Or for the nobler Fame
Which ſhe obtain'd in Iſis *ſacred Name;*
But for the horny Honours of her Head.
When Fortune ſmiles upon her Fires,
And gratifies her wild deſires,
About his ſinewy Neck ſhe'll throw
Her Arms, more white than driven Snow;
His Horns ſhe'll deck with all the Flow'rs
That ſpring from April's *pregnant Showers.*
Her balmy Lips ſhe to the Bull will join,
To eaſe the rigour of her Pain.

Th'

Th' outragious force of Cupid's *Darts,*
Fires with daring boldneſs Female Hearts.
Unlawful Arts ſhe now imploys
To reap the foul deteſted Joys.
For by Dædalian *Skill ſhe pregnant grows,*
And does a double Nature ſoon diſcloſe;
Which the Cecropian Theſeus *ſlew,*
Conducted to his Fate by Ariadne's *Clew.*

The End of Petronius Arbiter.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

OUT OF

Catullus, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Pindar* and *Anacreon*.

By Several Hands.

TO *Lesbia* from *Catullus*.

BLEST as th' Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth, who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softy Speak, and ſweetly Smile.

'Twas that depriv'd my Soul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt:
For while I gaz'd, in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt.

My Boſom glow'd: The ſubtil Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
On my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

With dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrours thrill'd;
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play;
I Fainted, Sunk, and Dy'd away.

THE

THE FIFTH

EPIGRAM

OF

CATULLUS,

By *Francis Willis*, Fellow of *New Col. Oxon.*

Vivamus mea Lesbia, *&c.*

COME, *Lesbia*, let us live, and love,
And all those fleeting joys improve,
Those soft delights, that fly so fast,
And like your lovely Beauty waste;
For grave men's talk what need we care,
Whom peevish age has made severe?
The Suns that set, again may rise,
And smile and wanton in the skies;

But

But when alas! our life's ſhort day,
On Time's ſoft wings has ſtoln away,
All joys muſt ceaſe, all our delight
Be buried in eternal Night.
Come then (that I may longer live)
A *Thouſand* vital kiſſes give;
Come give me now an *Hundred* more,
Add t'other *Thouſand* to the ſcore,
A ſecond *Hundred* will not doe,
Another *Thouſand* muſt enſue;
Let us kiſs on; till at the laſt
(When many *Thouſands* have been paſt)
We Bankrupt grow, nor can account
To what vaſt ſumms our joys amount:
Till no malicious ſpie ſhall know
How much (my Dear) I'me kiſs'd by you.

THE

THE THIRD

ELEGY

Of the THIRD

BOOK

OF

Tibullus *to his* Miſtreſs.

By the ſame Hand.

IN vain (*Fair Nymph*) oft to the Gods I pray'd,
And Courting Odours on their Altars layd;
Not that I might my wanton wiſhes pleaſe,
And pride my ſelf in Marble-Palaces,
Or for the wealth the largeſt Farm can yield,
Stiling the Lord of ſome extended Field,
Whoſe fertile Glebe might bleſs me with a Crop,
Vaſt as the promiſe of my boundleſs Hope:
All I entreat of Heav'n's with thee to Live,
And drain all joys Life's longeſt Treat can give;
That my Age too with you might melt away,
And in your Boſome pleaſingly decay,

There

There drops its Silver-Hairs, which ne'er will vie
With ſnow that on thoſe little *Alps* does ly:
Then I when Life is thus run out, muſt go
A naked ſhadow to the Realms below:
For why ſhould I unſolid joys entreat,
Or wiſh for all the traſh, a *Lombard-ſtreet*
Is loaded with? what pleaſure can there be
In a Rich *Manour*'s uſeleſs Luxury?
Were all *Cheapſide* and the *Piazza*'s mine, (ſign,
Nay ſhould the courteous Heav'ns with kind de-
Caſt in the pomp of ſuch a Grove beſide,
St. *James*'s Park might envy in its pride:
Might I enjoy in ev'ry glitt'ring room,
The fraight, that an *Eaſt-India* Fleet brings home:
Nay all th' arrears of bliſs miſ-underſtood, (good
Which the falſe common Vogue has ſtamp'd for
'Twere trivial all: all but the game of fate,
The copious Theme for envy, and for hate;
No *Care* alaſs! is by ſuch ſtate controll'd,
Nor *Quiet* bought with Treaſuries of Gold:
But ah! how pleaſantly ſhould I tho' poor
(May Heav'n ſuch humble bleſſings have in ſtore)
Enjoy my Love; but if compell'd to looſe
That happineſs, a Kingdom I'de refuſe;
Bleſt be the Day, and thrice auſpicious light,
Which ſhall reſtore you to my longing ſight:

But

But if my Vows for your return are vain,
And to the Stars unpitied I complain,
If no complying God will lend an Ear,
To the ſoft Accents of a Lover's Prayer:
No promis'd Empire then, no wealth can pleaſe,
Or Sooth the fury of my fond diſeaſe;
Let ſome unthinking Mortals vainly prize,
This goodly Stock of glorious Fooleries.
All that I wiſh for is a quiet Life,
A pleaſant Cottage, and a Loving Wife;
May *Juno*, and the *Paphian Queen* combine
To grant me this, and favour my deſign:
Or if ſuch bleſſings inconſiſtent be
With *Fate*'s inevitable black decree;
May Death befriend me, and Eternal reſt
Lull faſt aſleep the tumults of my Breaſt.

THE FOURTEENTH

ELEGY

Of the FIRST

BOOK

OF

Propertius *to his Friend* Tullus.

By the ſame Hand.

THO' you (my *Friend*) in ſome cold arbour ly,
Where *Tibur*'s Silver-ſtreams glide ſoftly by
And quaff rich Goblets of your *Lesbian* Wines,
T' encourage mirth, and puſh on gay deſigns;
Or there perhaps ſometimes have wond'ring ſtood
To ſee the Veſſels move along the floud;
Sometimes (to pleaſe your ſight) amidſt the throng
Obſerv'd tall Ships ſail lazily along;
And tho' your *Groves* make ſuch a pompous ſhow
Shelt'ring from Storms the Infant-ſhrubs below,
With Trees as high as on tall *Caucaſus* do grow,
Yet think not all this State can equal prove,
To one ſoft minute of indulgent Love.

How

How mean is Greatneſs if compar'd to this,
And what are Riches to a Lover's bliſs?
For whether my *Dear She* all over charms,
Kindly at night repoſes in my Arms;
Or whether we conſent to ſpend the day,
In eaſy pleaſure, and in wanton play:
I fancy then *Pactolus* ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' my rich Chambers and I ſwim in Gold;
Methinks I am as wealthy, and as bleſt,
As if the *Indies* were by me poſſeſt:
Sure proudeſt *Monarchs* would their Crowns re-(ſign,
And tireſome greatneſs, for delights like mine:
For who can dote on wealth, or value Crowns,
When Love's unkind, and when a Miſtreſs frowns:
Venus can ev'n Heroick minds enſlave,
Soften the ſtout, and Captivate the brave;
No Palaces, no Beds of Down can prove,
Strong counter-charms to the great Queen of Love.
She can diſturb at night a Lover's eaſe;
How then alaſs! can all our Riches pleaſe?
Who while ſhe ſmiles on me, I will contemn
The trifling Glories of a *Diadem*;
I'll look on *worlds* of Wealth with gen'rous hate,
And pity rich *Alcinous*'s Fate.

ON
Acme and *Septimius.*

WHILST on *Septimius* panting Breaſt,
(Meaning nothing leſs than Reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving Head;
Thus, the pleas'd *Septimius*, ſaid.

My Deareſt *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not Thee;
With a Paſſion far above
All that e'er was called Love;
In a *Lybian* Deſert may
I become ſome *Lion*'s Prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breaſt when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around;
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the Augury.

Acme,

Acme, inflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gentle bending Head,
And her purple Mouth with Joy,
Stretching to the Delicious Boy;
Twice (and twice would ſcarce ſuffice,)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling Eyes.

My little Life, my All, (ſaid ſhe)
So may we ever Servants be
To this beſt God, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again:
So may thy Paſſion laſt for me,
As I a Paſſion have for thee.

Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a Man,
Into my Marrow it is gone,
Fixt, and ſettled in the Bone;
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs like Life thro' every part.
She ſpoke, the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the Crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſs'd the Augury.

This good Omen thus from Heaven,
Like a happy Signal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace
And Hand in Hand run all the Race:
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing elſe but *Acme* grow)
Acme's Boſom was alone
The whole World's Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme*'s mind,
Septimius was all Human Kind.

If the Gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd, for once, by me,
I'd adviſe 'em when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious Piety,
To reward her, if it be She;
To reward him, if it be He;
With ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
With *Acme*'s and *Septimius*'s Life.

On the Death of his Miſtreſs's Favourite SPARROW.

COME all ye *Venus*'s, ye Cupids all,
And whatſoe'er we gay or pretty call,
Come and lament my *Lesbia*'s Sparrow's fall.
My *Lesbia*'s Sparrow's Dead! the ſweeteſt Bird,
The moſt delightful Chirper e'er was heard;
So much the darling of my charming Fair,
Scarce her own Eyes were to her ſelf more dear.
No Child his Mother ever better knew
Than he his Miſtreſs, to whoſe Arms he flew,
There dwelt, and bid his fellow-Birds adieu;
There skipt about and play'd, and there was bleſt,
Her downy Boſom was his only neſt;
All her diſcourſe to him he underſtood,
And kindly anſwer'd in what Voice he cou'd;
But now he's gone, gone to his ſilent Urn,
From whence, they ſay, none ever can return:
Curſe on ye all, ye darkeſt Shades of Hell!
Ye envious Shades, by you my Sparrow fell.
Thus all the beſt, the prettieſt Things we have,
Are made the Plunder of the greedy Grave;
Ah! lovely, hapleſs Bird, ſince thou art dead,
With Tears my *Lesbia*'s ſwelling Eyes look red.

To *LESBIA.*

LETS live, my deareſt *Lesbia*, and Love,
The little time that Nature lends, improve;
In Mirth and Pleaſure let us waſte the Day,
Nor care a Farthing what old Dotards ſay.
The Suns may riſe again that once were ſet,
Their uſual Labour, and old courſe Repeat;
But when our Days once turn'd have loſt their (light,
We muſt ſleep on one long eternal Night.
A Thouſand Kiſſes, Dear, a Hundred more,
Another Hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor,
Another Thouſand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every touch ſurprize, and preſſing Charm:
And when repeated Thouſands numerous grow,
We'll kiſs out all again that none may know,
How many you have lent, and what I owe;
While I'll ingroſs, with eager haſte repay,
And kiſs a long Eternity away.

TO

TO LESBIA.

LESBIA, doſt ask how many Kiſſes
Will ſatisfie inſatiate Wiſhes?
No leſs a number than are Sands
On *Lybian Cyrene's* Lands,
Between *Jove's* Temple and the Fane,
Where *Battus's* ſacred Bones remain.
No leſs than there are Stars above,
Which ſee by Night Man's ſtolen Love.
So many Kiſſes wou'd I give,
(Who now for want of Kiſſing grieve)
As beſt Accountants ſhou'd not tell,
As ſhou'd Arithmetick excell;
And ſpight of Witchcraft laſt for ever,
Whoſe Charms ſhou'd not our Lips diſſever.

On Womens *Inconſtancy*.

MY *Lesbia* ſwears ſhe wou'd *Catullus* Wed,
Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhou'd come and ask her Bed;
True this ſhe ſwears by all the Powers above,
But ſhe's a Woman ſpeaking to her Love.
That ſingle Thought my growing Faith defeats,
'Tis neceſſary for them to be Cheats:
They muſt be falſe, they muſt their Oaths forget,
So pleaſing is the Lechery of Deceit.
What Women tell their Servants fades like Dreams,
And ſhou'd be writ in Air or running Streams.

On LESBIA.

Gellius is Fair, and Beauteous to the View,
Why not? Since *Lesbia*'s Choice has made is true,
Lesbia that more admires his handſome Face
Than thee *Catullus*, and thy noble Race;
But yet this Fop, this Bawble of the Kind,
This lump of Ignorance without a Mind;

Wou'd

Wou'd poor *Catullus* to himſelf prefer,
If told what Things had paſs'd t'wixt him and (her.

To Hypsithilla.

MY *Hypſithilla*, charming Fair,
My Life, my Soul, Ah! hear my Pray'r!
Thy grateful Summons quickly ſend,
And bleſs, at Noon, with Joy, thy Friend.
But if my Fair One will comply,
And not her ſighing Swain deny,
Take care the Door be then unbarr'd,
And let no Spye be on the Guard.
And thou, the Aim of my Deſire,
Attend at home my amorous Fire.
Prepare thy Boſom to receive
All, that ſo much Love can give:
Prepare to meet repeated Joy,
Continued bliſs without Alloy;
Diſſolving ſtill in thy dear Arms,
Still rais'd, by thy reviving Charms,
To Onſets freſh of ſprightly Pleaſure
Tumultuous Joy beyond all Meaſure.

But

But dally not with my Deſire,
Nor quaſh with your delays my Fire.
Burſting with Love upon my Couch I lie,
Foreſtalling, with deſire, the diſtant Joy.

To CÆLIUS.

THat *Lesbia*, *Celius*, that dear faithleſs ſhe;
That *Lesbia*, who was all in all to me;
That *Lesbia*, whom alone *Catullus* priz'd
Above himſelf and Friends, for whom he all (deſpis'd;
Falſe to her Vows, to her atteſted Flame,
Forgetful of her Love, and of her Fame.
Now upon Bulks, in every Alley, lies,
And in the Arms of Brawny Porters dies.

To Calvus *on* Quintilia.

CAlvus, if Tears which we profuſely ſhed
Are grateful and accepted by the Dead,
As Memory laments our paſt Amours,
And mourns that Friendſhip loſt which time de- (vours.
Death to *Quintilia*, can't ſo grievous prove,
Tho' ſudden, as the Joys to think how well you (Love,

To

To Varrus.

Varrus, that Wretch, *Suffenus*, whom (you know,
Is Handſom, Talkative, and is a Beau
What's more——The Coxcomb makes pretence to Wit,
And Verſes has incontinently Writ:
So great's his ſtock of Rhimes, ſo large his Store,
He has at leaſt ten thouſand Lines or more,
All written out ſo curious, and ſo clean
That common writing-Paper's thought too mean.
His Paper's Royal, and his Books are new,
With Silver-Boſſes tempting to the View,
Ty'd up with Ribbons of the deepeſt Red,
Each Page with Pumice ſmooth'd, and rul'd with (Crimſon-Lead.
But read him, and this Fop ſo neat and nice,
Is chang'd into a Sloven in a Trice.
Suffenus——Oh! The fooliſh ſcribbling Dotard,
In's Writings ſeems a Ditcher, or a Goatherd.

So

So much he's alter'd from the Man he was:
How can this be? And what can be the Cauſe?
Yet he that but juſt now in others Senſe
Was deſtitute of every Excellence,
Was made the common Jeſt of all the Town,
And thought much more unlearned than a Clown,
Is wiſe, and to Perfection, in his own:
When he puts Pen to Paper, and Endites,
No Man ſo bleſs'd as he, in what he writes:
He joys ſo much, and wonders at his Skill,
As if the Muſes had inſpir'd his Quill:
No wonder, all are ſubject to Miſtakes;
None but in ſomething a *Suffenus* makes.
Our Neighbour's Bunch upon his Back is known,
But we forget what riſes from our own.

On Cinna's POEM, *call'd* Smyrna.

SMyrna, my *Cinna*'s little Book has ta'en
Its Author nine Years labour of the Brain;
When ſwift *Hortenſius* has, in leſs than one,
Of fifty thouſand Lines a Volume done.
But here's the Difference, Times unborn ſhall hear
Smyrna rehears'd with an attentive Ear.

When

When vile *Hortenſius*'s ſhort-liv'd work ſhall dye,
Neglected by our Ear and by our Eye;
For nothing fit, though noiſy and ſublime,
But to wrap Mack'rel with in Mack'rel-time.
Oh! may my Verſe be few, but great my Pains,
None but the Mob can like *Antimachus*'s Strains.

To Juventius.

Juventius, might I kiſs thoſe Eyes,
That ſuch becoming ſweetneſs dart,
The Numbers might to thouſands riſe,
Yet be too few to ſatisfie my Heart.
A Heart no Surfeit wou'd allow,
Ev'n though the Harveſt of our kiſſes were,
More thick than what ſucceeds the Plough,
And ſpeaks the Bleſſings of a fruitful Year.

TO

To Ravidus.

WHat Fiend or Wizzard ow'd thee Shame?
To puſh thee forwards for thy Crimes,
And make thee in the Devil's Name,
Thus to provoke my pointed Rhimes.
What God averſe to thee and thine,
Has ſuffer'd thee to dare my rage,
And againſt my Repoſe deſign,
To bring thy Follies on the Stage.
Was it, becauſe thoud'ſt be the common Jeſt,
The ſport of all the Town?
Thou of thy Wiſhes ſtand'ſt poſſeſs'd,
Villain thou ſhall't be known.
Since thou my Rival could'ſt commence,
Love on, but Love in pain;
To ſhew thy ſcarcity of Senſe,
And penury of Brain.

To Juventius.

LOvely *Juventius*, while you toy'd I ſtole
A Kiſs, that got th' Aſcendant of my Soul,
Sweeter than is Ambroſia to the Taſte
But not unpuniſh'd for my Thieviſh haſte;
For to this Gain ſucceeds a greater Loſs,
I ſeem as if whole Hours upon a Croſs.
Yet not Excuſes you, nor Tears allow,
But cruelty ſits frowning on your Brow;
For I no ſooner my Excuſes make,
But wiſh to be more Faulty for your ſake:
As my moiſt Lips run over at your ſight,
And melt with an impatience of Delight.
Beſides, what gives increaſe, to this my Pain,
No ſenſe of what I ſuffer you retain,
But make me like a Slave to drag the Chain.
Freſh Torments with freſh Beauties you create,
And in exchange my Love's return'd with hate.
So grievous are my Sufferings, and ſo ſore,
Th' *Ambroſian* Kiſs is worſe than *Hellebore*.

Since

Since I for kiſſing this Return receive,
Believe't, I'll Kiſs no more without your leave.

To the QUEEN.

IRIS, would you the Cauſe be told,
Why I not ancient Cuſtoms hold,
But flow'ry Gifts decline;
Now Nature pregnant by the Sun
Has put her beſt Apparel on,
And Mantle gayly Fine.
As much as when cold Winter's Blaſt
Its Froſts upon Earth's Boſom caſt,
And cramp'd and pinch'd the Ground,
That cou'd not let its Products riſe,
Or ſhew its Fruits to mortal Eyes,
With Icy Fetters bound.
To *Flora*'s Kingdom yeſterday
Where all the Flowers their Sweets diſplay,
I went by Duty led,
To gather you a Poſie, might
Be not unworthy of your ſight,

But

But be an Offering made,
Ten thouſand Flowers fully blown
Strove which ſhou'd firſt your Empire own
By flying to my Hands:
The Lilly, Jeſſamine and Roſe,
Spight of the Goddeſs *Flora* choſe
To dye by your Commands.
A Death fair Queen, they'd undergo
Rather than they wou'd live and grow,
For any other Name;
Since they eſteem'd a Grant ſo bleſs'd
As dying in your Beauteous Breaſt,
The way to purchaſe Fame.
At length the Goddeſs angry grown,
Cry'd, *Zephyr*; ſave my tott'ring Throne,
Such Honours are too great;
I cannot bear to ſee them pay'd
While my Prerogative's decay'd,
To one in mortal State.
Zephyr made ready to engage,
And ſwell'd both Cheeks with Wind and Rage,
At's Miſtreſſes Commands;
And from his Mouth diſcharg'd a Storm,
Flora's Injunctions to perform,

And ſnatch'd 'em from my Hands.
With Pleaſure I beheld the Clown
On all the ſpringing ſweetneſs Frown,
To gratifie her ſpight;
Which is an Indication plain
Of your unalterable Reign,
And your unqueſtion'd Right.
This Jealouſie that *Flora* ſhows,
More Honour on your Charms beſtows,
Than all the Flowers cou'd give,
Which her rude Lover ſnatch'd away;
Nay, more than all that own her ſway,
And in her Empire live.

Catullus *to* Varus.

By Mr. *Herbert.*

THere's that *Suffenus*, whom you rightly (know,
The Man's a Wit, a Dapper and obliging *Beau*,
That ſame too far moſt Verſes makes; we gheſs
He has Ten thouſand by him, more or leſs:

From

From *Vellam* Table-book transferr'd, writ fair,
And Royal Paper all his Volumes are;
New Books in Quarto, deck't with finiſh Things,
New-faſhion'd Boſſes, and your Scarlet-Strings:
All of 'em Ruled with Lead, exactly done,
And nothing ſcapes the uſeful Pumice-ſtone.
But read the gaudy Book, and that will Show
The pretty Fellow, moſt obliging *Beau*:
He's changed again, ſo horribly quite thro' it,
Looks like a Milker of the Goats, and not a Poet.
What may we count this Thing? but now Buffoon,
Or if there's any thing more Thread-bare grown,
He's Sillier than a ſorry Country Clown,
When e'er he aims at Verſe the Bumkin's ſhown.
Nor do's the Ninny think at any time
He's half ſo bleſs'd, as when he's Scribbling (Rhyme.
He Cocks, Struts, Arms a-kembo has the Elf,
He ſo admires, hugs and ſtrokes himſelf.

MORAL.

Indeed we all alike our ſelves beguile;
There is not one, conſider him a while,
But you are able, Varus, *to diſcover*
Suffenus *in him in ſome thing or other:*

To every one there's a blind Side aſſign'd,
We ſee not what's ith' Wallet hangs behind:
In that before, our Neighbour's Faults are ſhown;
But late or never we diſcern our own.

To Fabullus.

By the ſame Hand.

THou, my *Fabullus*, ſhortly Sups with me,
And well too, if the Gods ſo favour thee;
But bring along with thee what's good and Great,
And add a pretty Girl, to crown the Treat:
Bring thoſe varieties of Wine and Wit,
And all the laughing Stories thou canſt get.
If theſe, I ſay, thou bring'ſt, our Sumptuous Gueſt,
Then is *Fabullus* ſure of a Feaſt:
For Spiders Webs fill thy *Catullus* Cheſt.
But I've ſtark Love and kindneſs here for thee:
Or if there's any greater Raritie,
Any thing Sweeter or more delicate;
I, my *Fabullus*, I pretend to that:
That precious Unguent I will give my Friend,
The Cupids *Venus*'s did *Lesbia* ſend.

Perfumes

Perfumes ſo rich, *Fabullus* we ſuppoſe
Will ask the Gods to be all over Noſe.

MÆCENAS's Miſtreſs
—*Hor.*

By Mr. *Herbert.*

FOR my new Song the Lyric Muſe
Bids me the fair *Lycimnia* Chuſe.
So fine a Face, ſo ſweet a Voice,
Command, and juſtifie the Choice.
But what does all *Lycimnia*'s Charms improve,
She's conſtant, ſtill returning Love for Love.

And when She turns her Neck to thee,
To meet a Kiſs ſo full of fire,
Or with an eaſy crueltie
Seems to refuſe what you require.

What ſhould be took by force ſhe rather wiſhes,
Oft in refuſing is ſhe ſnatching Kiſſes.

Diana's Day, when our young Ladies meet,
And try their Skill, ſhe wins the Prize of (Wit:
When in the Dance among the fineſt ſeen,
She moves with ſuch a charming Grace and (Meen!
Wou'd you not for a Locket of her Hair,
Give all the Riches *Aſian* Monarchs Share?

THE Seventh ELEGY, OF THE Third Book of *Tibullus.*

To the Cruel *Nemesis*, against the Bawd, who disappointed his Happiness.

By Mr *Otway.*

MANY by Death their fatal Evils end,
Credulous hope do's still their Reign (extend,
And promise Wonders from the fol- (lowing Day;
To *Morrow's* Sun Shines always bright and gay.
Hope feeds the Husband-Man, and sooths his (Toil;
Hope lends the Seed-Corn to the furrow'd Soil,
That with a large encrease the fertile Field
May to his thirsty wishes Golden Harvests yield:
This to the Snare the heedless Birds betrays,
This to the hidden Hook the finny Race.
The Gally-Slave bound fast in Solid Gyves
From this a comfort in his woes derives;

Who, whilſt his Legs reſound with clinking Chains
Tuggs at the Oar and ſings amidſt his Pains.
Hope ſhews me *Nemeſis* all ſoft and kind,
But ſtill averſe the froward Nymph I find.
Let not the Goddeſs of thy Name appear,
Ah! Cruel Maid! leſs fierce and leſs ſevere,
Ah! ſpare my anguiſh and thy Hate abate
I begg this for thy Siſter's timeleſs Fate.
Diſturb not with thy Cruelty her Grave,
But with a ſpeedy ſmile thy *Votary* ſave.
She is my Saint, I to her Tomb will bear
My Gifts and Chaplets wet with many a Tear;
Yet to her Tomb I'll flie, her Suppliant prove,
And with her Silent Urn deplore my Love:
She will not leave her Client to his Pain,
Nor let his Tears, for thee, be ever vain.
I charge thee therefore in her Name to prove;
More Swiftly kind to my complaining Love.
Leſt her neglected *Manes* in the Night
Thy conſcious Slumbers, with ſad dreams affright;
And ſtand before thee all beſmear'd with Blood,
As She fell downward to the Stygian Flood.
But hold——that diſmal Story I'll forbear,
Leſt I renew my Fair One's anxious Care;
I am not ſo much worth to call from her one Tear

Nor

Nor isit fit that Tears ſhou'd e'er diſguiſe
The Luſtre of thoſe dear Loquacious Eyes.
The Bawd's my Foe, and makes my Vows all vain
The tender Maid would Pity elſe my pain;
Phryne the Bawd againſt me barrs the Door,
A Bawd is ſtill, obdurate to the Poor.
Within her ſecret Boſom ſhe conveys
The Am'rous, Billets for the Man that pays.
Oft when the pleaſing Muſick of her Voice,
Alarms my Heart with the approaching Joys,
Tho' to the Door the well known Accents come,
This Curſed Bawd will ſwear ſhe's not at home.
And often when my Soul is all on Fire,
Summon'd by Love, and ſwelling with deſire,
E'en in the Harbour all my Joys are ſplit,
The eager Lover, *Phryne* won't admit:
But with diſſembled Terrour in her Air,
Pretends that ſudden Pangs have ſeiz'd my Fair,
Or that ſome threaten'd Danger muſt that Night
Prorogue the promiſs'd moments of Delight,
Oh! then my wounded Soul in Cares Expires,
And feel's new anguiſh from my jealous Fires:
My pregnant Fancy ſoon begets Alarms,
And paints ſome happy Lover in her Arms;

Paints

Paints all the Tumults of the raviſh'd Pair,
And all the ſeveral ways he graſps the Fair.
Then fall my Curſes on thy deſtin'd Head,
Deteſted *Phryne!* better thou wer't Dead,
Than that the Gods but one of them ſhou'd hear;
For all the Racks that the moſt guilty fear,
Wou'd be thy hated Lot, thy curſed ſhare.

ELEGY III. BOOK IV. of the ſame *Poet.*

Sulpitia *to* Cherinthus, *againſt his Hunting*

By Mr. *Otway.*

Ah! ſpare, ye gentle Boars, my lovely Boy
(From his dear Arms you need not fear annoy)
Whether thro'Flow'ry Meads you take your way,
Or o'er the ſhadowy pathleſs Mountains ſtray.
Nor Whet your Tuſks with Fury to deſtroy;
Love is the Guardian of my Lovely Boy:
The luſt of Hunting leads his Feet a-ſtray,
And far from Love directs his devious way.
Oh! periſh all ye Woods, ye yelping Hounds,
Wound me no more with your deteſted ſounds.

What

What ſtrange fantaſtick Notions fill that Mind,
That in theſe ſports can any pleaſure find;
To ſet the Woody Hills a-round with Toils,
With Hands all torn, to ſeek ſuch worthleſs ſpoils!
Yet cou'd I wiſh my dear *Cherinthus* Rove,
Through devious Foreſts and the ſhady Grove,
O'er Mountains, I the winding Net wou'd bear,
And Chaſe with pleaſure the ſwift-footed Deer;
I wou'd uncouple with theſe Hands the Hounds,
And fancy Muſic in their deep-mouth'd Sounds;
Then Wou'd the Fields, then wou'd the Woods delight:
If in thy Arms I lay my Love, my Light,
Before the very toils, my charming Boy,
Diſſolv'd in Pleaſure Panting, with the Joy:
Tho' in the Net, the Boar might ſafe retire,
And not diſturb our Bliſs with furious Ire.
Then without me ne'er taſte the ſweets of Love,
But a Chaſte Hunter in my abſence prove;
And may the rav'nous Beaſts of Prey deſtroy
Whatever She wou'd claſp my lovely Boy,
Then to thy Parent quit the Huntſman's Charms,
And ſwiftly fly to thy *Sulpitia's* Arms.

THE

THE XI. Elegy of the II. Book OF *PROPERTIUS*;

In which he Exults and Triumphs, that he has enjoy'd his Miſtreſs.

By Mr. *Hopkins.*

THE great *Atrida* felt a feebler Joy,
When they triumphant view'd expiring Troy.
Not ſuch the Joy, the Sage *Ulyſſes* knew,
When the high Cliffs preſented to his View
The welcome proſpect of his Native Soil,
After the Errours of a Ten years Toil.
Not ſo *Electra* did rejoyce to find
Her Lot leſs Cruel, and the Fates more kind;
While they *Oreſtes* to her Eyes reſtore
Whom ſhe, as dead ſo often did deplore.
Not half the Tranſports found the *Cretan* Maid,
When *Theſeus* was deliver'd by her Aid,
As I laſt Night poſſeſs'd in *Cynthia*'s Arms,
Amid the Raptures of her naked Charms.

Another

Another Night like that cou'd I but know;
Like that ye Gods! I ſhou'd Immortal grow!
But whilſt at diſtance ſuppliant I did lye,
How vile and little was I in her Eye!
Now of my boldneſs ſhe'll no more complain;
Nor View me with the Eye of Cold diſdain.
Oh! that I ſooner had my ſtate explor'd,
With cloſer Zeal ſhe had been then ador'd;
In vain the Light did ſhine, I cou'd not ſee,
Elſe ſhe before had been poſſeſs'd by me.
Alas! I by my ſelf moſt plainly find
Whoever Loves is by his Love made Blind
Obliging Force will make the Fair one kind.
Ye Lovers therefore force your pleaſing way,
Tho' Cruel yeſterday, ſhe'll yield to day.
Others in vain their wiſh'd for Ent'rance preſt,
For the coy Dame lay Panting on my Breaſt.
This Victory to me is greater far,
Than with the *Parthians* a ſucceſsful War;
This is my Spoils, my fetter'd Kings, and my
Triumphant Carr.
By grateful Gifts, bright *Venus*, ſoon ſhall prove,
How well you have beſtow'd the joys of Love:
Upon a lofty Column thoſe I'll place,
While theſe two Lines my offerings ſhall grace;
Theſe

Theſe Gifts Propertius, *Goddeſs, to the vow'd,*
For one whole live-long Night of Love beſtow'd.
To thee my Light, ſafe may my Veſſel move;
If in the way it ſtick full fraught with Love,
(As it muſt do if ought ſhou'd change your mind
And render you leſs tender and leſs kind,)
Dead at your Door your Lover you will find.

THE First ELEGY OF *TIBULLUS.*

That he Contemns Riches and Glory, Love only, and *Delia*'s Charms being worthy his Ambition.

By Mr. *Otway.*

LET others raiſe enormous heaps of Gold,
And by ſure Tenure, num'rous Acres hold;
Whom daily fears of neighbr'ing Foes affright,

While

While the ſhrill Trumpet breaks their ſleep at Night.

Me let my eaſy Poverty releaſe
From anxious cares, in Liberty and Eaſe;
While my glad Heart with daily Fires is bright,
And Slumbers, undiſturb'd with Cares, at Night.
Still let the Seaſons Crown my ſmiling Field,
Of kindly Fruits a plenteous Harveſt yield.
Still may the product of my loaded Vine
Swell all my Veſſels with nectareous Wine.
My ſelf th' induſtrious Husband-man will be,
And ſet with ready Hand the Apple-Tree;
And in due Seaſon plant the tender Vine;
Nor e'er the joys of Solitude reſign.
Nor ſhall I bluſh the ruſtick Fork to wield,
Or goad the ſluggiſh Ox to plow the field;
Or in my Arms to bear the ſtraggling Lamb,
Or tender Kid home to the mourning Dam.
With rural Rites my careful Shepherd here
I'm us'd to luſtrate each revolving Year;
Propitious ſacred *Pales* to retain,
I ſprinkle Milk upon the riſing Grain.
For ſtill I worſhip whereſoe'er I ſee
An ancient Stone, or remnant of a Tree,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd in open Field,
Or where three ways deciſive limits yield.

The

The rural Gods as offerings ſhall receive
The earlieſt Fruit, my loaded Orchards give.
Thy Temple-Gates O *Ceres* I'll adorn
With auburn Wreaths of ripen'd Ears of Corn.
And in my Orchard let *Priapus* ſtand
With the dire ſickle in his ruddy Hand,
To ſcare the noxious Birds from off my Land.
And you, my Houſehold-Gods ſhall have your due,
More ſpreading Fields were once preſerv'd by you,
The Guardians once of large extended Plains;
Now one ſmall Farm your kind Protection gains.
A Cow-Calf then for num'rous herds of Kine
Fell a luſtration to your Powers Divine.
A Lambkin now at Your bleſs'd Altar dies
Of narrow Soil the mighty Sacrifice.
A Lambkin to your Deities ſhall fall,
While round the ruſtick Youths on you ſhall call.
Good Harveſt and good Vintage oh! beſtow!
Harveſt and Vintage to your ſmiles we owe.
Be preſent O ye Gods! nor yet diſdain
To take the off'rings of a Lowly Swain,
Tho' ſuch ſmall Earthen Veſſels them contain:
The Swains of old in earthen Bowls carous'd,
E'er glittering Gold or Silver yet were us'd.

And

And you, ye Thieves and Wolves my Flock re-
rrain,
Your prey from larger Herds you'll eaſier gain.
My Father's Wealth's below my juſt deſire,
Or the full Gran'ries of his potent Sire.
A little Crop my wiſhes will ſupply,
It is enough upon my Couch to lie.
Let me on that my weary'd Limbs repoſe,
And give a Toilſome Grandeur to my Foes;
On that reclin'd how pleaſing 'tis to hear
The Winds inclement make tumultuous War,
Claſping within my Arms my clinging Fair.
Or when by Winter's Cold congeal'dthe Rain,
In rattling ſhow'rs aſſaults my Hut in vain.
Delia and I ſecure to ſlumbers haſte,
Lull'd by the rocking ſtorms and Winter's Blaſt.
This be my Fate; let Riches be their Share,
Who can the Fury of the Billows dare,
And patient of the Weather, tempeſts bear.
My wiſhes move within a narrow bound,
Content at laſt with Little I have found.
The tedious Paths to wealth no more I'll ſtray
My eaſy Soul abhors that rugged way.
Beneath the ſhadow of ſome ſpreading Tree,
From Fear, from Hope, from Toil, from Wiſhes
(free,

Upon the Brink of a cool tumbling Stream,
I ſhun the Dog-Star's fierce and ſultry Gleam!
Oh! periſh rather all ye glittering Gold,
And Jewels which fond Mortals precious hold;
Than any tender *She* let fall a Tear,
Struck, by the Danger of my Ways, with fear!
In thee *Meſſala*, War has wond'rous Charms,
While Land and Sea are conquer'd by thy Arms:
When as the Crown of all thy glorious Toils,
Thou ſeeſt thy houſe adorn'd with hoſtile Spoils.
Bound with Love's Fetters here will I remain,
I cannot break ſoft Beauty's lovely Chain.
No luſt of Praiſe invades my Peaceful Breaſt,
Whilſt thus with thee, my *Delia*, I am bleſt:
Of Sloth and Idleneſs I court the Fame;
Thou art a ſolid Good, That but a name.
If thou, My *Delia*, ſtill with me remain
To yoke the Steers my ſelf, affords no Pain.
I can when thou art by, on lonely Downs
Feed my own Herds, ſecure from *Delia*'s frowns;
While Thee I can within my Boſom keep,
I on the rugged Ground can calmly ſleep.
Of what avail are *Tyrian* Beds of Down
When Love averſe will only give a frown?

The

The tedious Night in Tears will ſlowly move;
The Joys of Night we only owe to Love.
Tis not the Down, nor yet the *Tyrian* Loom,
Nor all the Golden Carpets of thy Room,
Nor the ſoft murmurs of the waters fall,
Can to thy Reſcue gentle ſlumbers call.
How dull is he! more lumpiſh far than Lead,
Who can have thee within his happy Bed,
And yet wou'd leave thee for the dire Alarms,
(In chaſe of Spoils) of horrid martial Arms:
Tho' his victorious Troops ſubdue the Foe,
And wait his Nod where e'er he pleaſe to go;
Tho' clad in Silver, cover'd o'er with Gold,
Upon his prancing Horſe, moſt graceful to behold.
Thee let me view when I reſign my breath,
Thee let me graſp e'en in the Pangs of Death;
And preſs with fault'ring Hands thy Lovely Arms;
In Death, my *Delia* ſtill wou'd have her Charms.
You'd weep my *Delia*, when you ſaw me die,
Beheld me on my Bed expiring lie,
On my cold Lips thy kiſſes thou wou'dſt fix,
While flowing Tears with thy dear kiſſes mix.
Yes you wou'd weep, you wou'd let fall a Tear;
Thoſe lovely Eyes a drooping grief wou'd wear.

I know thee well, all tenderneſs thou art,
Nor Steel, nor Stone in thee have any part,
But Love and ſoft Compaſſion fill thy Heart.
No from my Funeral, no kind Youth wou'd go,
Nor tender Virgin ere their Tears did flow.
Spare, ſpare my *Manes*, gentle *Delia*, ſpare
Thy lovely Locks, thy bright diſhevell'd Hair,
And violence to that dear Face forbear.
While Fate permits, then let us joyn our loves,
Death with his gloomy Brow too ſwiftly moves;
And feeble Age Steals on, when Love will be
Indecent and in vain in thee and me.
With hoary Hairs ſoft toys will not agree.
Now is the time bright *Venus* to enjoy,
And taſte the pleaſures of the wanton Boy!
While Youth is high, the petty Strifes of Love,
It's War and Peace a ſweet delight will move.
In this a Soldier's Merit I may claim,
And e'en a General's more exalted Fame:
Far hence ye Enſigns, far ye Trumpets Sounds,
To thoſe who court them, bear your Blood and Wounds
Bear to the ſame the heaps of Gold away,
For Gold and Fame I yield their ſordid Prey.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with my preſent ſtore Securly wiſe,
Hunger and Wealth I equally deſpiſe.

SAPPHO,

To the Goddeſs of Love.

From the Greek, By Mr. *Herbert.*

Venus! Daughter of the mighty Jove,
Moſt knowing in the myſtery of Love;
Help me, O help me! quickly ſend (relief,
And ſuffer not my Heart to break with grief.

If ever thou didſt hear me when I Pray'd,
Come now, my Goddeſs, to thy *Sappho*'s Aid.
Oriſon's us'd, ſuch favour haſt thou ſhown,
From Heaven's Golden Manſions call'd thee down.

See ſee, ſhe comes in her Cerulean Carr,
Paſſing the middle Region of the Air.
Mark how her nimble Sparrows ſtretch the wing,
And with uncommon ſpeed their Miſtreſs bring!

Arriv'd and Sparrows loos'd, haſtens to me,
Then ſmiling, asks what is it troubles thee?
Why am I call'd? tell me what *Sappho* wants;
Oh! know you not the cauſe of all my plaints?

I Love! I burn! and only Love require;
And nothing leſs can quench the raging Fire:
What Youth, what raving Lover ſhall I gain?
Where is the Captive that ſhou'd wear my chain?

Alas, poor *Sappho*! who is this Ingrate
Provokes thee ſo, for Love returning Hate?
Does he now fly thee? he ſhall ſoon return;
Purſue thee, and with equal Ardour burn.

Wou'd he no preſents at thy Hands receive?
He will repent it, and more largely give;
The force of Love no longer can withſtand,
He muſt be fond, wholly at thy Command.

When wilt thou work this change? now, *Venus*, free,
Now eaſe my Mind of ſo much miſerie:
In this Amour my powerful Aider be,
Make *Phaon* Love, but let him Love, like me.

In Imitation of XIIth *Elegy of* Propertius.

By Mr. *W*——

O Happy Lover! O delicious night
Diſtinguiſh'd thro' the Year, and mark'd (with white!
How great my Joy! how various was my Bliſs,
In each ſoft Struggle, and each raviſh'd Kiſs!
What warm Ideas fed the am'rous fire,
And luſcious Images provok'd deſire!
Sometimes her naked Breaſts to hide ſhe ſtrove,
With ſweet reluctancy inflaming Love:
Sometimes her Mantle left her Body bare,
And her white Skin and Snowy Limbs appear!
At length when my tired Members ſunk to reſt,
And drooping, Nature's impotence confeſt;
The wanton Girl upheav'd, and whiſper'd low;
O Painful hour! O ſcene of longing woe!
Unhappy fair! how vain are all thy Charms,
To languiſh in a Sleeping Lover's Arms!
O *Cupid* tell! O tell the drowſy Swain,
Who gives not pleaſure, gives his Miſtreſs pain.
God? what a Speech was this! ——
How on her Tongue the melting accents dy'd!
How ſoft ſhe ſpoke! how eloquently ſigh'd!
O charming Maid, reproach not me, but Night;
Lay all thy Beauties open to my Sight:

In Love whate'er we feel the Eye excites,
Kindles our rage, and doubles our delights.
The ſeeing Lover miracles performs,
Nor ſooner views the Maiden Fort, but Storms.
This powerful charm enamour'd *Venus* knew;
Phœbe, tho' chaſte, to young *Endymion*'s view
Expos'd her lovely form in ev'ry part;
And *Helen*'s nakedneſs caught *Paris* Heart.

Sappho's deſcription of a Roſe,

From a Greek fragment.

By Mr. *Herbert*.

SHou'd Jove a Queen of Flowers ordain,
The Roſe wou'd have the Crown, the Roſe muſt reign;
The Roſe Earth's ornament, of Plants the Grace,
An Air of Majeſty, adorns her Face.

The Roſe, the Meadow's Bluſh, the Eye of Flowers;
A ſhining Beauty in *Idalian* Bowers:
A Nymph, ſtill Breathing all the Sweets of Love,
Inviting Couples to the Myrtle-Grove.

What Plant to ſuch a noble Fulneſs grows?
Or a more Beautiful Complexion ſhows?
What curious Leaves, what Spriggs the Bud incloſe!
The Cup ſtill laughing, as kind *Zephyr* blows.

SAPPHO'S

Sappho's Vindication.

By Anacreon.

COME golden-locks, come God of Love,
And take me up from this low Crowd,
Carry me thro' the Orbs above,
Invelopt in a Purple Cloud.
Expand thy Various-colour'd Wings,
And that ſame way thy Poet bear,
The *Cayſter*-Swan a ſoaring Sings
When ſhe divides th'harmonious Air.
For more and more thy Philters preſs,
Provoking ſtill to Wantoneſs:
For the Fair *Lesbian* Maid I burn,
Who, peeviſh Girl, makes no Return.
She rally's me, no Wit ſhe Spares,
And falls a pulling out gray Hairs.
But this rekindles fond Deſire,
Blows up a new, and fiercer Fire,
In vain; and yet ſhe is a Lover,
And pines and wiſhes for Another.

PART OF *Pindar's* First ODE, PARAPHRASED.

From the *Greek*, by Mr. *Herbert*.

ATER is a precious Thing,
Of Elements the beſt;
Far excelling all the reſt.
Whether you the Jewel bring,
From a pure cryſtal-Spring,
Of celebrated ſilver-Stream,
The Poet's ſofteſt Theme;
Whoſe Art turns ev'ry drop into a Gem:
Come it from either *Source*, Salubrious bright,
Tis grateful to the Taſte, and pleaſing to the Sight.

And Gold, that rich produce of Earth!
The good Man's Plenty, but the Miſer's Dearth:

Refulgent

Refulgent Gold! where-ever it appears,
Darts a Majeſtic Awe, and Dread;
What elſe the name of Metal bears
Shrinks, and hides the Head;
And ſinks into the Womb, which gave it's Birth.
Gold, like a Fire, that Burns by Night,
On ev'ry ſide caſts ſuch a Light,
As ſtill aſtoniſhes the wond'ring ſight.
It flames, it lightens, flaſhes in the Face,
Eclipſes ev'ry other ſhining Maſs,
Silver, *Corinthian* Braſs.
Riches that elevate the Mind to ſuch a height,
Amidſt thoſe leſſer Stars, the Queen of Light.

And, as there is not any Star,
Or conſtellation to be ſeen by Day
Thro' the wide deſert, open Air;
Nor *Venus*, *Berenice*'s Hair,
Nor *Ariadne*'s Crown:
All, for their luſtre, eminently known;
There's no contending with the Solar Ray,
All, with the ſhades of Night, ſeem'd chas'd away.

But my dear *Genius*, if thou Lov'ſt to tell,
The Fame of conteſts to thy Chorded Shell;
The Fair *Olympic* Games the reſt excell:

So

So far surpassing, as the Olive-Tree,
(Which gives a Crown, the Prize of Victory)
Excells those Plants, a Victor Claims,
At the *Nemean*, *Pythian*, *Isthmian* Games:
Hence, with *Olympia* does the Muse begin;
To her we owe the celebrated Hymn:
That sacred Song, compos'd by learned Bards!
The Muse *Olympia* so regards;
For her, the Goddess brings
A Robe of Various-colour'd Thoughts,
Of Curious interwoven Notes;
Each Poet is Composer too and Sings.

This Hymn to *Jove* they Sing, as soon as come
To *Hieron*'s Royal Home;
That stately, Hospitable Palace, blest
With all the Riches of the East;
The *Tyrian* with the *Persian* Loom,
Contending here for Mastery:
Gold, Silver, in their Grandeur, here you see,
Vessels of Honour, and Antiquity,
Subservient all to Hospitality.

Hieron the just *Sicilia*'s Scepter sways;
Fertile *Sicilia* gladly Tribute pays.
Sicilia, vastly Rich in Wooll!
With this, *Sicilians* fill their Coffers full;

But

But firſt for *Hieron*, the fineſt cull:
For *Hieron*, who great Examples ſhows;
Who, as the Flocks on ſhrubby Sallows (browſe,
Is reaching up to higheſt Boughs;
Cropping the tops of ev'ry noble Tree,
Thoſe Standards of Morality;
Juſtice, and Temperance his Food,
Vertues of Sublimity,
Cardinal, extremely good.
Then, in the Sciences, *Politeſt* Arts,
Who is more converſant than he?
In Muſick, nicely knowing all its Parts,
Skillful in the pride of Harmony;
Such is the ſweeteſt Inſtrument, the Lyre,
How charming are the Notes it does reſpire!
This conſtantly is layd
Before the Company,
When we at friendly Tables ſit,
Where Men well-bred, conſtantly meet;
And Act, purſuant to the Rules are made
For Converſation, Learned Sympoſie.

But take the Lyre down, the *Doric* Lyre;
Tune it, and if the Muſe has been ſo kind
To drop ſome Tuneful thoughts into thy Mind,

In

In Honour of *Piſa*, or that famous Steed
Pherenicus of generous Breed;
Touch, touch the charming Wire:
Strike it for that Ineſtimable Horſe,
Who, with unparallell'd, moſt Nervous force,
Over the ſtrong *Alphean* Courſe,
Unſpurr'd, has wond'rous ſwiftly Run;
Swift, as the Chariot of the Sun,
Pherenicus, our Winged Courſer fly's,
And for his Royal Maſter wins the Prize.

THE

Charms *of* Liberty:

A POEM, occaſion'd by the Arch-Biſhop of *Cambray's Telemachus*. Writ in the Year 1707.

By the late Duke of Devonſhire.

CAmbray! whilſt of Seraphick Love you (Write,
The nobleſt Image in the cleareſt Light!
A Love by no Self-intereſt debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!
A Love in which true Piety conſiſts,
That ſoars to Heaven without the help of Prieſts
Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppoſe,
Support the Cheat from which her Income flows;
Her Cenſures may condemn but not confute,
If beſt your elevated Notions ſuit
With what to Reaſon ſeems the Almighty's due.
They have, at leaſt, an Air of being true.
And what can animated Clay produce,
Beyond a Gheſs, in matters ſo abſtruſe?
But when, deſcending from the Imperial height,
You ſtoop of ſublunary things to treat,
Minerva ſeems the Moral to diſpenſe:
How great the Subject, how ſublime the Senſe.

Not

Not the *Aonian Bard* with ſuch a flame
E'er ſung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theam
In your *Telamachus* his Hero's Son
We ſee the great Original outdone.
There is in Virtue ſure a hidden Charm,
To force Eſteem and Envy to diſarm;
Elſe in a flatt'ring Court you ne'r had been de-
(ſign'd
T' inſtruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
Happy your Native Soil, at leaſt by Nature ſo,
In none her Treaſures more profuſely flow:
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with flow'rs the
(plain
Without the Sun's too near approach ſerene:
But Heaven in vain does on the Vineyards ſmile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Labourer's Toile
What tho' elaborate Braſs with Nature ſtrive,
And proud *Equeſtrian* Figures ſeem alive,
With various Terrors on their Baſis wrought,
With yielding Citadels, ſurpriz'd or bought;
And here the ruins of a taken Town,
There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
Such Prodigies of Art, or coſtly Pains
Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabbles Chains:
Oh! abject ſtate of ſuch as tamely groan
Under a blind dependency in One!

How

How far inferior to the Herds that range,
With native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains?
With them no fallacy of Schools prevail,
Nor of a Right Divine the nauſeous Tale
Can give to one amongſt themſelves a Power,
Without controul, his fellows to devour.
To Reaſoning Human Kind alone belong
The Arts to hurt themſelves by reaſoning wrong.
Howe'er the fooliſh Notion firſt began,
Of truſting *abſolute* to lawleſs Man:
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force ſubſiſt;
For who would be a Slave that can reſiſt?
Thoſe ſet the Caſuiſt ſafeſt on the Throne,
Who make the People's Int'reſt their own;
And chuſing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are Kings of Men, not of a ſervile Herd.
Oh Liberty! too late deſir'd, when loſt,
Like Health, when wanted, thou art valued moſt!
In Regions where no Property is known,
Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,
Where Peaſants toil for Harveſt not their own!
How gladly would they quit their Native Soil,
And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil.
As Wretches chain'd and labouring at the Oar,
In ſight of *Italy*'s delightful Shoar,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.

Thy Laws have ſtill their force above the reſt
Of *Gothick* Kingdoms, happy *Albion!* bleſt.
Long ſince their ancient Freedom they have loſt,
And ſervilely of their Subjection boaſt.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempts reſiſts
Of faithleſs Monarchs, and deſigning Prieſts,
Unſhaken yet the Government ſubſiſts.
While ſtreams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
Red'ning the *Maeſe*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
Thy *Thames*, auſpicious Iſle, her Thunder ſends
To cruſh thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
Say Muſe, ſince no ſurprize, or foreign ſtroak,
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak;
Since wholſome Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?
Can ſhe the dear-bought Treaſures throw away?
Have Univerſities ſo great a ſway?
The Muſe is ſilent, cautious to reflect
On Manſions where the Muſes keep their Seat.
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
My creeping Numbers are forbid to climb;
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senſes Sleep prevails.
An antick Pile near *Thameſes* ſilver Stream,
Was the firſt Object of my airy Dream;

In

In ancient times a conſecrated Fane,
But ſince apply'd to uſes more prophane:
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong:
Of Good and Bad the variable Teſt,
Where the Religion that is voted beſt
Is ſtill inclin'd to perſecute the reſt.
On the high Fabrick ſtood a Monſter fell,
Of hideous form, Second to none in Hell:
The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
Her Teeth and Jaws with clods of Goar beſmear'd,
Her particolour'd Robe obſcenely ſtain'd
With pious Murthers, Freemen rack'd and chain'd,
With the implacable and brutiſh Rage
Of fierce Dragoons, ſparing no Sex nor Age.
With all the horrid Inſtruments of Death,
Of torturing Innocents to improve their Faith,
Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
Thus ſhe began, Are then my Labours vain,
That to the Powers of *France* have added *Spain*?
Vain my attempts to make that Empire great;
And ſhall a Woman my Deſigns defeat,
Baffle th' Infernal Projects I've begun,
And break the Meaſures of my favourite Son?
Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
That made their Humours of their Laws take place,

And, ſlighting Coronation-Oath's, diſdain'd
Their high Prerogative ſhould be reſtrain'd.
Tho' her own Iſle is bleſt with Liberty,
Has ſhe a Right to ſet all *Europe* free?
Under this Roof, with management, I may
The Progreſs of her Arms at leaſt delay,
From a contagious Vapour I ſhall blow;
Within thoſe Walls Breaches may wider grow.
Here let imaginary Fears be ſhown
Of Danger to the Church, when there is none.
From trivial Bills let warm Debate ariſe,
Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
If once my treacherous Arts, and watchful Care,
Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph ſit,
And *Europe* to one Potentate ſubmit.
  Waking at ſo deteſtable a Sound,
Which would all Order and all Peace confound,
I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
Thee, with her Arms, let *Anna* overcome;
Who here reigns Queen, by Heav'ns on us beſtow'd,
To right the Injur'd, and ſubdue the Proud.
As *Rome* of old gave liberty to *Greece*,
Anna th' invaded ſinking Empire frees.
The Allies her Faith, her Power the *French* proclaim,
Her Piety th' Oppreſt, the World her Fame.
At *Anna*'s Name, dejected, pale, and ſcar'd,
The execrable Fantom diſappear'd.

APollo

AN

ESSAY

ON

POETRY,

By His GRACE,

John Duke of *Buckingham*,

Lord Preſident of Her Majeſty's
Moſt Honourable Privy-Council.

TO THE Duke of *Buckingham* ON HIS ESSAY ON POETRY.

By Mr. *WELSTED*.

HERE the Young Muſe inſtructed how to ſing,
Forms for the diſtant flight her tender Wing;
As in a Mirror, here, delights to view
What Ornaments are falſe, and what are true;
Here every ſhining Grace and Vertue ſees,
And learns with pain, and reaches by degrees:

So

So when bright *Buckingham* her Charms diſplays,
And Envy's ſelf is tortured into Praiſe,
There meaner Beauties fix their Eyes alone,
And by her Dreſs and Mein deſign their own;
All ſee Perfection in *Zelinda*'s Air,
Copy her Form, and practice to be Fair;
Her Grace of Shape and Motion ſtill they view,
While ſhe expreſſes ſtill ſome Grace that's new;
Each Nymph by faint reſemblance aims to pleaſe;
This ſlides into her Step; that gains her Eaſe;
Some her fine Feature; ſome aſſume her Pride;
All ſteal *Zelinda* and her Charms divide.

A N

An ESSAY *on* POETRY.

Written by the Right honourable John *Earl of* Mulgrave, *the preſent Duke of* Buckingham.

OF Things in which Mankind does moſt excel,
Nature's chief Maſter-piece, is, *Writing well*;
And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are
That can the leaſt with *Poetry* compare;
No kind of Work requires ſo nice a Touch;
And if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But Heav'n forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the *Vulgar* with that ſacred Name.
'Tis not a Flaſh of *Fancy*, which ſometimes
Dazling our Minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhimes;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlaſting, like the Sun;
Which, tho' ſometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound
Which never does the Ear with *Harſhneſs* wound,
Are *neceſſary*, yet but *vulgar* Arts;
For all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts

Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul:*
A *Spirit* which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the World about:
A *Heat* which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ,
'Tis ſomething of *divine*, and more than *Wit*;
It ſelf unſeen, yet all Things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty Thing contain?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Abſence mourn,
O where doſt thou retire! And why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away
From *Pleaſures* of the Night, and *Buſ'neſs* of the Day?
E'en now too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy Courſe, and uſe the needful Rein.
As all is *Dulneſs*, when the Fancy's bad,
So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad;
And Judgment has a boundleſs Influence,
Not only in the Choice of *Words* or *Senſe*,
But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*.

Reaſon

Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful Part,
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.
Here I ſhould all the various Sorts of Verſe,
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearſe;
But who that Taſk can after *Horace* do?
The beſt of *Maſters*, and *Examples* too!
Ecchoes at beſt, all we can ſay, is vain,
Dull the Deſign, and fruitleſs were the Pain.
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with Eaſe;
But who with that ſad Shift himſelf can pleaſe?
Without an *Actor*'s Pride, a *Player's* Art
Is above his, who writes a *borrow'd* Part.
Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,
And new *Abſurdities* inſpire new *Thoughts*.
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,
When ſo much *freſh* Occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankeſt Weeds,
And Monſters worſe than ever *Nilus* breeds.
But hold, the *Fools* ſhall have no Cauſe to fear,
'Tis *Wit* and *Senſe* that is the Subject here.
Defects of witty Men *deſerve* a Cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will e'en this endure.

Firſt then of *Songs*, which now ſo much abound,
Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found; [*Songs.*]
A moſt offenſive Weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt *Apollo*'s Laws;
Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no Part
Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art;
For as in Rows of *richeſt* Pearl there lies
Many a Bleniſh that eſcapes our Eyes,
The leaſt of which *Defects* is plainly ſhown
In ſome *ſmall Ring*, and brings the Value down.
So *Songs* ſhould be to juſt *Perfection* wrought;
Yet where can we ſee one without a Fault?
Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought,
Expreſſion eaſy, and the *Fancy* high,
Yet *that* not ſeem to *creep*, nor *this* to *fly*;
No Words *tranſpos'd*, but in ſuch *Order all*,
As, tho' *hard-wrought*, may ſeem by Chance to *fall*.
Here, as in all Things elſe, is moſt unfit
Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit.
Such *nauſeous Songs* by a late Author made,
Call an *unwilling* Cenſure on his Shade.
Not that warm Thoughts of the tranſporting Joy,
Can ſhock the *Chaſteſt*, or the *Niceſt* cloy;

But

But *obſcene* Words, too groſs to move Deſire,
Like Heaps of Fewel, do but *choak* the Fire.
On other Themes he well deſerves our Praiſe,
But palls that Appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next Elegy, of *ſweet*, but *ſolemn* Voice, [*Elegy.*]
And of a *Subject grave*, exacts the Choice;
The Praiſe of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,
And there too oft deſpairing Love complains.
In vain alas! for who by *Wit* is mov'd?
That *Phœnix ſhe* deſerves to be belov'd.
But *noiſy Nonſence*, and ſuch Fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that *fantaſtick* Sex.
This to the Praiſe of thoſe, who better knew
The *many* raiſe the Value of the *few*.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aſide
Their greateſt Fault, who in this Kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious Numbers yield,
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
If yet a juſt *Coherence* be not made
Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid

So *right*, that ev'ry *Step* may *higher* riſe,
Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the *Skies*.
Trifles like ſuch perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd a while, but never laſt.
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will;
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill;
No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper*'s *Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
Are * *Odes*, the Muſes moſt unruly Horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the Rider has no Reſt,
But foams at Mouth, and moves like one *poſſeſt*.
The Poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this Part,
Had he with *Nature* join'd the Rules of *Art*;
But ill *Expreſſion* gives ſometimes *Allay*
To that *rich* Fancy, which can ne'er *decay*.
Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
The *Language* ſtill muſt *ſoft* and *eaſy* run.
Theſe Laws may ſeem a little too ſevere,
But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there;

Which,

* *Waller*'s. † *Denham*'s. * Pindarick Odes.

Which, tho' extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the Work much eaſier than it ſhows:
Of all the Ways that wiſeſt Men could find [*Satyr.*]
To *mend* the Age, and *mortify* Mankind,
Satyr well writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And *cures*, becauſe the *Remedy* is *lov'd*.
'Tis hard to write on ſuch a Subject more,
Without repeating Things ſaid oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That ſtain a Beauty which ſo much we love.
Of well *choſe* Words ſome take not Care enough,
And think they ſhould be, as the Subject, *rough*.
This great Work muſt be more exactly made,
And *ſharpeſt* Thoughts in *ſmoothеſt* Words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Bus'neſs was to rail.
But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a *Satyr* from a Scold.
Rage you muſt hide, and Prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's *Smile is ſharper than his Frown:*
So, while you ſeem to *ſlight* ſome Rival Youth,
Malice it ſelf may ſometimes paſs for Truth.

The * *Laureat* here may juſtly claim our Praiſe,
Crown'd by † *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho' *prais'd* and *puniſh'd* for another's * Rhimes,
His own deſerve as great Applauſe ſometimes.
But once his *Pegaſus* has born *dead Weight*,
Rid by ſome *lumpiſh* Miniſter of State.
Here reſt, my *Muſe*, ſuſpend my Cares a while,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil;
And as ſome *Eagle* that deſigns to fly
A long *unwonted* Journey thro' the Sky,
Conſiders all the dangerous Way before,
Over what *Lands* and *Seas* ſhe is to ſoar;
Doubts her own Strength ſo far, and juſtly *fears*
That lofty Road of *airy Travellers*:
But yet incited by ſome fair Deſign,
That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views herſelf with Care,
At laſt *reſolv'd*, ſhe cleaves the yielding Air.
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She *leſſens* to us, and is *loſt* at laſt.

So

* Mr. *D*——*n*.
† A famous ſatyrical Poem of his.
* A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho' intirely innocent of the whole Matter.

So (but too weak for ſuch a weighty Thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper Note to ſing;
And why ſhould Truth offend, when only told
To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?
On then, my Muſe, advent'rouſly engage
To give Inſtructions that concern the Stage.
The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place, [*Plays.*]
Which, if obſerv'd, give Plays ſo great a Grace,
Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, too well *known*
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From *nicer* Faults to purge the preſent Age,
Leſs obvious Errors of the *Engliſh* Stage.
Firſt then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extreamly *ſhort*, and ſpoke in *Paſſion* too;
Our Lovers talking to themſelves, for Want
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confident*;
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a Friend, only to tell it us;
Th' Occaſion ſhould as *naturally* fall,
As when * *Bellario* confeſſes all.

Figures

* *Philaſter*, a Play of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think ſo fine,
Art's *needleſs* Varniſh to make Nature ſhine,
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,
And in *Deſcription* only claim a Place.
But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief diſcourſe*,
From Lovers in Deſpair *fine* Things to *force*,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chuſe but pity
A *dying* Hero miſerably *witty*?
But oh! the Dialogues, where Jeſt and Mock
Is held up like a Reſt at Shittle-cock!
Or elſe like Bells, eternally they chime,
They *ſigh* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.
What *Things* are theſe who would be Poets thought,
By *Nature* not inſpir'd, nor *Learning* taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better Courſe than this by which they *ſtarve*.
But to write Plays! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence*;
Nay, more, for they muſt look *within*, to find
Thoſe *ſecret Turns* of Nature in the Mind.
Without this Part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a Body all without a Soul.

All

All this together yet is but a Part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whence the *Romans fainter* Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince but by a *few*.
Plato and *Lucian* are the beſt Remains
Of all the Wonders which this Art contains;
Yet to our ſelves we Juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd, then read them as before;
For tho' in many Things they groſly fail,
Over our Paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep,
The *Dull* are forc'd to *feel*, the *Wiſe* to *weep*.
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.
Firſt on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts:
Turn it with Time a thouſand ſeveral Ways;
This oft alone has giv'n Succeſs to Plays.
Reject that *vulgar Error*, which appears
So *fair*, of making *perfect* Characters;
There's no ſuch Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A *faultleſs Monſter*, which the World ne'er ſaw.

Some

Some *Faults* muſt be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve Compaſſion too.
Beſides, the main Deſign compos'd with Art,
Each moving *Scene* muſt be a *Plot* apart.
Contrive each little *Turn*, mark ev'ry Place,
As *Painters* firſt *chalk* out the future Face;
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where *ſhining* Thoughts to place,
As what a Man would *ſay* in *ſuch* a *Caſe*.
Neither in *Comedy* will this ſuffice,
The *Player* too muſt be before your Eyes;
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your utmoſt Meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no *ſingle* Fop, but lay the Load
More *equally*, and ſpread the Folly broad.
The other Way is *vulgar*, oft we ſee
A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he*.
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low Way
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird* of *Prey*.
Ill Poets ſo will one poor Fop devour;
But to *collect*, like *Bees* from ev'ry Flow'r,

Ingredients

Ingredients to *compoſe* that precious Juice
Which ſerves the World for *Pleaſure* and for *Uſe*,
In ſpight of Faction this would Favour get:
But * *Falſtaff* ſeems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befal,
Is, when the Wit of ſome great Poet ſhall
So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools ſpeak *Senſe*, as if *poſſeſt*,
And each by *Inſpiration* breaks his *Jeſt*.
If once the *Juſtneſs* of each Part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Coſt.
That ſilly Thing Men call *Sheer-wit*, avoid,
With which our Age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd.
Humour is all, *Wit* ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome *proper* Thought.
But ſince the Poet we of late have known
Shine in no *Dreſs* ſo much as in their *own*,
The better by *Example* to convince,
Caſt but a View on this *wrong Side* of Senſe.

Firſt a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,
Where ev'ry Reaſon is *exactly* weigh'd;

Which

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakeſpear's*.

Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely 'comes
A *Hero* frighted at the Noiſe of Drums,
For *her* ſweet Sake, whom at *firſt Sight* he loves,
And all in *Metaphor* his Paſſion *proves*;
But ſome ſad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.
He ſtreight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *die*;
But firſt he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
The *abſent* Nymph how much his Flame excels,
And yet bequeaths her *generouſly* now
To that dear Rival whom he does not know;
Who ſtreight appears (but who can Fate withſtand?)
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty Hand,
That juſt has giv'n himſelf the cruel Stroke,
At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke;
He more to his *new* Friend than Miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind;
Of ſuch a Death prefers the pleaſing *Charms*
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.
How ſhameful, and what monſt'rous Things are
theſe?
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;

Conclude

Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnſon*'s Head.
When the *intrinſick* Value of the Stage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age;
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
May keep up *ſinking* Nonſenſe for a Time.
But that may fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And *Senſe* no longer will *ſubmit* to Fools.
By painful Steps we are at laſt got up [*Epick Poetry.*]
Parnaſſus Hill, on whoſe bright airy Top
The *Epick Poets* ſo divinely ſhow,
And with *juſt Pride* behold the reſt below.
Heroick Poems have a juſt Pretence
To be the utmoſt Reach of human Senſe;
A Work of ſuch ineſtimable Worth,
There are but *two* the World has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil*; with what awful Sound
Do thoſe mere Words the Ears of Poets wound?
Juſt as a *Changeling* ſeems below the reſt
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beaſt,
So theſe *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find,
As much above the reſt of human Kind.

Nature's

Nature's whole Strength *united*, endleſs Fame,
And univerſal Shouts attend their Name.
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all Things elſe appear ſo dull and poor.
Verſe will ſeem *Proſe*; yet *often* on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.
Had * *Boſſu* never writ, the World had ſtill,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill;
As ſomething of *Divine* the Work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be *inſtructed*, but *inſpir'd*:
But he diſcloſing ſacred *Myſteries*,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
Deſcrib'd the *Seeds*, and in what Order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt Proportion grown.
Sure from ſome *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
Who thro' this *Labyrinth* has giv'n the *Clue*.
But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,
To *ſee* this *promis'd Land*, yet ſtay *behind*?
The Way is ſhewn, but who has Strength to go?
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?
Whoſe *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reaſon*'s Sight,
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it *right*?
Whoſe *juſt* Diſcernment, *Virgil like*, is ſuch,
Never to ſay too little, or too much?
Let ſuch a Man begin without Delay,
But he muſt do much more than I can ſay;
Muſt above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too, prevail,
Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater
Spencer fail.

* A late Author.

FINIS.

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